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The Sagamore

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII NOVEMBER 1910 NUMBER 1

Editorial

Our Policy.

With this, the November issue, the Sagamore begins a new year; a year that promises to be as profitable and prosperous in many ways as any in its existence. An editorial board procured by a new and phenomenally successful method of competition, takes up its work of providing literary material with the backing of a hustling business department that has already filled the Sagamore's purse with money enough to meet months of expense to come. Little has been asked from the undergraduate body in general toward making the Sagamore a successful school newspaper; so it is a foregone conclusion that the following proposition will meet with instantaneous support.

It is this:—

The advertisers in the Sagamore in times past have claimed that their advertisements have brought them no custom from the school and often they refuse to renew their support. The money procured from advertisers forms the backbone of our revenue, so it is obviously necessary and expedient to see that those who help us should be repaid their expense. We know they *are* repaid, and well too, but they need convincing. Now, to convince them we have struck on the happy idea of enclosing a small number of coupons in each Sagamore, which we ask the reader to hand to the various clerks when making purchases. The clerk will enclose the coupon given him in the little cash box which he sends to the cashier for change, and the Sagamore will be brought strongly in the light as an advertising medium. All that remains

is to ask you, Reader, to put these coupons in your pocketbook now and perform this slight favor, whenever and wherever you have an opportunity. Will you do it?

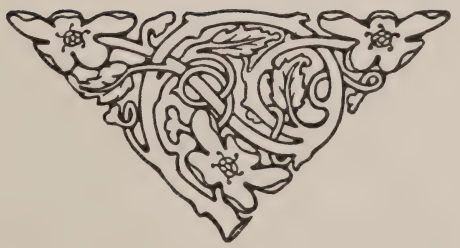
This scheme will have a double effect,—advertisers will seek us instead of our seeking them, thus increasing our revenue; and we shall make good our claim that we support our friends with our good solid buying power.

The competition for positions on the Sagamore Board was satisfactory in every way and succeeded in providing all officers save Freshman reporters. As no Freshmen attempted the competition, the reporters from that class will probably be appointed from the number of those who show the most interest in the Sagamore by passing in an occasional story or limerick to us. Speaking of limericks, why don't some of our readers pass us some of the creations they are always writing during school hours? We shall be only too glad to print them if they are good. Surely many of us ought to be able to immortalize ourselves by perpetrating something like, "There was a young lady of Lynn—"

A new departure from the regular features of this paper is the subordination of the Exchange Department. In other years we have had a regular exchange editor who often wrote exceedingly clever articles to no avail,—nobody read the Exchange columns. We feel that more interest will be taken in the space usually accorded Exchanges if it is filled with "Bubbles" or news; so we shall dispense with that department. We have also eliminated the office of "Bubbles" editor, that department henceforth to be handled by the editor-in-chief or by the other editors in turn; perhaps, by a different person every month to see who can make that attractive column even better.

Our school seems destined to perpetual growth! The Sagamore wishes to welcome the Class of 1914, one of the largest entering

classes that has ever darkened our doors, a class of two hundred members;—a class (whisper it) that will one day shine with stars of greater or lesser magnitude in all our branches of learning and athletics. Between today and the far off visionary days of 1914 lie many weeks and months of struggling and insignificance. That is the rule regarding entering classes. But are You bound by that rule, Class of 1914? Why not be the exception, rather? Why not for once and for all time shatter the fallacy of the Freshman's worthlessness? Let us see you crowding the upper-classmen from their pedestals of fame on track and field. Let us see you remain a class, not dwindle to a miserable remnant before you graduate. Remember you are as essential to the school as light is to life, hold up your heads accordingly, and Do Things!



The Little Master's Violin

THE Little Master was going away for one whole week, he and his uncle, and all the good people were standing by the roadside, waving handkerchiefs and shouting farewell. The Little Master, otherwise Jose, had come to spend his holidays in this little Spanish village nestled in among the mountains. Here he was to have a good rest and quiet, far away from the large cities and crowded concert halls where he was wont to play before enthusiastic audiences. However no audience was ever so enthusiastic as these simple peasant folk; for when Jose began to play on his violin, they stopped their work to listen, and they said that even the birds came flocking together to hear the music.

One never thought of Jose apart from his violin—they were inseparable! He played and played the livelong day till the violin sang like a great human voice. It sang of the wind breathing through the trees, of the murmuring sea waves, of the splash of fountains, of brooks rippling gaily over the pebbles—all this and more besides. And while it sang thus, Jose was in another world, and the far away look in his eyes filled the people of the village with awe, and they said among themselves, "Indeed, he can play like no other in the world—the Little Master."

Now that beautiful voice was to be still for one whole week, and Jose—he had left the precious instrument at the little inn where he boarded. How could he live without it? Nobody knew, really, with what anguish Jose had hidden it high up in the garret behind some old trunks, for it was a wonderful violin indeed, and very, very, very old. He had begged his uncle to be allowed to take it to the town with them whither they were going on a short trip to buy some music and to make engagements for the autumn and winter; but the uncle had refused, and accordingly the violin was left at home.

"Dear violin," Jose had whispered as he laid it gently in its case, "stay here safe till I return, for you are the most beautiful violin in the world to me—and if anything should happen to you!"

On the fifth day after the departure of the Little Master there was to be a wedding in the village. Many of the cottages were bedecked with bunting and everything was in readiness but the music for the dance.

Anita was the bride's name. She was the daughter of the landlady of the inn, and the pride of her heart. And now the stupid old Pedro had broken his violin—the only one besides the Little Master's in the village! What was to be done? Was her beautiful Anita to go without music on her wedding day? Everybody searched his house in a hunt for an instrument of some kind for Pedro to play; and the old landlady ransacked the garret, although she knew,—or thought she knew,—that there was nothing there. Suddenly she nearly fell over something at her feet! It was a case! Eagerly she opened it and then drew back in a kind of awe. The violin of the Little Master!

There it was lying silent and only needing Jose's touch to awake in it the most beautiful sounds. Perhaps if he had been there she could have prevailed upon him to play at the wedding—if she dared! But he was not, and in her desperation a wild thought entered her head. Jose would not be back for two days —she would take it, and old Pedro would play upon it, and after all was over she would hide it carefully in the case again, and nobody would know. She would say her prayers three times over perhaps, the next time she went to the *iglesia* and all would be well. She trembled as she took it, but saying to herself, "Dear little Anita, it is for you," she carried it away and gave it to Pedro, counseling him to guard it well.

When the time of the dance came the mother's eyes were riveted on the violin.

"*Bendita sea Dios!*" she thought, "Nothing has happened to it yet, but supposing—!" Ah! she was very wretched indeed.

After it was over and the merry dancers had dispersed, she sought out Pedro; but he was not to be found.

"*Bobarrou!*" she exclaimed, "He has taken it home and now forgotten it was not his own! It is too late to go there tonight,

but there is still plenty of time for its recovery before the boy returns." But she could not feel at ease until the violin was back in the attic where Jose had laid it.

"O, *desdichado di mi!*—how unhappy I am!" she sighed, "I cannot sleep tonight for anxiety."

She did sleep. By half past midnight the great golden Spanish moon peering in through the interlacing branches outside the window found her in a sweet slumber. It was a lovely night. A cool perfumed breeze floated in from the orange groves. The Little Master and his violin were nowhere in her dreams.

So soundly was she sleeping that she did not hear a little hissing and crackling. She was not aware of the volumes of smoke rising up about her bed. The place was afire! In her excitement she had not properly extinguished some of the festive lanterns. The place was afire—and she was wandering in the Dream Meadows. Was this a punishment for the taking of the violin? Hush!—another sound! Into the smoke-filled room with scurrying feet ran Carlos, the little dog, and made straight for the bedside of the landlady. He barked! he growled! He pulled frantically at the clothes! Heartrendingly he howled, as never dog before or after, and,—she awoke. She was not then sorry that she had befriended the little mongrel cur who happened to her door one day.

Somehow she made her way through the dense wall of smoke—down the blazing stairs, and out into the street.

Soon nearly the whole village was assembled before the burning inn. Men with pails of water which were refilled by the women,—everybody shouting and screaming. The whole sky was lit up by the conflagration of this one small building—no, now it was not the inn alone! Sparks had lit on the roofs of the two neighboring cottages!

Simultaneously they burst into flame. The inmates were aided in removing their possessions, especially those of old Pedro, the fiddler, who was so old and feeble that he could not do much more than to stand in a dazed way and watch the firefighters. The brave men and women redoubled their efforts, but the water supply

was small. Already the inn was but a mass of smouldering ruins; and poor Pedro's little abode must soon collapse.

Suddenly an exclamation of horror arose from the crowd (it was now about three o'clock, the white dawn was on its way, and everything was as clear as daylight),—an exclamation of horror, and then a groan as they saw that someone from out the crowd had dashed into the flaming cottage of Pedro. It was certain death. Flames were bursting from the walls and any minute the roof might fall.

The crowd gazed horror-stricken as the figure appeared at one of the upper windows—behind it a great roaring furnace of flame. Some people ran immediately with a blanket and held it beneath the window. Several women in the crowd fainted as the person jumped—jumped to safety.

And while everyone's attention was thus fixed, there were none who heard the sound of wheels,—none who in the gray light looked and saw returning the Little Master. On came the carriage containing him and his uncle. They had not much farther to go before they reached the blackened and charred remains of the inn.

All at once the crowd saw,—saw and gasped! They knew well that he had left the violin behind; they knew well the difference between the wonderful instrument Pedro played at the dance, and his own. Yes,—and the landlady, too, had told them how she was going to hide it back in the garret,—and now garret and violin together were one black heap of ashes.

What would Jose do, and say, and think?

And now the carriage was stopping. The hearts of the people ached for him, for dearly they loved the little Jose. By this time he must see, and realize. Suddenly someone hurried through the crowd—it was she who had jumped from the burning window—the landlady, and she was holding something tight, tight to her bosom. Without assistance she made her way to the carriage just stopping, wherein sat the Little Master. His face was very, very pale, and his big black eyes were very, very bright—it was painful to look at him. He realized it all—all, indeed.

But see!—the little old landlady has reached him at last and is holding up to him the violin—saved! His own precious violin! And behold, while the crowd stands open-mouthed, the Little Master actually flings his arms around the old woman's neck and kisses her,—once, twice, three times.

—P.

A Literation

Such struggling and such rivalry
You never saw before:

Authors adding all they can
To stretch their total score;

Giving time and work and brains
To reach the cherished goal;

After all the news notes too
With all their heart and soul.

More and more each day they give
From all this it would seem,

Our paper this year ought to be
O'er others quite supreme.

Remember! read! and bear in mind,
Its literature's the best; for

Earnest effort has been giv'n
To make it stand the test.

C. W. J., '11.

The Downfall of "Tubby"

AS you might suppose from the title of this tale, there was a woman in the case, for if "Tubby" hadn't—but that comes later.

To begin with, Mr. Jeremiah Tubbs was desperately in love,—so much so that he even held imaginary battles nightly with his hated rivals, unmercifully pommeling the family pillows; and oft in the stilly night sounds of his nocturnal warfare would waft down from his room on the top floor.

"Tubby," as he was called, much to his disgust, by his fellow office boys, was a fat, freckle-faced youth, barely past the tender age of seventeen, whose greatest delight was to adorn his rotund person with ties and socks of such a brilliant hue that they were fairly audible.

As I said before, he was sorely smitten; his ardent passion being centred on a village damsel of sixteen summers who rejoiced in the romantic name of Claire. Her china-blue eyes and fluffy yellow hair had completely entranced her admirer; and, being a true daughter of Eve, she took every occasion to drive poor Jeremiah nearly frantic, by walking off with his rivals, while he sat grinding his teeth with impotent rage on the high office stool.

For many moons poor "Tubby" had endured this state of affairs, when at last an opportunity offered itself which made his hopes soar heavenward once more.

One hot Friday evening, he was sitting dangling his legs over the edge of the town wharf and placidly contemplating the scenery, when he was rudely aroused from his reverie by a hail from a nearby sailing dory.

"Hay, Bub!" came the voice, "want to earn some money cleanin' fish?"

Now on most occasions Jeremiah would not have hesitated at this tempting offer; but on this occasion he either felt no inclination to move, or he perhaps did not fancy the appellation of "Bub."

At any rate, he merely stared coldly at the owner of the voice and then complacently continued his observations.

Suddenly a reckless thought flashed over his mind. Here was an opportunity to have Claire all to himself! He would borrow the boat and take her out! His own brilliancy appalled him for the moment; but hastily clambering to his feet and looking cautiously about him, he lumbered over to the astonished fisherman and hoarsely whispered a few words in his ear, adding aloud, "Is it a go?"

His speech seemed to render the other breathless for a moment!

"Well, I am blowed!" he finally ejaculated, and indeed thus he seemed to be. Finally, however, he recovered his composure.

"Sure!" said he.

That night as "Tubby" wended his way homeward, there was a strong smell of fish about his person, but joy in his heart. He chuckled all the way at the thought of his rivals' discomfiture; and, after grinning happily at his own round face in the cracked mirror above the wash-stand, he clambered into bed and dreamt all night of the good ship "Mary Ann"—and in it, he and Claire!

. . . . . .

It was nearly two by the village clock the next day when "Tubby" appeared with Claire on his arm. Above his rainbow tie and startling hosiery, he wore a rapturous smile which rippled over his archipelago of freckles from ear to ear.

As the two approached the wharf, "Tubby's" ardor was somewhat dampened as he perceived that quite a breeze was blowing, promising a rough voyage; but he was not the man to be so easily daunted and he walked on with a grim step toward the boat.

Now right here an explanation is forthcoming as to the sort of craft in which the brave Jeremiah was venturing. If you have never sailed a dory, you have much to learn. It takes days of patient study before one can get even a glimmering of what one is attempting. Even when the average person thinks that he has solved the dory question, let him only try a strange craft and he is once more plunged into the depths of despair. The moment a dory feels a new skipper step aboard, it rocks with unholy glee.

"Aha!" it says to itself, "you're my meat," and thereupon the fun begins.

Perhaps you see now why our hero had an unsteady feeling about the knees as he realized what was before him. In his joy of yesterday he had forgotten that he had never sailed this dory before.

Hiding his momentary misgivings with a vigorous cough, however, "Tubby" climbed hastily aboard. Seeing three or four ropes before him, he grasped one and began to haul on it vigorously. Unfortunately he had seized the topping lift; so, when at last he turned to assist his fair companion aboard, to his amazement, instead of seeing his sail snugly raised, he encountered in its place Claire's wrathful gaze. As he withered before her scathing glance, the owner of the "Mary Ann" appeared around the corner of the boathouse, his face wreathed in tobacco smoke and a huge grin.

"Waal," said the latter, taking his clay pipe from his mouth, "whar's your sail, young feller? You'd better try your halyards now."

"Tubby's" face grew as crimson as his own necktie. This was too much! and right before Claire. But he stifled his wrath, and with the fair lady deposited on a forward seat, they finally started. As they progressed "Tubby's" spirits rose once more, and he reflected that perhaps life was not so bitter as it had seemed at first. Even Claire condescended to enter into conversation to the extent of making a few casual remarks about the weather. This so overjoyed "Tubby" that he quite outdid himself in brilliancy and soon so engrossed in one another did they become that darkness began to fall before they realized how late it was.

But when "Tubby," at last made aware by inside information that the time for supper could not be far in the future, essayed to bring the "Mary Ann" about,—the "Mary" balked! Shove as he might on the tiller, not a foot would she turn. "Tubby" was in despair. He even conceived the wild idea of sailing to the opposite shore, jumping over in the shallow water notwithstanding the danger to his hosiery, and of pushing her around. Suddenly a welcome sound fell upon Claire's ears, who was clearly becoming

bored at the monotony and length of this voyage. It was the unmistakable chug-chug of a motor boat; nearer and nearer it came, and at last "Tubby" saw a motor dory appear with Sim Barker, his most hated rival, at the helm.

"Say," yelled the latter across the ever lessening space, "don't you want a tow?" No reply from the "Mary Ann."

"Oh, Claire!" called Sim a second time, "can't I take you home? Its getting pretty late."

At Claire's acquiescence "Tubby" made no move; and even when she stepped aboard the other boat and left him sitting alone, he said not a word. At last he roused himself and pushed the tiller over once more despairingly. To his astonishment, the "Mary" came about like a bird, for Claire's weight being removed from the bow, the rudder was once more brought under water.

Now, neither that night nor any night thereafter did martial sounds issue from the top floor of the Tubbs mansion. No more were pillows found with their feathers strewn about. No more did Claire receive her Saturday evening call. "Tubby" had become a confirmed woman hater!

W. M. S., '11.

How the Colonel's Oration was Spoiled

THE prisoner glanced out of the window with a bored expression on his face; then he yawned and closed his eyes wearily.

"You are to be hanged at dawn tomorrow! The colonel intends to make an example of you. The whole regiment is to be present and the colonel will make a speech."

The speaker went out and clicked the door behind him.

The prisoner closed his eyes, leaned back against the wall, and remained in this position a number of minutes. The sound of the lieutenant's footsteps echoed down the long corridor, then grew fainter and fainter, until it finally ceased.

The man on the bench opened his eyes, from which all signs of sleep had disappeared. He raised his head and listened; then,

from a crack in the floor, he brought forth a dingy bit of cloth which enclosed a file. No sound penetrated to his ears except the footsteps of the sentry pacing back and forth before the cell door. He marked the time for a moment until he caught the rhythm of the man's measured tread, and then drew the file across the iron on his wrist in perfect time to the sentry's pace. Step, file, step, file! So many steps, so many strokes of the file!

He silently blessed the cobbler who made the guard's shoes so heavy. Above all, he blessed her whose loving heart and quick foresight provided him with this bit of steel, which might mean life and liberty to him.

The iron was thick, and four times must the file bite through it. Four times—and there were not twelve hours to sunrise! Step, file, step, file. Oh, why did the sentry pace so slowly! The time was so short!

Some one was coming along the corridor now, bringing him his supper. It might be his last meal, but he cursed the interruption bitterly,—he must cease work for the present.

He restored the file to its old hiding place, leaned back against the wall drowsily as the soldier entered, and blinked and yawned so sleepily that one would have said he was just waking up. He ate his supper hurriedly that he might be alone as soon as he could as the soldier stood watching him to prevent his killing himself with the dull knife, if, perchance, he should try; for the colonel did not propose to have his carefully prepared oration rendered useless for the lack of an illustration.

As the soldier carried out the empty plate, the prisoner smiled sarcastically. They were taking great care to preserve his life until the moment when they had planned to take it from him. They could not be more careful for his safety if he were a major-general.

Hastily he resumed his work and labored incessantly, glancing up every little while at the barred window to make sure that the dreaded dawn was not sending its first ray of light into the room. His work was nearly finished now, and his hands were raw, sore

and bleeding. Never before had time seemed so precious. For another hour he would give a year,—yes, years of his life. Eagerly he pressed the steel into the iron, no longer keeping time with the sentinel's tread. Two, three strokes; the edge of the file touched his wrist beneath the iron, and the bonds, the cruel fetters, came off!

Hark! The lock of the cell door clicked. Could it be so soon, the squad of soldiers to escort him to the scaffold? The door opened, and as the sentry flashed a lantern into the cell, the man leaped upon him. Clutching the man's throat with his sinewy hands, he prevented him from uttering a sound; and the next moment the sharp-pointed file reached the soldier's heart.

As he laid his victim down, the prisoner heard the steady, rhythmic tread of approaching soldiers. Indeed, the fatal hour was come.

The sentry on guard at the end of the corridor heard a quick step behind him, and as he turned, a crushing blow from the end of a musket smashed his skull.

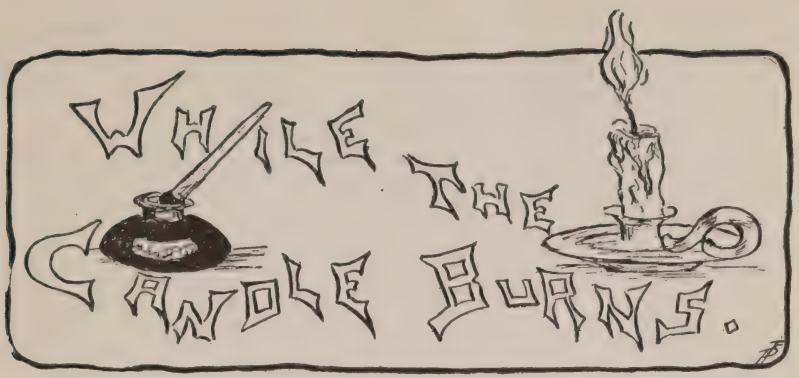
Then a running, dodging figure crossed the courtyard and disappeared in the trees. The next moment, shouts and a few scattered shots indicated that the pursuit had begun!

But a short distance away a girl has been waiting all night with two horses. As she saw the streak of light in the east, she sighed bitterly, and rested her head against her horse's neck. Then she heard the rattle of shots, and a rushing, crashing noise coming towards her.

The horses pricked up their ears and pawed the ground. Then the figure of a man appeared. There was a kiss for the girl, a leap on the horse, spurs, a mad ride, freedom, life, love!

And the colonel's oration was spoiled.

C. W. J., '11.



A Mere Detail

IN response to my "come," Fleming, eyes shining, teeth gleaming, appeared in the doorway.

"Howdy, ole Miss, you'se alooking mighty purty today—'deed you is."

"I reckon you want something, Fleming?"

"Aw! Now you know Ah means it—but, hones', ole Missie, ain' you got a dress what Ah kin hab,—jus' any ole dress you'se done finished wif?"

"Has your aunt died again, Fleming—or is it a sister?"

"Law now, Miss, 'taint no death—it's a *weddin'!* An' you sees, I'se invited, an' Ah ain't got nothin' to wear 'cept mah pu'ple dress, an' Ah done wear dat so much."

"Why, who is getting married?"

"Serenada, mam, you knows her—dat yaller gal what done cooked fur Mis' Shropshire so long."

"Serenada! Well, what will Mrs. Shropshire do without her? Who is she marrying?"

"Pete Marshall, him as is coachman fer Stolls."

"Is he a good match?"

"Yessum, Ah reckon so—tho' there do be some folks what says he's triflin'. An' you has got a dress?"

Crossing to a wardrobe I returned with a frock that had done service at many a tea and luncheon.

"Will it fit, Fleming?"

"Yes indeedy, Miss, tank you powerful much," and Fleming departed with her spoils. I knew better than to expect her back for a few days,—a wedding is good for three or four days; a funeral for a week. When Fleming did return I cut short the time-worn excuses and inquired cheerfully,

"Well, Fleming, how did the gown look?"

"Ole Miss," rapturously, "it was puffict. When Ah comed in all dressed up mah ole man—he jest broke down. An' when Ah got to de party, ebery fellah he say 'who dat gal oveh in da co'nah? Ah done wants an introduction to huh.' "

"And how did Serenada look?"

"Lawsey! Miss, she was dat purty! A long white train, red geran'ums in huh hair, long gloves, clean up to her elbow, an' a veil what *dragged!*—An' de suppah! Dere was chick'n, an' ham, an' sallylunn, an' beaten bis'cut, an' beer, an' a great big weddin' cake, an' flowers at bofe ends ob de table—ah tells you dat weddin' was *swell!*"

"And now, Pete—"

Slowly her delighted expression faded, the gleam died out of her eyes, the enthusiasm from her voice, and in a slow and emphatic tone, full of rekindled indignation—"D'you know, Mis' Ma'gret, that shif'less niggeh never *did* turn up!"

M. B. O'S., '13.

The Whaling Trip

"Oh, have you ever sailed the sea
In search of the blubbering whale?"
Asked Willie Brown of Jimmy Lee
While strolling down a lovely vale.

(They were, in reality, stealing sweets from mamma Lee's cakebox; but, as "vale" goes well with "whale" the poet resorted to his imagination. Imagination is a poet's stock of trade.)

"I oft have taken whaling trips
With Daddy as skipper true, true,"
Came answer from young Jim's red lips
Which mem'ries turned from red to blue.

(At first sight there seems to be a misprint in the second line. This, however, is not the case. The second "true" is employed to complete the meter. An accurate meter is as essential to the poet as to the gas man.)

"Those whaling trips were always sad,
Their course was from the house to shed;
And there I watched my scowling Dad
Who took a stick and sternly said, ' . . . ' "

(The quotation is left "in the air" in order to create suspense. Suspense is the leaven of all writings.)

"From me was blubber then extracted;
The salt sea water flowed my eyes,
For I was whaled till near distracted
And filled the air with fearful cries."

(As may be noticed, "from" is left out in the second line. This is "poets' license." This kind of license permits the owner to break every law of grammar without being fined.)

"When I grow up to man's estate
I then will make my offspring dance;
And I with vigorous arm of fate
Will wield the willow on his trousers."

(Exactly; but this is more delicate. On the whole the editor considers this one of the poet's best products.)

O. U., '11.

NEWS NOTES

The total enrollment of pupils in school this year is 561. There are 93 Seniors, 121 Juniors, 154 Sophomores, and 193 Freshmen.

The Freshmen Class is one of the largest in the history of the school; 92 of its members are boys and 101, girls. The youngest member has not yet left his thirteenth birthday behind him, while the old man has eighteen years, nine months to his credit. As regards to size, Felix Dowsley is the heavy man with a weight of 160 pounds, and James Campbell, the class midget, tips the scales at 69 pounds. In comparison with the other schools in town, the Pierce sends the largest number of pupils to our midst, the Devotion coming second, and the Runkle, third. Here's to the success of the Class of 1914!

At the Senior Class meeting held September 21, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Eric Stone, president; Elinor Driscoll, vice-president; Marion Mills, secretary; Francis Capper, treasurer.

The Juniors held their meeting for the election of officers September 22, the following being elected: Thurston Clark, president; Hilda Vallandigham, vice-president, Phillip Nordell, treasurer; Frances Hall, secretary.

The Class of 1913 has elected the following as officers for this year: Lawrence Pond, president; Dorothy Rhodes, vice-president; Julian Spitz, treasurer; Marion Corlew, secretary.

After holding three meetings, the fourth class succeeded in electing as officers the following: Blake Cooley, president; Ella

Whiting, vice-president; Helen Kaan, secretary; Raymond Bemis, treasurer.

The school is very glad to welcome Miss Adams to its midst again. During her absence, she visited France, Germany, and Italy. We hope that on some Friday morning before long she may be persuaded to tell us about her pleasant experiences.

Miss Marshall is, from all accounts, enjoying very much her Sabbatical year abroad. When last heard from, she had left Switzerland and was in the Dolomites in northern Italy. After a month's sojourn there, she plans to visit northern Greece.

Miss Ross went abroad for the summer, spending most of her time in Paris. She was also in the Fontainebleau Forest for several weeks.

Miss Mary P. Frye, who for many years was a teacher of Greek and Roman history and English in this school, returned recently from a very delightful trip abroad. She visited England and then went to Switzerland, where she spent a very pleasant week with Miss Marshall at Lake Thun.

Miss Gambrill has been invited by the faculty of Wellesley to give a course in French two afternoons a week.

Over twenty fellows have reported to the call for candidates for the Mandolin Club issued recently by Manager Jones. Richard B. Pierce, this year's leader, hopes to secure a particularly strong organization from so much material. The instruments represented are the violin, mandolin, 'cello, and banjo.

The Senior Social Committee consists of Evelyn Coon (chairman), Marion Mills, Frances Bouvé, Edward Stewart, Jr., Squier Kraft, and Francis Capper. With such a committee there is no doubt that the entertainment will be the best ever.

It lies entirely with the pupils whether we have Le Cercle Gaulois this year or not. If we do, it will be run on a very different basis from heretofore. The number of members will be cut down to about twenty, and only those will be permitted to join who earnestly wish to benefit by it, will come regularly to the meetings, and will speak French *all* the time during each meeting.

Miss Anna Johnson, who was connected with our English and German departments for many years, has moved from Brookline to Springfield, Mass., her birthplace.

On Tuesday, September 27, the Tau Beta Beta sorority held its first meeting of the year.

The committee in charge of the Freshman-Sophomore reception, which took place October 28, consisted of Lawrence Pond, Mildred Atwood, Madeline Hunt, Bryant Hawes, and Merrill White.

Mr. Guy Lowman, formerly physical director of the boys in this school, is coaching the Alabama University football team. Under his direction, this college will certainly turn out a winning team.

The Brookline High School Club at M. I. T. has elected the following officers for this year: Donald R. Stevens, '07, president; Lloyd C. Cooley, '07, secretary; and Harry Thompson, chairman of the Literary Committee.

Eric Stone, who has had considerable experience in fencing, has successfully organized a team in that art. Mr. Carrell is helping him by instructing some of his classes in handling the single-stick.

The Boys' Debating Club will begin its meetings early in this month under the presidency of Eric Stone.

The Girls' Debating Club will also commence its work for the year immediately. This club was organized for the first time last year and met with considerable success. With the experience gained last season and an efficient president in Rachel Albee, the club will undoubtedly attain a strength which will make a good showing in the inter-club debates which are being planned.

Our Rifle Club is becoming one of the most important organizations in school. Eugene P. Carver, '09, who has been appointed Coach of the club for the school year, has donated two cups to be shot for by the members. He has also secured the services of many celebrated shots of local militia companies to give the fellows hints. Among these are Capt. S. Wise of the 6th regiment, Lieut. Foss of Company C, 1st Corps Cadets, and Sergt. George Cross, also of the 1st Corps. The Brookline Gymnasium A. A. has

organized a rifle club composed for the most part, of our alumni, so that our team plans to co-operate with this.

Mr. Henry G. Carrell, physical director of the boys, was recently elected a director of the Brookline Gymnasium A. A.

Miss Grace M. Miller, formerly teacher of French in this school, has returned from Europe, where she has been conducting a party through twelve countries.

The new equipment for the second mechanical-drawing room in the Manual Training Building has been completed. This room is used by Mr. Bridgham in connection with the new course in Household Architecture for girls of the first and second classes.

The Sagamore extends its deepest sympathy to Mr. Packard in the loss of his mother.

Miss Pease, with a party of five, spent the summer travelling in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. She also saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Miss Spaulding gave an informal tea for Miss Adams on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of September. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Greville Haslam, editor-in-chief of this paper, is the High School Correspondent for *The Chronicle*.

The opportunities afforded such as wish to study art this year are great. Drawing is required of the Freshmen in all classes, while with the Sophomores it is optional except in the case of the technical and commercial girls, and of those boys and girls taking the general course. For the Juniors, art is elective, and there are three courses which may be taken: one in lettering—Roman, Gothic, and Modern,—another in metal work designing, and a third in cuts for this paper. With the Seniors also it is not compulsory, but it counts one point in the college entrance examinations for Harvard or Radcliffe. Those wishing to offer art for entrance to college should have studied it each of the three preceding years. There is a clay modelling class again this year, and also talk of forming a class to study the history of art, if enough are interested to make it worth while, and can arrange with Miss Weir

concerning periods. Every Senior who can possibly do so, should avail himself of this opportunity and enter this class, for to know the history of art is a great addition to one's education.

Mr. Packard's place was filled the first few days of school by Mr. C. W. Cobb, assistant professor of mathematics at Amherst.

Last year's championship crew recently received a large cup, about a foot in height, which has been added to the collection of cups in the reception room. B. H. S. now has two legs on it. The individual members of the crew were also given silver cups.

The election of the manager of the track team will be in the form of a competition. This method is employed extensively at Harvard, and many of the other large colleges, with great success.

The school has issued a pamphlet containing a very large list of books of every description for supplementary reading. Each pupil is expected to read one hour a week in any book in the list and make a written report to his teacher. The purpose of the pamphlet is "to assist those of high school age who may seek wholesome and entertaining reading."

Donald Perin, '11, and Philip Van Bibber, '11, have incorporated a company called the Harmon Press. They are doing very well, having already printed tickets for the Athletic Association and the football games, calling cards, and general printing for the school and this paper. They have even offered to print, free of charge, the tickets for the Senior Social and also to furnish the music. How is that for class spirit!

On October 7 the classes in typewriting were treated to an exhibition of speed work in Shailer Hall by Miss Quinn of the Smith Premier Co.

On Tuesday, September 13, a call was issued for candidates for the Sagamore board. Miss Spaulding outlined briefly the method which was to be employed this year in the choosing of the department editors. In former years this has been done by the outgoing board in co-operation with the teachers of English. This year, however, the positions were filled by a competition open to the whole school, the person handing in the most, well-written

work in a certain department securing the editorship of that department. The names of the successful contestants will be found on the title-page of this paper.

There is one Freshman, who, strange to say, never loses his little self in the bewildering maze of the high school halls. Why, yes!—Haven Mason, of course.

Wind, the Piper

There's something most uncanny
In the rustling of the leaves,
When autumn winds come rushing
Through the half dismantled trees
With limbs, outstretched, imploring,
Lest all their leaves go soaring,
And leave them bare—forsaken
For strains of the siren breeze.

The wind is like the Piper
With the horn of Oberon;
The leaves but follow after,
Like the dancing red-cheeked throng
Of children with pied dresses,
And flying flaxen tresses,
Whom long ago in Hamelin
He enticed by his song.

E. B., '11.

"Oh the Roman was a rogue
He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus
And elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt
And such a stylish hattum!"

Birth stones for the different classes:—

Freshman,	Greenstone.
Sophomore,	Blarneystone.
Junior,	Grindstone.
Senior,	Tombstone!

Miss Kn-l-s in history (seeing Kelley's empty seat), says innocently, "Has anybody here seen Kelley?" and she wondered why the class laughed.

Betty's had an accident!
But quite a harmless one,—
It's nothing but a little bang
Upon her forehead—just for fun!

A great crime! Several Freshmen were seen tearing up the hall steps.

THE TRAMP AND THE HALF DOLLAR

Fair one, how oft I've longed for thee.
That classic face of thine,
I feared I'd never look upon,—
Much less be wholly mine!
And now that thou art mine indeed,
In fact, my last resource,—
There comes, alas, through starving need,
The time for our divorce.

Miss B—— in II Latin, translated thus: ". . . et . . . vittas Vestanique potentem . . .effert—"
"and he bore out the victuals of the powerful Vesta."

Teacher.—"Give another form of 'father.' "
Pupil.—"Husband."

Those, our schoolmates oft remind us
We can pass along the line
And escape a mark of "minus,"
By a skillful bluff in time.

We agree with Miss Sp-ld-g.—"Why should the noun 'pavement' not be concrete?"

Cæsar's dead and buried
And so is Cicero;
So where these ancient men have gone
I wish their books would go.

III. German A. Miss Ad-ms.—"In what English word does 'K' precede 'T'?"
B-rn-t (caught napping).—"Katy."

Mr. P—— says that while he has seen that all men eventually die he can't find a single man on earth who has died.

Members II. Latin A. will appreciate this:—

"Their staring tails and scaly eyes roved aimlessly about,
And from their fire-lit insides the froth came pouring out.

Their straight and stringy bloody manes were braided twain in twain,
And many wine bowls had been 'crowned' when Virgil wrote this strain."

Can you fly a flue?
Can you throw a through?
Can you ting a tingle?
Can you shing a shingle?
How about it?

Can you rus a rustle?
Can you tuss a tustle?
Can you wimp a wimple?
Can you dimp a dimple?
Well I doubt it!

Translations in II German.—"Take off your head and lay it on the table."

Also, "Will you come and see us yesterday?"

THE FRESHMAN

Of x^3, ax^2 and x
He found the factors prime,
He found French words for quarts and pecks
And learned to tell the time.
He found that he could do great things
With compass, pad and pen,—
But when the bell for filing rings
He cannot find Room 10.

Mr. C.—"In subtraction you cannot subtract two things of different denomination; that is, you cannot take two horses from three dogs, neither can you take three pears from four apples."

Bright Pupil.—"But can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Respect the Seniors great, my son,
The ones that know much verbal lore;
And well obey the Junior kind, but shun
The mocking Soph-o-more.

In M. T. Building.—"Recently Mr. H-tch-n's hands appeared swathed in numerous bandages and the report was that they had been scratched in the machine room. Merely as a matter of curiosity, who left those pieces of hot iron lying around the forging room?"

Comparison of cold:—Cold, cough, coffin.

There is a young man at High
With ambitions that near touch the skigh,
He thinks he can run,
Is fair with a gun,
But when on the gridiron, O migh!

Teacher.—"Next year we finish Cæsar, read nine lives of Nepos, and then—"

Parva Puella.—"I always thought Nepos was a man but he sounds like a cat."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated a Sophomore as he surveyed a Freshman resplendant in foreshortened trousers and sizzling hosiery, who was wandering through the corridors like a farmer on his first visit to Troy, "Were we ever like that?"

The day after the Malden game, Coach Carrell collected the team for practice and the four of them started for the football field.

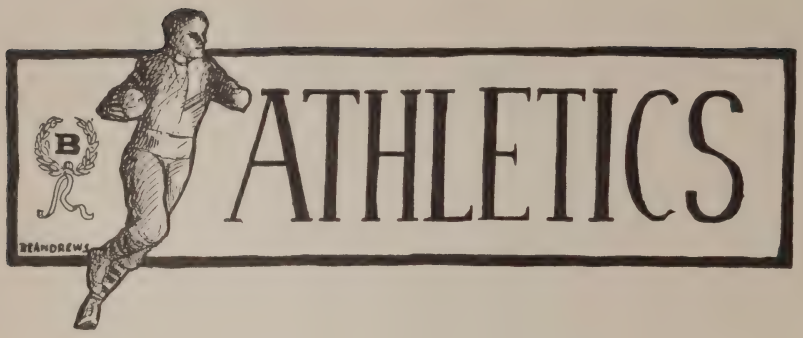
Familiar Quotation.—"Ow! Ow! I'm a football player!"

Another Quotation (heard between halves).—"What in Sam Hill is wrong with that end? Judas Priest, guards, hold your men for cat's sake!"

Mr. C.—"This is the solid geometry class but it is our business to make it plain."

Mr. C-r-ll.—"The next time I speak to this class I'm going to say something."

B-rk-r (translating Latin).—"He threw his eyes round the room and cast them over everything."



Once again the months have brought to us the football season, and surely never before has Brookline entered the field for Preparatory League honors with greater zeal or determination to reach that goal, "Success." The prospects for a winning team are good, and with every fellow conscious of his own responsibility, victory should be unquestionably ours. Yet responsibility does not rest with the members of the team alone. Much depends on the spirit of the general body of students,—on every girl and every fellow in the school. Let every student regard it as a personal duty to attend all the games and thus show the players that their work is appreciated. Let each person, in short, support our team through every game—through victory or defeat—not only with money, but with a thoroughly loyal school spirit. With such support, nothing but success will be ours.

A word to you who are out for the team. "Stick!" In that one word is summed up the secret of success in any sport. If in the first few games you do not make the team, "stick," and show your spirit. If throughout the season you do not win a permanent place on the eleven, "stick," and you will at least have the satisfaction of having done well your share towards bringing ultimate success to Brookline. Finally, keep up in your studies. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this point. You all know of the experiences of teams in previous years, and how they have been handicapped by this neglect. Let Brookline pursue her course

this season unhampered by any unnecessary scholarship deficiencies.

At the close of school on Monday, September 13, about thirty-five fellows met in Room 15 in response to Mr. Carrell's call for candidates. The attendance at the meeting was in itself encouraging, and the prospects appeared still brighter when it was learned that of last year's team, six men would return to the school this year. This nucleus gives us a good centre around which to begin work, and the present indications are that the new material will be fully up to the standards of former years. In the absence of Captain O'Hearn, Mr. Carrell made a few remarks, emphasizing the importance of daily practice and a thorough knowledge of the new rules. On the following day practice was begun, and in a few days the team was doing creditable work.

The football schedule for the remainder of the season is as follows:—

Tuesday,	Nov.	1, Natick at Brookline.
Friday,	"	4, Stone School.
Friday,	"	11, Newton, Huntington avenue grounds.
Friday,	"	18, Cambridge (undecided).
Thursday,	"	24, Waltham at Waltham.

Wellesley has cancelled her game with us on November 4. No reason was given but that their schedule was too heavy and they thought we would be too much for them. Three cheers!!! There is one team in the country who is afraid of us.

B. H. S. *vs.* Malden High School

At Malden, September 28, our football team was overwhelmed by the Malden players. This was our first game, while the Malden team had already played two. The Malden team was heavier and faster than ours; and added to this our boys sustained several injuries. Capper received an injury to his leg, Taggert dislocated his elbow, Sprague was knocked out, and Thielscher and Kenrick were slightly hurt. Jack O'Hearn and Anderson excelled for Brookline; Wescott and Turner for Malden.

MALDEN HIGH SCHOOL	BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
Lucas (Gerish), l. e.	r. e., Arthur, Sheddon.
Anderson, l. t.	r. t., Anderson.
Marston, l. g.	r. g., Priest.
Thomson, c.	c., Fillebrown.
Kelly (Killion), r. g.	l. g., Macnaughton.
H. Benoit, r. t.	l. t., Bentley.
Miner (McInnes), r. e.	l. e., Perry.
R. Benoit, q. b.	q. b., Mason (Thielscher).
Turner, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Sprague.
Wescott, r. h. b.	l. h. b., O'Hearn.
Millian, f. b.	f. b., Capper.

Score, Malden, 30; Brookline, 0. Touchdowns, Turner, 2; Wescott, 2; Anderson. Goals from touchdowns, Wescott, 5; Umpire, Babcock. Referee, Carrell. Time, four 9-minute quarters.

B. H. S. *vs.* Roxbury Latin School.

On Wednesday, October 5, Brookline showed up well and defeated R. L. S. with ease. The game showed a vast improvement in Brookline's playing over her first game. O'Hearn, Arthur, Mason and Kelleher played well for Brookline, while Captain Packard excelled for R. L. S. Sprague, Nagel, Bentley, McNeil, Fillebrown, T. Newton, Macnaughton, Priest, Haslam, Anderson, Arthur, Mason, O'Hearn, Kelleher and Crafts were in the line up for Brookline.

B. H. S. *vs.* Boston Commercial High School

About five hundred spectators watched Brookline High School defeat B. C. H. S. on Columbus Day at Griggs Field. The teams were evenly matched and Brookline had great difficulty in "bringing home the bacon." Arthur, Crafts, and Nagel played snappy ball for us and Moran's playing for Commercial High attracted much attention. Anderson, Capper, O'Hearn, Gibson, Nagel, Fillebrown, Newton, Sprague, Arthur, Crafts, Proctor, Bentley and Kelleher played for Brookline.

B. H. S. *vs.* Pomfret.

Coach Carrell took twenty men with him down to Pomfret. The team was royally received and at four o'clock came on the field. Brookline started out with a vim and before the first quarter ended, had scored two touchdowns. In the second period Pomfret scored a touchdown. There was no scoring in the second half. The game was perhaps the most successful played at Pomfret for years. It was a clean cut game, no one was injured, and the drizzling rain served to keep the players cool. The one sad feature of the game was that Coach Carrell forbade the boys to eat the apples which were all over the field, until after the game. The fellows enjoyed the trip immensely and "rough-housed" a bit going down. In the line-up for Brookline were: Capper, Bentley, McNeil, Fillebrown, Newton, Denning, Gibson, Proctor, Haslam, Arthur, Sprague, Guimaræs, O'Hearn, Mason and Thielscher. The feature of the game was the spectacular run of the "kid" through a broken field for a touchdown. O'Hearn also made a beautiful end run which netted thirty yards. Kraft was the only official from Brookline, Pomfret securing the others.

TRACK

The interclass track meet held last June was won by the Class of 1911 by a large margin. The points went as follows:—

	1910	1911	1912	1913
High Jump	3	5	1	0
440-yard dash	1	8	0	0
222-yard dash	0	8	1	0
100-yard dash	½	5½	3	0
880-yard run	1	5	3	0
Mile-run	0	5	4	0
Broad jump	1	8	0	0
Shot-put	3	1	5	0
Pole vault	3	5	1	0
Total	12½	50½	18	0

An interclass track meet was held October 14, with all "B" men excluded. The meet brought out some promising new material. The Juniors won with 26 points; Sophomores came next with 16 points; Seniors, 15½; and Freshmen, 11 points.

TENNIS

About twenty-five candidates for the tennis team for the coming year reported recently. Captain Nordell planned to have the preliminary practice this fall to get the men in trim for next spring.

O'Connor and Pond, Morris and Kimball, Nordell and Threshie, and Sheddon and Jones survived the third round. In the singles those left in the third round were Nordell, Fessenden, Guimaræs Bemis, Shedd, Threshie, O'Connor and Estes. The team will be managed by Lawrence Pond, '13.

HERE AND THERE IN ATHLETICS

"Rube" Emerson, "Bill" Daniels and Harry Mason were coaching the team at the practice, September 22.

Samuel Page was elected captain of the Freshman football team. Felix Dowsley is manager.

Richard Gibson who comes from Mechanics Art High School has proved a valuable addition to our squad.

The Gymnasium is about to form a Soccer team, and goals have been erected on the Cypress street playground. This is a game which continues after the football season is over, and the gymnasium authorities hope that the High School fellows will come out and get a great deal of sport and exercise from it.

"Kid" Mason is back again. Congratulations, Captain O'Hearn.

The prospect for a successful season for the cross-country team looks good. Last year the team made a good showing in the Journal's cross-country run. It also kept the track men in excellent condition for the indoor winter track season. This year a great many are expected out. The team will have Stone, Capper, Doran, Spitz, Pond and Taylor of last year's team for a nucleus.

Francis Capper, '11, did quite a little track work this summer

at the B. A. A. Invitation games, he came in third in the 220-yard low hurdles, third in the half-mile at the Barnstable Fair, and third in the low hurdles in the New England Championships.

The candidates for the shot-put and high jump were ordered out one month earlier than formerly so that available men might be coached in these events.

At the present time it looks as if our "ancient and honorable" rival, Newton High School, is going to give us one of the greatest tussles ever, when we meet to decide the supremacy, November 11. This season they are being coached by Alfred Dickinson, who last year coached the Somerville High School eleven to the state championship. The question of coaching need not bother us at all, for if any man can make us champions, Mr. Carrell is there with bells on.

It is rumored that Brookline High will extend its athletic desires and form a La Crosse team.

A joint committee from the B. G. A. A. and the B. H. S. A. A. is to be formed in the near future to submit to the proper town authorities the matter of the enclosed athletic field. Brookline is the only town of its size in New England that has not such a field, and both the gymnasium authorities and our athletic committee feel confident that the proposition will be taken up favorably. Mr. J. Leonard Mason says that the total lack of any supervision on the part of the town authorities accounts for several accidents and many narrow escapes, which he has witnessed on the Cypress street playground during track meets and baseball games.

Phillip Nordell is captain of the second class track team.

Jack O'Hearn has been chosen manager of the baseball team.

Denning, our crack pitcher, is making good at football. His alert work and snappy tackling has attracted much attention.

Wallace Taylor is captain of the Senior track team.

Edward Rowan, '11, who has been playing such a great game on the football team this year, is out of the game for good. During practice, he turned his ankle and fell. A few days after, X-ray pictures were taken and it was found that he had cracked one of

the bones of his ankle. This is a great blow to the team, for e played a fine game against Newton last year.

Charles Wyman is captaining the 1910 track team.

Coach Carrell deserves a great deal of praise for his conscientious work with the football squad.

Did anyone bring home a whole derby from Pomfret?

The squad that went down to Pomfret were impressed by the ten beautiful tennis courts and the four football fields.

Julian Spitz was elected captain of the Sophomore track team.

Now for Newton!

Alumni Notes

Ex-'86. Franklin W. Hobbs presided at the semi-annual meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, held recently at New Castle, N. H. He delivered an address reviewing the conditions and problems of the cotton industry.

'93. The marriage of Edward A. Watson and Miss Irene J. Brown took place on October 6.

'94. Herbert R. Chase is secretary of the Republican Town Committee which held its caucus September 28.

'94. John A. Cousens was recently elected a director of the Brookline National Bank.

'95. Neils Christensen is a member of the legislature in South Carolina.

'97. Mr. and Mrs. (Marion Holden) Henderson Kellogg are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Sarah, September 9, 1910.

'99. Payson Dana has been elected a member of the board of directors of the Brookline Gymnasium Athletic Association.

'99. E. Richard Morse has recently been made junior partner of the firm of E. S. Morse & Co., coal merchants in Charlestown.

'99. Dr. Cleaveland Floyd was married at Nantucket, September 17, 1910, to Miss Harriet Louise Goodwin, of Hartford, Connecticut.

'00. Charles L. Chandler is assistant acting consul at Buenos Ayes, Argentina.

'01. The engagement of Sidney Burr to Miss Lillian Eldridge of Waltham is announced.

'02. Daniel Lacey has been appointed supervisor of trees by the town of Brookline.

'02. Frances G. Manning was married to James Bent, Jr. of Allston, October 26. They will be at home after January 1 at 41 Clark road.

'02. The engagement is announced of Miss Emma P. Knowles to Mr. Clarence E. Cross of Malden.

'03. Warren Thompson, who is at present employed in the office of a mining concern in New York, expects to go to Chili to open one of the company's mines.

'03. Horace Taylor won second place in the 120-yard low hurdles at the New England Championship games.

'03. George W. Delano was married in September to Miss Lennehan of Brookline.

'04. Carolyn M. Burpee will assist Miss Carroll with her dancing classes again this winter.

'04. The engagement of Francis Gilman to Miss Eleanor Bradley of Brookline is announced.

'04. Dexter Young has left business on account of nervous prostration, and is spending the fall at Ponemah, N. H.

'05. Morris Roberts is taking a post-graduate course in chemistry at Harvard. He is organist and choir-master at Emmanuel Church, Wakefield.

'05. The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Hedlund and Mr. Gardner Brooks of Brookline.

'05. Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Ulman (Natalie Bond), B. H. S., '05, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, September 23.

'05. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perdue (Ethel Little) B. H. S., '05, of Jacksonville, Florida, are to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter, July 22.

'05. R. P. Kyle is employed in Douglas, Arizona, as superintendent of the El Paso and South Western R. R.

'05. Miss Fannie Guth was married to Mr. Cobb of Hanover, October 12. They will live in Cambridge.

'05. Grace Dutton is secretary of Miss Wrightington's school in Boston.

'05. "Dick" Floyd represented Harvard at the meeting of the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America.

'05. John Lyons is a superintendent in the Cambridge subway.

'06. Announcement has been made of the engagement of Ralph Marshall, Harvard, '10, and Mabel Cushing, Normal Art, '10, both of the same class at B. H. S.

'06. Elizabeth Warren recently took one first and five second art prizes at the Maine State Fair.

'06. Ralph Marshall played on the Hatherly Club baseball team at North Scituate last summer. He was a regular player on the Harvard 'Varsity baseball team last spring.

'06. Prentice Hatch, Tufts, '10, is engineering in South America.

'06. Donald Williamson, Tech, '10, is employed in the Du Pont Explosive Works, Wilmington, Delaware.

'06–'09. Henry Pree, '06; John Comerford, '06; Hayes Knapp, '07, and Franz Niccolls, '09, were members of the Brookline Gymnasium Athletic Association crew, which won the eight-oared Junior championship on the Charles River, July 4, 1910.

'06. Rollo Reynolds was class poet, Dartmouth, '10.

'07. Helen Slagle has been awarded a Junior scholarship at Wellesley.

'07. Carl Whittier is at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

'07. Viola Morey and James Small of Farmington, Maine, were married at the home of the bride, September 12.

'07. Josephine Baker has entered Simmons as a Sophomore. She is taking a course in stenography.

'07. The engagement is announced of Miss Sara Paul to Mr. Harold D. Hall of Norwood.

'07. Jack Schlemn and Marion Baxter were married August 1, and are spending their honeymoon cruising.

'08. Joe Kittredge has been on a botany tour in Labrador and Newfoundland with Professor Fernald of Harvard. Having completed his course at Harvard in three years, he is attending the Yale Forestry School.

Ex-'08. Little "Willie" Sidis, having found the Harvard mathematics professors amazingly deficient, plans to open a school to instruct them in the fourth dimension.

'08. Francis Johnson won second place in the hammer throw at the New England Championship games.

'08. Gladys Sampson is acting as an assistant teacher of sewing in the Devotion School.

'07–'08. Beatrice Coon and Beatrice Taggart have resumed their study at Radcliffe.

'09. Anna Holman has entered Radcliffe College, where she is to study drama under Professor Hagedorn, who promises to rank high among American dramatists.

'09. Franz Niccolls spent the summer in Maine, hunting deer and incidentally "dears."

'09. Albert Kerrigan is going to work for a year, then will continue his course at Harvard.

'09. Katherine Schweinfurth is continuing her study of art at the Museum Art School, where she did excellent work last year.

'09. Tom Dooley has starred during the summer with the fast Marlborough baseball team.

'09. J. Louis Keegan has been elected secretary of the Class of 1913 at Tufts. He has resigned his position as organist in a church in Ayer, Mass., and has been appointed to play in St. Mary's Church in Brookline.

'10. Harold Cooley is at work in the Boston Insurance Company.

'10. Arthur Jacobs is with the firm of Jacobs, Whitcomb & Co.

'10. Fred Hunter won the Price Greenleaf scholarship at Harvard.

'10. Francis Wyman is—no, Liz is not yet president of a bank or a railroad. He is now in his seventh position since June, being with the Elwain Co., Shoe Manufacturers.

'10. Katharine Webb is assisting Miss Smith in the chemistry department of B. H. S.

'10. Vera McDonald has entered the Emerson College of Oratory.

'10. Robert Emerson has a position among Boston's "253" in the Federal Trust Company.

'10. Marjory Parker is attending the Faelton Pianoforte School in Boston. She is also taking a course in Boston University.

'10. Edna Perry has gone to Simmons instead of Radcliffe.

'10. Allen Dexter is out for the Freshman football team at Princeton.

'10. Margaret Dow is at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

'10. Shailer Dow has gone to Cornell.

'10. Alas for Wellesley! Hilda Monroe was married to Gordon Glazier two days after graduation.

'10. Mildred Hammond has taken up kindergarten work at Miss Fisher's.

'10. Jennie May Collier and Marjory Sparrow are at Radcliffe.

'10. Queenie Mae Studley was married to Nathan Beals, Jr., October 11, at the home of Dr. Lucius H. Bugbee.

'10. Anna Craig is at Comer's Business College.

'10. Cumner Talbot is at the Lake Placid School.

'10. John Metcalf is attending the Michigan School of Mines. Evidently he was very fond of High School, for during the first week of school, he could be seen at any time directing the innocent Freshmen about, and as usual "managing things."

Ex-'10. Hugh Brady entered Yale in September. Last June Hugh became a member of the Honorary Society at Andover. To qualify, one must receive over 85 per cent in all studies.

Ex-'10. Helena Stuart entered Wellesley this fall.

Ex-'11. Francis Hann has returned to Andover.

Ex-'11. Thomas Fay is at Boston College.

Ex-'11. "Ned" Howe is playing on Stone's team.

Ex-'11. "Foggy" Ainsworth has been elected captain of the football team at Stone's.

Ex-'11. Margaret Wiley returned October 12 from a six weeks' trip abroad.

Ex-'12. Arnault Edgerly has entered Bordentown Military Institute, New Jersey, where he has made the 'Varsity eleven. He has also been voted into the Kappa Nu fraternity.

Ex-'12. Valentine Pierce is attending Miss Chamberlain's school in town.

Ex-'12. Sherman Sawtelle is at the Highland Military Academy, Worcester.

Ex-'12. Charlotte Billings is to attend Miss Burnham's school in Northampton, Mass., for the next two years.

Ex-'12. Barron Brainerd has entered Hallock School in Great Barrington, Mass. Brainerd was class president during his Freshman year.

Ex-'13. Helen Saxe is at the New Church School in Waltham.

Ex-'13. Margaret and Eleanor Carlisle are at boarding school in Poughkeepsie, New York.

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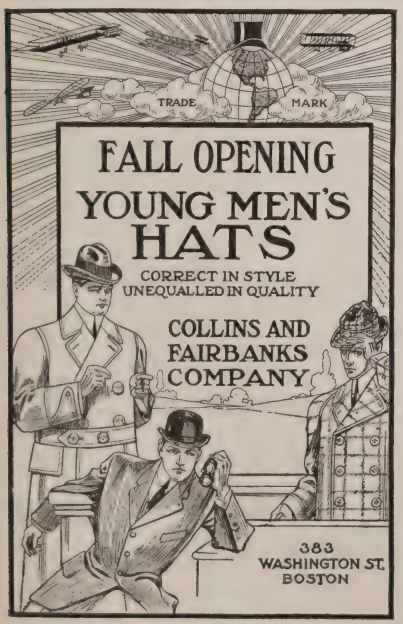

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The Sagamore

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII DECEMBER 1910 NUMBER 2

Editorial

AFTER waiting fifteen weary years our 1910 team has brought a football championship home to us. Year after year as we have watched our teams, always splendid ones, line up full of hope and determination to win, and then have seen victory snatched from them, sometimes by sheer luck, and always low scores, there got to be a feeling that we were hoodooed, that Dame Fortune combined with our enemies to defeat us and that in spite of our most strenuous efforts we would never be able to win from both our rivals in the same year. Now, at last, the tide has turned and we stand at the top—there was no spell on us—no luck helped or hindered. The factors that went to give us the championship were purely and simply those that go to make up winning teams. At the beginning of the season a big squad of men came out, they worked hard and stuck, and they toed the mark in scholarship requirements regardless whether "B's" were coming their way or not. Backing the squad was Mr. Carrell's superb coaching, what more need be said of it? and backing all, stood the school.

The men knew the school was back of them, and they *had* to win; and every student in the school who went to those games and cheered can be proud of the fact, knowing that he or she had a share in the winning!

Finally, the Sagamore congratulates you, Captain Jack, Mr. Carrell, Kraft, and team, on your conscientious hard work and perseverance, on your clean sportsmanship, and on the results of it.

In looking over the "Bubbles" department this month, it is probable that the reader will wonder at the lack of the many little personal quips which are so much enjoyed by everyone, and which usually make up most of the "Bubbles." This scarcity can easily be remedied if every reader will report only a small number of the Bubbles he or she hears every day; therefore, we ask you to be personally responsible for scratching every Bubble (provided it has the slightest point you think others would enjoy) on a slip of paper, and pass it to any member of the Sagamore Board, or through the slot in the door of the Sagamore room. This door is the first on the girl's side of the lunch counter, and the slot is there as much for news, alumni notes, and stories, as it is for "Bubbles."

The winning of the League Championship was celebrated by the students and alumni by a parade on the evening after the Cambridge game. Under the leadership of Stewart and Kraft the parade started from the Cypress Street Playground and wound through the town, cheering Mr. Carrell and the players at their homes. Music was furnished by Donald Northrup, '14, with a drum, and some buglers from outside the school.

ATHLETIC LATEST

Brookline, 6; Waltham, 0

Brookline completed one of the most successful seasons in its existence by defeating Waltham 6 to 0 on Thanksgiving Day. "Kid" Mason and Jack O'Hearn were the stars for Brookline. This is the first time in many years that this feat has been accomplished.

What the Christmas Morning Brought to Two

HAVE you never been inside that strange little shop that stands on the way to Evershot? and do you not know the old man who lives there, and his little grandson Peter? Then, indeed, you can never have passed that way, or, as with all others, sheer curiosity would have led you within its ancient doors, and doubtless, like all others, you would have purchased nothing. For really, what was there worth the buying in this little Old Curiosity Shop, the second? Here, on entering, one would have found oneself in a dark, stuffy room filled with the dust of ages. Heaps of disabled furniture ranged themselves around the black walls; a bird cage minus a bird hung from the cobwebby ceiling; canvasses still dazzling in spite of a coat of dirt, lolled wherever they could find anything to loll against; a goldfish bowl, with one lone fish gliding about inside, stood on top of an antiquated piano; beside it was a bust of Napoleon that greatly resembled a wax doll; and beyond, the candy case! In the blackest and dustiest of the corners it stood, resplendent with the pink and green lozenges that it contained, and the painted sticks, three for a ha'penny! Yet strange to say—but perhaps it wasn't so strange, either—no children came here with eager feet, to spend their little hoard of pennies. I know, for I was there two years ago, and on the day of which I write there lay the very same candies which lie there today! But though you may find the self-same sweets, the little old man and the little Peter are—but that is another part of the story!

. . . . This night was Christmas Eve, and a furious storm raged around the little dwelling! The sleet lashed the windows; the shutters rattled; the heavy snow whirled in eddies; and the roaring wind shrieked down the chimney like a thing gone mad. The shop was in darkness, but the blasts wooed the dying embers in the fireplace to a feeble flame, and then a soft rose light fell over the room! We discovered the old man sitting there, and the little Peter, both

thinking and saying nothing. The boy shivered and drew his chair up nearer the fire.

"Art cold so soon, lad?" inquired the grandfather anxiously. "Aye, and there'll be plenty of time to get colder than now! And ye saved one piece of wood for the morning, Peter, and there is left one piece of bread?"

Peter did not answer. He was thinking of something else—something they had been talking of but a short while before.

"Ye didn't answer me, grandfather, when I asked what the doctor would do with dear old Tim," he said presently, running his fingers through the shaggy coat of a dog that lay supine at his feet. He had asked the question at least four times—he wanted to know.

"Do?" repeated the old man, hesitatingly, "Do—?"

But hark! There is a groaning in the chimney, and suddenly the fire goes completely out, the room is in darkness! It is well. The old grandfather does not wish the boy to see his face as he makes reply.

" 'E would probably be vivisected," he said, hastily.

"Vivisected, vi-vi-sected?" echoed Peter's voice in the darkness. Where had he heard the word before? Then he remembered!

"Grandfather!" he exclaimed in a horrified tone. "Oh—grandfather!"

"I know, lad, I know," murmured the old man, "but five pounds would feed us for quite a while."

"I would rather starve," exclaimed the boy, his whole frame trembling with emotion. "I would die, rather! Tim that has played with me, and romped with me, since I—oh, grandfather!" His voice shook, "We can get work—let us leave this old shop—it will never bring us any money—and seek work on the highway, you and I."

He forgot the old man was eighty-two, and he but ten. In the darkness he could not see the mist in his grandfather's dim old eyes, nor the working of the trembling fingers.

"It's hard, lad—it's very hard," he heard, "for one so old! I

have tried to give you a schooling, but I cannot! My life has been a failure, and now"— the voice became excited—"I sit here in the darkness and the cold, my last Christmas Eve!"

"No, no, grandfather," broke in the boy with tears in his voice, "No!"

"—and nobody buys, nobody buys! Oh, what will become of us, lad?"

Then there was stillness, besides the darkness. Neither said a word, but sat thinking. In thousands of homes—warmth, and light and glad laughter, light-hearted children, loving parents and joy for the morrow! Here darkness, and sorrow, hunger and bitter cold! Nothing, nothing, but the awful storm to bring fresh agonies to the poor! Nothing!

A loud rapping at the door interrupted their reveries. Both started up hopefully, and yet, what customer could there be who would come in the midst of a tempest at nearly midnight on the eve of Christmas?

"Ye might as well bring the last oil, and light the lamp, Peter, while I see to the door." It was difficult to make one's way through the scattered furniture, and Peter arrived with the glowing lamp just as the old man was unfastening the latch.

"Some poor beggar, no doubt. We can give him shelter, no more," he muttered, flinging open the door. The furious wind rushed in—someone seemed almost blown into the room!

And in the yellow lamplight, who is this? No beggar, surely! Here is a man garbed in a long fur coat, powered with snow. On his head a fur cap well down over his ears, almost covering his eyes, long auto gloves on his hands in which he held a pair of goggles. Above the gale they could hear the chugging of a motor outside.

Such an unexpected sight it was that the old man could do little but stand wondering, but Peter came to the rescue. He promptly brushed the snow from the man, relieved him of his coat and took his cap—then waited to hear what the comer had to say. He was evidently an American, both from speech and appearance—

yes, and Peter with his discerning eyes, wondered if he were an artist. Those long, nervous fingers, that beard, those eyes!—he was sure of it, and that he was rich—he was sure of that, also.

The lad listened while he talked to the old man.

"Do you remember a day last week when my wife came in to look at some pictures, and there was one—" it was strange how his eyes burned—"there was one—oh, but it was the little boy who showed her a painting, very old, very dirty! Dou you remember?"

Yes, Peter remembered. The lady with the fine clothes and the diamonds, and the carriage and pair, and the bag of money. Like the rest she had not even a shilling for them! He remembered the picture, too, and how she liked it.

"I will get it," he said simply, and began scaling the ladder which led to the loft. Meanwhile, his grandfather commenced exhibiting the canvasses with a beating heart.

"Here is a real 'andsome one," he said, holding forth a painting of a bleeding fish reposing on a vermilion plate, and surrounded by a garland of roses. Then his hopes sank at the disgust plainly depicted on the American's face.

"You don't like it?" he said, pitifully. "You don't?"It was so beautiful in his eyes!

At this moment Peter was coming down the ladder, and in his hand something black. That was about all to be seen, the blackness of it.

"Oh, Peter," said his grandfather, shocked. "How could you bring that down? I beg of you, sir, it is but an old thing that a poor Italian sold me for very little—it is worthless, so very old and such very pale colors! Take it back, Peter!"

But already the American had darted forward with a cry, and had taken it from Peter's hands. The lad watched. He loved the old painting—he saw the atrociousness of the rest—the fish, and the sportive mice in the hat, and the medley of pears and tomatoes. But this was different! Somehow his grandfather did not see the difference. Meanwhile, the man was carefully wiping away the dust with a rag which the lad handed him, and when it was clear,

and all the tender charm of the delicate colors was presented to view, he gave an exclamation of delight. He touched the paint with a cautious forefinger; he held it to the light; he examined the back, the front, the top and bottom. Then, with a look of satisfaction on his face he stood at a little distance gazing at it—almost in awe, thought Peter, watching.

Just a head of a child was painted on the canvas seamed with age, and cracked in places, a little boy with a pale, pale face, dark glowing eyes, and red lips. In his hand a kind of bauble, and the rest just an old dull blue dress, background, everything, even almost the thick glossy hair. The warm, subdued tone—warm, even in age, the charm of the compelling eyes!

"Infanta," murmured the man, "an infanta!"

The grandfather's face wore a puzzled expression. Peter listened hard.

"I want to buy that picture," said the man, returning to business.

The hearts of the others burned with a fierce, overwhelming joy. At last!

"And I will tell you frankly," he said, "it is very old—very old, an old master."

"I know it is old," said the grandfather, apologetically, "but the fish picture is much newer."

The man seemed not to have heard. "It is a Velasquez," he said, and waited to see the impression his words would make. He was disappointed.

"Velaskwy's?" said the old man. "Humph!" The man went on talking, "And knowing that, I want to learn what you would charge for it?"

Charge for it? The old man hardly dared suggest three pounds, it was so very old, and yet—the American seemed taken with it! Peter was thinking four pounds. They didn't know quite what to say, so wisely said nothing. It is the best way!

"Would four thousand pounds do?" the American asked, doubtfully. "I could send you more later, but it is all I have in English money, besides a few shillings. You see several museums are hunt-

ing for that picture, and my wife has set her heart on having it, as a Christmas gift, for her art collection. I could send you more later." Then he waited for an answer, looking from Peter to the old man, and from the old man back again to Peter.

They stood dazed, tongue tied! It was as though a thunderbolt from Heaven had fallen in their midst. Four thousand pounds! Not three, nor four, but four thousand! They realized it by degrees.

Peter was still standing stupefied when his grandfather seemed suddenly inflamed with action!

"Yes, yes," he said. "Quick, Peter, wrap it up for the gentleman! Tush, boy! you are a good-for-nothing! Why do you stand there? Here is some string—quick!" Peter looked at him. What a strange mood! Yet, he did not wonder. Four thousand pounds!

With his withered cheeks flushed and his dim eyes burning, the old man hobbled around the room, reaching here for more string; here for cardboard; here, wrapping-paper!

Then the money was counted out in his hands—every bit of the four thousand pounds! How his old hands trembled! How his voice shook as he bade the gentleman good-night and shut the door behind him!

And what happens now?

The old clock in the corner tolls out the midnight hour. It is the Christmas morning!

"Run, Peter, run, and bring all the food, and the last stick of wood, and the last drop of oil and we will make merry! Oh, the beautiful Christmas! And can we starve now, Peter? No, no! The Lord is good 'Unto them.'" The trembling voice dies away as Peter goes into the little back room to fetch the food.

"Tim," says the lad, "ye'll always be with us now, Tim."

And even the dog feels the joy and wags his tail, barking the while.

And see! The boy, returning into the little shop, starts with surprise. His grandfather is seated in his old accustomed chair, his head in his hands—he is weeping! P., '12.

A Captured Mercury

ARTHUR MAYBEE was the star runner of his college; in fact he was the captain of the track team, and he therefore considered it his duty to keep in training during the summer vacation, spent in northern New Hampshire. Accordingly, the day after his arrival, he put on his running suit and started across the fields. The day was perfect; he breathed great draughts of the fine air, and life seemed wonderfully beautiful and care free.

He breasted a hill and, pausing a moment, looked down on a valley, patched with neat squares of brown earth and new green vegetables. In a field nearby, a boy in overalls and large straw hat, was hoeing industriously. As Arthur started down the hill, the boy looked up and saw him.

The lad's expression seemed to change from wondering astonishment to terror as he gazed at the approaching figure. He dropped his hoe and ran like a startled rabbit towards a neighboring farmhouse. This inexplicable performance surprised Arthur not a little, but he continued his course.

Arthur's way led him near the house to which the boy had retreated so rapidly. As he was about to pass, two men rushed from an adjoining barn, followed by the boy. They carried two pitchforks and an antiquated shot-gun, which they brandished at him menacingly, and commanded him to make no resistance.

Arthur stopped, and not too sweetly inquired what was the meaning of it all. Without answering, the farmers grabbed him. He struggled hard, but the all-convincing muzzle of the shot-gun, in the hands of the excited boy, quieted him sufficiently to allow his captors to bind him.

They led him to the house, in spite of his loud expostulations, just as an old man, on horseback, dashed from the yard down the road. Three women were in the kitchen when Arthur entered, and they gave vent to hysterical screams and giggles at sight of the protesting youth, attired scantily and tightly bound.

Arthur was angry through and through, and demanded violently:

"Look here, you fellows, what do you want? If you don't untie these infernal strings and let me go, I'll have the Gov'nor come up and sell out your whole blooming outfit."

"Tee-hee, tee-hee," tittered one of the men, "talkin' about the Gov'nor, hey? The Gov'nor ain't wastin' his time on 'lunies' like you."

Then it dawned on Maybee that the countrymen thought he was crazy! The idea was too much for him. Forgetting his furious indignation, he sat down in a chair and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

The audience, which by this time had increased considerably in numbers, shook their heads and murmured pityingly among themselves.

"Daffy! Crazy as a loon! An' such a nice appearin' feller, too! Poor boy!"

After several attempts Arthur conquered his mirth and attempted to explain his condition.

"Say," he exploded, "I'm not crazy, I'm—"

"That's what they all say," interrupted a bewhiskered gentleman, who had removed his cowhide boots and sat resting his red and white striped socks on the kitchen table.

"But I tell you," began Arthur, "I—"

"You wait and tell that to the doctor."

The lad's rage knew no bounds. And now he was ready to let loose a torrent of angry words, when the quick beat of galloping hoofs, ever growing louder and louder, reached his ears. Now they had ceased just outside the door, and who should enter but Cousin Joe himself! A broad grin shone over his genial countenance.

"Suffering Solferino, if it isn't the kid!" he exploded gleefully, on catching sight of Arthur. "How did you get up here, and what—?"

He looked dazed for a minute. It was a strange sight, indeed. Then, without saying a word to the gaping crowd present, he

rushed across the room and unbound the now joyful captive and pumped his arm up and down.

The cousins went out, followed by the frightened throng, loudly proclaiming their humblest apologies, and entered the doctor's carriage.

When finally they had started for home at a good gallop, matters were made clear to poor, puzzled Arthur.

The doctor told him, with many hearty chuckles, that a lunatic had escaped from the asylum the day before, and, as customary, the townsmen were warned to be on the lookout. The man's number they were told was 1911, which curiously enough, corresponded with the class numerals on Arthur's shirt.

This, coupled with his strange costume, justified the farmer's error.

S., 1911.

A Weird Evening

"I DOUBLE dare you to stay up all night!"

"But, Elsie, you have been up all night. This is morning. You need sleep," responded Harrison Bartlett, who was one of the kind that prefers a comfortable bed to the most exciting or novel incident. In fact, sleep was a particular hobby of young Bartlett, and besides, Elsie Sanders was only an old friend of his sister's.

"Now listen, Harrison," and her deep black eyes sparkled. "In the first place, I never sleep. I don't believe I've slept four hours in a month. It's such a waste of time. I'm just in the mood tonight to talk. That 'Terribly Strange Bed' story that you insisted on reading has made sleep impossible."

She laughed nervously. The only sound that came through the house was the solemn ticking of the old grandfather's clock on the landing. The whole situation was so unusual and bizarre that even the prosaic Harrison was slightly affected. There was this eccentric girl standing on the stairs above him at two o'clock in the morning, her tall figure outlined against the wall, her gypsy-like face filled with animation and expectancy.

"All right, if you'll tell me the story of your life," said Bartlett jokingly, and, dodging the chairs and ornaments in the lower hall, he bounded quickly up the stairs as if glad to leave the place where they had been reading ghost stories all evening. Together they tiptoed to the drawing-room.

He started to press the button to turn on the lights, but she stopped him.

"It's much more exciting in the dark," she explained.

"Well, you *are* a queer girl, but it's just as you say," said he, wonderingly, and the two seated themselves in front of the fireplace, where there was still a slight blaze.

The room was only half dark. Through the windows streamed the moonlight, making the outlines of the objects in the room stand out like spectres. Bartlett looked around the room at the chairs, the desk and the table in the centre and imagined them as living beings, waiting to spring upon them. He turned to his companion, hoping that she would say something to relieve the situation.

Her black hair lay straight and severe on her well-formed head. Under her heavy eyelashes shone those fascinating, thoughtful eyes. A haughty nose, mouth and firmly pointed chin completed the picture. All in all, it was a strange, uncanny situation.

Then she broke the silence. He almost wished she hadn't. Her clear voice broke out on the quiet of the room like a hollow tone. It seemed to him that the spectres began to move.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, as a loud noise broke out from another part of the house. Crash! Crash! It seemed like a revolt of the spirits.

"What's that?" he chattered through his quivering lips.

"Burglars!" she replied excitedly, but without the slightest trace of fear.

"They're in the cellar. Shall I go down?"

"What can you do unarmed? They're on their guard after all the noise they've made. Let me go down. They wouldn't dare shoot a woman."

"No, we'll wait for the policeman. He's due here about this time." As he spoke, he looked out of the window. Sure enough, along sauntered Tom, the night policeman.

"Tom, Tom! There's somebody in the house. Come in, and help look for him," whispered Bartlett.

"Well, come down and let me in," replied Tom in the same stage demi-voice.

"Here, I'll drop the keys down to you," replied Bartlett, hastily. "No need of my going down."

After Tom had let himself in they searched the cellar. No one to be found. They bumped about the first floor with the same success. The search on the second floor proved just as fruitless. Certain now that the intruders must be on the top floor, Bartlett insisted on Elsie's not going up, although the young lady was very eager. Furthermore, he determined to keep her company; so Policeman Tom ascended alone.

He first went into the room of Bartlett's young brother. Everything was peaceful. The regular breathing of the lad was all that disturbed the stillness. He turned on the light and the problem was solved. Bottles, pictures, brushes, collar cases, picture frames and books were strewn on the floor. The bureau by the boy's bed was bare and in the clenched fist of the sleeper was the bureau scarf.

The younger Bartlett, too, had been reading ghost stories.

B. '11.

The Night Before Christmas

IT was the night before Christmas in Dresden as a little group of school girls were walking down one of the residence streets to see the city in its holiday splendor. Suddenly, a tiny gleam of light flashed out from a window into the darkness, followed quickly by others, until presently a beautifully illuminated Christmas tree stood before them covered with glittering ropes of tinsel and many-colored balls.

On and on they went! Other lights began to gleam out into the night, until there was not one house which did not give forth its message of peace and good-will to men.

Soon they came into the market square which presented a brilliant spectacle for the great night of the year. Tiny booths were ranged along in rows facing each other, and were brightly lighted by colored lanterns hanging from the roofs. The little miniature streets between them were crowded with peasants, all dressed in their gaily-colored costumes, who bargained busily with the booth keepers. These market women were very funny as they cried out the excellence and cheapness of their goods to their customers.

One old woman, dressed in the peculiar fashion of the Saxon peasants, was trying to decide on one of the Christmas trees for her children. She had a black knitted shawl tied over her head, and a little black jacket which showed the white of her waist beneath. Her skirt was dark blue, and over that she wore a bright red apron trimmed with black braiding. White stockings and wooden shoes completed her attire which looked, as a whole, very clean and neat. After some delay she chose her tree and trudged happily off with it over her shoulder.

In some booths were displayed tempting rows of cakes and heart-shaped cookies. Here, big pastry dollies with pink sugar buttons and bule eyes, little wooden carts and horses, tiny horns and drums, there, boxes of colored candles and wonderful silver and golden balls for the Christmas trees attracted the eyes of the children, who clung to their mothers' skirts, begging them to buy first one thing and then another.

Another vendor in great demand was the man who sold the switches; for no family would be without its birch rod at Christmas time because it is only good children whom the great saint visits, and children are only kept good by a sight of this terrible form of punishment.

Suddenly, amidst the din and confusion, the great bell of the Kreuzkirche rang out, telling the glad tidings to all the country round. When the last sound had died away the beautiful old

Christmas hymn, "Stille Nacht" was heard from the tower of the church softly sung by the choir boys. The effect was instantaneous. The market women stopped their arguing, the children ceased to cry, the vendors called out their wares no more, and the girls went gladly and silently home, thinking how sweet was the night of Christ's birth. M. F., '13.

Topsy-Turvy Land

"'Twas midnight, and the rising sun
Was glowing in the far, far west;
The rapid river slowly ran,
The frog was in his downy nest,
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious leaped from bough to bough,
And all the world was full of rest."

The dawn broke through the dark daylight,
The smooth and glassy sea did roar,
The fishes merrily stepped out,
To dry themselves upon the shore,
The air was still, the budding trees
Bent down before the boisterous breeze,
Which dry leaves from the branches tore.

Nothing to mar the landscape rose
Or stirred upon the placid sea,
Save a city bustling with repose
And ships that lazily did flee.
Along the crowded desert strand
Alone form wandered hand in hand
And racked his brains for rhymes like me.

E. F. B.

NEWS NOTES

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Club for the year 1910–11 was held in the physical lecture room on Tuesday, November 8. There were fully seventy-five girls present, which is extremely encouraging and shows promise of a most successful season.

During the course of the business meeting, Miss Albee, the president, read two interesting letters from last year's members.

The subject of the debate was, *Resolved:* That a town should not furnish school supplies. The affirmative was upheld by Ruth Damon and Madeline Hunt, the negative by Mary Morris and Eleanor Allen. After the regular debate there was an unusual amount of good speaking from the floor by Esther Bacon, Ruth Hudnut, Frances Hall and Florence Eisenhardt.

The affirmative rebuttal was taken up by Miss Damon, and the negative by Miss Morris.

Miss Waldo, the judge, decided in favor of the negative, although the house vote supported the affirmative. The criticism was given by Madeline Crandell, '10.

One of the Senior girls sold twenty-five tickets for the Newton-Brookline game. Guess girls are some smart!

On November 4, a convention was held by the teachers of Greater Boston. The program for the morning was a most interesting and beneficial one. The chorus of the Dedham High School furnished some splendid vocal music. The subject of the lecture, in which six speakers participated was, "The Training of the Young Hercules for His Twelve Duties." The program closed with an excellent violin solo. Owing to the very heavy rain in the afternoon,

the attendance was not so large for the lecture given by Professor Hall.

The Tau Beta Beta Society gave a Pop concert in the Town Hall on the evening of November 23. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to increasing the Scholarship Fund of the Tau Beta Beta. It is the aim of this Society to award each year a scholarship to a member of the Senior class of the High School, in order to enable the student to obtain a college education.

The matrons for the Junior Assemblies given by Miss Kathleen Page at Gardner Hall are Mrs. Charles R. Talbot and Mrs. Harry W. Cumner.

For bravely defending her school colors from Newton rooters, Rosalind Abrams has been presented a new red and blue pennant by the members of the football team.

The annual reception of the Sophomore class to the Freshmen took place in Shailer Hall Friday afternoon, October 28. The affair was a success from start to finish, due to the excellent planning of the committee. President Pond of the Sophomore class opened the reception by an address of welcome which was polished and well delivered. This was responded to by a neat little speech from Blake Cooley, the president of the entering class. Mr. Hitchcock was then called upon to say a few words. He told the class that life is not all earnest in the B. H. S., and he gave a humorous incident about a former teacher in this school to prove that the teachers are not "animated machines," as he found they are sometimes considered. The Mandolin Club rendered two selections which were splendidly given and enthusiastically applauded. The next number on the program was an exhibition of rapid cartooning and clay modeling by Miss Anna V. Baker, which proved very amusing. This was followed by dancing until six, which was enjoyed by all. The music was furnished by Wallace Taylor, '11, pianist, and Manlius Sargent, '13, violinist. The ushers, who contributed much to the success of the affair, were Hawes, Hicks, O'Connor, Potter, Shedd, Spitz, Stevens, Swett, White, and Young. About three hundred were present.

The members of the school taking the classical and sub-classical courses will be interested in a decision of the New England Modern Language Association made at a recent meeting, which will affect the college entrance requirements in French and German in all of the best known colleges in this vicinity. It was voted that oral examinations in pronunciation should be given in addition to the usual written requirements. The twenty-one colleges represented intend to adopt this method in their examinations next June.

The first fire drill of the year took place on October 20. The last pupil left the building eighty-five seconds after the signal was given, this being forty-five seconds more than the record time. The delay was caused by the failure of many of the lower classmen to follow the directions on the placards in the rooms where they were at the time. All who have not yet done so are strongly advised to become acquainted with the points of the compass.

Miss Abbie L. Paige, who preceded Miss Russell as secretary of our school, is social secretary of Hosmer Hall, a large private school in St. Louis.

In order that the members of the school may have a better oppotrunity to see the papers of other schools, a shelf has been set aside in the library for the exclusive use of our "exchanges." These papers are not to be taken from the library.

The Friday morning talks,which have been very popular with the members of the school for many years, are soon to be resumed.

The Senior Social will take place Friday evening, December 23. The program will consist of music, a farce, and dancing.

The fourth class Greek history pupils, under the direction of Miss Knowles and Miss Weir, visited the Museum of Fine Arts two afternoons in October to study the Egyptian and Greek collections.

The teachers of the third and fourth grades of the primary schools in Brookline visited the art rooms on the afternoon of October 11 to see an exhibition of drawings illustrating geography, history, and story-telling, made by children of these grades.

In addition to the regular art work, the freshman girls are planning to do stenciling work in leather, and designing for needle-

work. A small collection of articles of this nature is now on exhibition in the art rooms.

Eleanor Allen, '13, entertained a party of friends at her home on Halloween. All had a very enjoyable time.

Twenty-six members were present at the first meeting of the Boys' Debating Club held Friday afternoon, November 4, in the physics lecture-room. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Nyhen, '01, Eugene Floyd, '09, and Louis Keegan, '09, who spoke on the benefits of debating to the lawyer, the business man, and the college student. They all advocated the abolition of written speeches and notes in debating. The audience could have had no better evidence of the results of the Debating Club than from the smoothness and force with which the speakers made their remarks. After the speaking a business meeting was held. The rhetorical committee was elected, consisting of Frederick Hussey, '12, chairman; Eralsey Furguson, '12, and Frederic Barnet, '11. The committee decided upon and announced the subject for the first debate, after which the meeting was adjourned. The officers of the club are Eric Stone, '11, president; Thurston Clarke, '12, vice-president; Albert Pollard, '11, secretary.

Philip Van Bibber, '11, who last year constructed in the Manual Training department a zylophone, has made several improvements in it. Among these is the installation of resonators, which greatly increase the volume of tone. He says that he is now "ready for business."

Free swimming lessons have been offered by the Bath House authorities to those in school who do not know the art of natation. Many pupils are availing themselves of this generous offer, but those who are not, and need the lessons, should immediately apply for tickets.

Le Cercle Gaulois held its first meeting Wednesday, October 19, with twenty-two members present. On the motion of Mr. Brooks, who presided, it was voted that nothing but French should be spoken at each meeting, and that the number of Juniors permitted to join should be very limited. The following officers were elected:

Cyril Jones, president; Marion Mills, vice-president; Isabel Houghton, treasurer; Edwin Smith, secretary.

Mr. A. E. Joslyn, who had charge of the science department during Mr. Packard's absence abroad, is now at the head of the department of mathematics of the Lynn Classical High School.

Mrs. Claribel Moulton Waterman, who was, till a few years ago, a popular member of our French department, was East this summer visiting friends in this vicinity. She is making her home in Chicago, where she is reported to be an ardent settlement worker.

On October 28, the Junior and Senior classes in typewriting were given a demonstration of the Underwood condensed billing machine by Mr. R. E. Petit. He gave a brief talk on the short cuts which are today being employed in typewriter bookkeeping.

The Aeronautical Society held its opening meeting Tuesday, October 18. The officers for this year are: Philip Nordell, president; Frederick Estes, vice-president; and Bryant Hawes, secretary-treasurer. Estes has made a glider, 18 feet in length, and Nordell recently flew a model 155 feet. Who says our school is not up-to-date?

Mr. C. I. Peabody, who two years ago was a substitute teacher of French in this school, is tutoring in Brooklyn, N. Y. Having become very much interested in the Republican campaign in New York, he has been one of the campaign orators for Stimson.

Alumni Notes

'93. Among the articles in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May, there is an account of the first trans-Andean railroad from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso. This will be especially interesting to Sagamore readers because of the fact that the drilling of the last tunnel was in charge of Lincoln Crocker, a graduate of B. H. S.

'99. A recently announced engagement is that of Annabel Leavitt to Archibald Monks, Harvard, '03.

'00. Paul Ainsworth is taking a post-graduate course at Harvard in art. For the last five years he has been a salesman of artistic light fixtures in New York.

'02. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen (née Helen Flanders), both of the class of '02, are to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter, October 5.

'02. Fred Leyhee is an instructor in geology at Harvard.

'02. Harry Le Moyne is prospering on his sheep ranch out West.

Ex-'02. Stuart Heyman, who was connected with Hayman & Son, druggists, has sold his business and is studying to be a dentist.

'03. Dana Sylvester has graduated from the Boston University Law School and is now in the profession for himself.

'03. Miss Hazel G. Collins is proving to be a designer of much ability. She expects to open a studio at her home, 71 School street, Brookline, in the near future.

'03. Geoffrey Bartlett is a lieutenant in the army. He is stationed at Fort Clark in Boston Harbor.

'04. Carl Wetherell is teaching school in Morristown, New Jersey.

'04. Grace Kellogg has gone to Constantinople, Turkey, where she intends to spend a year in missionary work.

'04. Paul Fanning is in the Scientific Bureau at Manila.

'04. "Shortie" Heintzeman, prominent while in high school as a hockey player, is at the head of the Heintzeman Press, printers, at 185 Franklin street.

'04. Earle T. Hobart is in Pekin, China, teaching electrical engineering for the Chinese government.

'05. Herbert Stiebel is superintendent of two star drills in the Utah Copper Mines.

'05. Alfred Kellogg, who recently completed a course in architecture at Tech, is studying at the Beaux Arts in Paris.

'05. Florence Hallett was recently married to Henry Forte of New York. Florence attended Wheaton Seminary, graduating in '07, and was a member of the faculty until her marriage.

'05. "Ted" Defriez is working for the *Boston Transcript*.

'05. "Will" Babcock is superintendent of schools in a district of the Philippine Islands.

'06. Prentice M. Hatch received his degree of B. S. from Tufts with the class of 1910, and has gone to Port of Spain, Trinidad, to enter upon work with the Trinidad Electrical Company.

'06. Muriel Seely, Smith '10, was recently elected a member of the College Club of Boston.

'06. Walter R. Brownell, M. I. T., '10, is an assistant instructor in civil engineering at M. I. T.

'06. "Bill" O'Hearn graduated from M. I. T. last June and is now working for the firm of M. J. O'Hearn, contractors.

'06. The engagement has been announced of Dorothy Gooding and Malcolm Price, who has returned to Tech for a post-graduate course.

'06. Arthur Truette is an assistant to a Technology professor.

'06. Clarence Britten is an instructor in English in the University of Texas.

Ex-'06. Paul Brackett, B. H. S., ex-'06, is engaged to Miss Bridges of Marblehead.

'07. The engagement has been announced of Rhoda Young and John Le Royer, B. H. S., '07.

'07. Gertrude Mason has returned to Sargent.

'07. Morris Weinberg is attaining considerable renown as a musician. He is leader of an orchestra in Dorchester.

'07. Don Stevens has recently been elected president of the Senior class at Tech. Congratulations, Don!

'08. Herbert Greenwood has been appointed teller at the Brookline National Bank.

'08. Irvine Elliot has left Amherst and has entered Harvard as a freshman.

'08. Mary Clark took part in the play entitled, "How the Vote Was Won," given by the Boston Equal Suffrage Association on November 23.

'08. Coburn Smith is working for Wren Brothers, stock brokers, on Congress street.

Ex-'08. Marjorie Rudolph has sailed for Berlin to study music.

Ex-'08. Amanda Phillips, B. H. S., ex-'08, was married to Robert Young, October 10. Rebecca Phillips, B. H. S., '10, was maid of honor at the wedding.

'09. J. Louis Keegen, Tufts '13, was initiated into Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, October 10.

'09. Wilhelmina Taylor, who sailed for Europe in August, has been travelling through Italy, spending several weeks at Naples and Rome. Later she intends to study opera in Florence.

Ex-'09. The marriage is announced of Esther DeMerritt, B. H.S., ex-'09, to Joseph Hennessey.

'10. Carolyn Burdett and Irma Waterhouse are both at Vassar. Irma has made the freshman hockey team. Owing to her excellent high school preparation, she has been able to take advanced courses in Greek, Latin, and English.

'10. George Hall is with the Provident Life & Trust Company.

'10. Yes, "Bill" Kennedy is working! He has a position with the firm of Bend and Goodwin.

'10. Jean Christie, after travelling in Italy and Switzerland, has gone to the her home in Tarsus, Turkey, where her parents are missionaries. Below is an excerpt from a letter which she wrote while she was in Hilterfingen, Switzerland.

"If only you could have this view from my window where I am writing! It is a cloudless, sunny day. Just below me lies the mirror-surface of the lake with its glassy blue unbroken by the least ripple. You would think it was painted. So, also, the gigantic form of the rugged mountain rising abruptly from its further bank. The beauty of the scene is perfect. All along the lake shore are light green meadows and dark pine forests, broken here and there by pretty chalets. In the distance sounds the Alpine yodel and the melodious songs of birds. Everything is so peaceful, so divinely beautiful, it seems as though all the world would be converted and consecrated by the mere sight of this scene.

"I must mention our wonderful stay in Florence. Oh, the paintings we saw! The exquisite statutes! Do you remember

that picture of a statue of David which hangs on the wall in Room 10? Mr. Brooks used to tell us that was his favorite statue—to his mind the most perfect in the world. Well, I saw the original in Florence. It is by Michelangelo, one of his first works. The whole was hewn from one piece of marble, a block which other sculptors had thrown away as useless. Then, too, there was the wonderful figure of a sleeping woman representing Night, by the same artist. Among the paintings, my favorites were the "Madonna del Grandica" by Raffaelle; also his "Madonna of the Chair" (which he is said to have sketched on the top of a barrel); Botticelli's "La Primavera," Fra Angelo's fresco in the monastery where he lived, in every cell and along those old walls built before America was even discovered, the same monastery where Savonarola lived out his fiery life of struggle; also the two famous paintings by Andrea del Sarto, St. John as a young boy, and the Madonna of the pedestal. Do read (if you haven't) that wonderful poem of Browning's entitled, "Andrea del Sarto, Called the Faultless Painter." You will have to read it many times to get the real life-tragedy of this man. His wife, whose beautiful face appears as the Madonna in all his paintings, was the cold-hearted tyrant who wrecked his life and genius. But I can't begin to tell you about all the wonderful paintings, statues and buildings that we saw. Florence is the city of culture. It contains more famous paintings within a small space than any other city in the world. The whole place is crowded with palaces, galleries, public statues, beautiful cathedrals, artistic bridges, historic spots, and rich arcades. I saw the Browning palace with an inscription to Mrs. Browning by the Florentines, grateful for all she had done for them through her poetry. I visited the house where Dante was born, also the church where he was married, and the bridge where he met Beatrice, poor man! Above all, I was glad to see the bronze face of Savonarola in the pavement at his square, marking the place where he was put to death; also his own cell and Bible in the monastery, and the pulpit from which he delivered his strenuous sermons that set all Florence on fire. It is impossible to tell of all the wonderful sights I have seen!"

Briggs delights in tickling our palates with new and elusive drinks; his latest manufacture is "Spiritual liquor."

Mr. C-rr-ll—"Leg pretty bad today, Denning?"

D.—"Yes, sir, I can't bend it here." (Carefully indicates spot eight inches above knee.)

Miss Pease to Conroy—"So you can't return this afternoon on account of a music lesson. May I ask what instrument you play?"

C.—"The pianola."

Somehow, Conroy came back.

"There was a young man in Brookline
Who thought he played football justfine,
But he tackled the dummy
So awfully rummy
The coach said he never couldshine."

Teacher—"Goodness, what a stupid boy! Who did you have in this subject last year?"

Boy—"You!"

III Math., Potter—"These lines are called 'mediums.'"

Mr. C—"You may be at a spiritualistic meeting, but I'm not, so we'll call them 'medians.'"

III French translation—"Cet animal-la."

"That bonehead there."

We hear of a young person who adores writing, in fact, is just crazy to write. Never a doubt of it.

Dr. Roberts—"Do you actually see these stars during dog days?"
Bright Girl—"Why, no; I suppose you'd see them at night."

A little goat of high renown
Wandered into Brookline town;
He was a bold and braggart fellow
And wore a coat of black and yellow.

But here he met, in red and blue
A "bill" that proved his Waterloo
'Tis most unchristian to grin and gloat
But I say, good friend, we've got your goat!

Heard in girls' locker room. First girl—"I don't like antiseptic dancing, do you?"
Second girl—"You mean athletic dancing, silly."
Third girl—"You're both wrong. 'Asiatic' is the word."
It subsequently transpired, they meant æsthetic dancing.

Culled from a Freshman exam. paper—"The verb 'to be' is a *corpulent* verb."

There was a young maiden of Brookline town
Who came to school in a Hobble gown,
She had to walk—and it was far—
Because she couldn't board the car!

Her steps were short, her progress slow
For that's the way of a hobble, you know,
But even for hobbles time won't wait—
And so the damsel was very late!

On leaving school that fateful day
An accident befell, they say.
And now, ye maidens, all beware,—
For she fell down the broad front stair.

Mr. P.—"What does the elevator boy do with the rope in an elevator?"
Junior—"Pulls up the car."

Miss L.—"But Richard, I wrote the correct answer on your paper."

R.—"Yaws, but I cawn't read it."

Mr. Brooks—"Translate 'mon mulet qui mord.'"

Voice—"My dead mule."

"Think you not," said the Freshman to maiden fair
"My moustache is becoming?"
The maiden answered, as his eyes she met
"It may becoming but its not here yet."—*Ex.*

Teacher, to pupil singing—"You are out of order."

Pupil—"It's between periods, I should think I could sing if I can talk."

Teacher—"A great many people can talk who cannot sing."

"I wouldn't trust E— with a cent."

"Why, he has many good points."

"Yes, so have pins, but they 'stick' you."

Stone, doubtless translating—"He wiped his face with a benevolent smile."

III English B.—"If a German band were playing your favorite song, would you laugh or cry?"

Rolfe—"I'd run."

II Math., Mr. C.—"How would you eliminate line AB, Becker?"

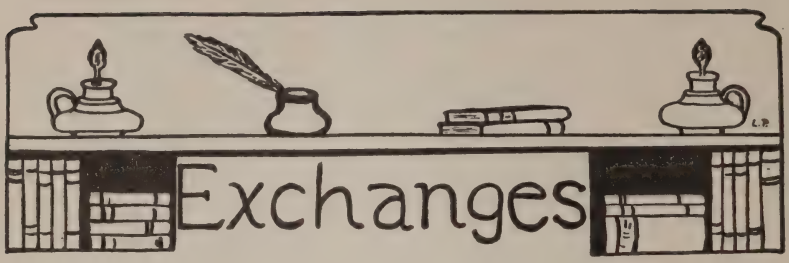
Becker—"Erase it."

"I love the ground you walk on,"
That was the tale he told,
For she lived in the Klondike
And the ground was full of gold.—*Ex.*

Mr. C., reading Scripture—"Open the door and the Lord of Hosts shall enter." (Door flies open, Butsey appears with a message.) "And who is this Lord of Hosts?" (Exit Butsey.)

II History. Denning—"The Albany Congress was a meeting of men whose object was to enlarge their common sense."

Dean translates "To aim a gun," "Aimer un fusil."



The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Artisan, Assembler, Bulletin, Central Digest, Clarion, Cony Cue, Echo, Gazette, Holtern, Imp, Jabberwock, Magnet, Register, Sanfordian, School Life, Southern Workman, Sphinx, Tattler, Vexillum, Wesleyan Argus.

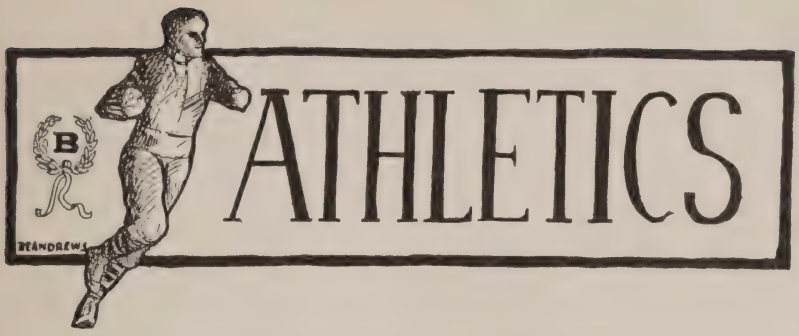
Considering the fact that enrollment of the Wrentham High School is only fifty-one, the Assembler from that school, deserves praise and encouragement.

We would suggest that the Sanfordian arrange its Alumni Notes chronologically.

The "Jesters' Page" of the Magnet would be of greater interest if it contained more personal jokes and hits. Do not omit the table of contents.

School Life, from Melrose High School, is a paper to be proud of, it holds interest from cover to cover. An Alumni department would improve it, however.

The article in the Register entitled, "The School Paper," is exceptionally well written and is sure to find interest among readers in other schools as well as its own. An exchange column is the only department the Register lacks.



With the close of the football season comes hockey. This sport, once so popular at Brookline High, is threatened with oblivion, unless more candidates report this year than formerly. The school must show some interest and turn out to see the contests. Two years ago basketball was abolished in order to strengthen the hockey squad. The change seemed to help some, but still this winter sport suffers from inattention. Brookline's hockey teams, in former years, were noted for the high standard set in playing college freshmen teams and the larger preparatory schools. With the proper management this branch of athletics could be made self-supporting. A great deal of enthusiasm, no doubt, would be shown if Brookline played Newton in an enclosed rink. We have, in the last few years, suffered defeat from Newton, but with everyone back of the team we should come out a winner.

This year the team ought to make a good showing under Captain Anderson, for, of last year's team, Arthur, Kelley, Stewart and O'Hearn are back, all of them fellows who ought to turn out a championship team.

Manager Kelley has arranged games with the English High, Somerville, Malden, Medford, Arlington, Wellesley, Natick, Melrose and Dorchester High schools, besides the regular league games.

Brookline, 6; Newton, 0

On Friday, November 11, Brookline defeated Newton High in a game replete with spectacular and exciting plays. Brookline had

no easy task in crushing Newton's hopes, but the old fighting spirit of Brookline made each fellow play the game of his life, and against this spirit our old rival had to succumb.

At 2.45 the Brookline and Newton squads came on the field amidst the enthusiastic cheers of both schools. In the preliminary practice, one had hard work in picking the winner, so well did the teams shape up. At 3.15 the game was called.

Brookline received the ball and ran it back to the 25-yard line. Brookline immediately began to hammer Newton's line for large gains, O'Hearn, Crafts and Kelleher going through for first downs. A forward pass from Anderson to Kelleher was worked successfully, and conditions looked like a score for Brookline. Newton, however, held for downs, and Brookline punted. Newton made a touchback and kicked from the 25-yard line. The rest of the quarter was a punting contest, although Brookline made first down several times.

In the second quarter, Brookline's several fumbles made things look dark, but they did not prove to be costly, although it prevented us from any chance of scoring. At the end of the first half, the score stood 0–0.

Brookline came back strong in the second half and fought like tigers. It was then that Brookline began her triumphant march goalward, making three successive "first downs." Anderson, then, broke through for thirty yards; and a beautifully executed forward pass from O'Hearn to Sprague scored the only touchdown of the game. Anderson kicked the goal, making the score 6–0.

The last quarter was a hard fought one, Brookline with difficulty keeping Newton from scoring. The feature of this quarter was the six successive and successful forward passes, by which Newton brought the ball within the shadow of our goal posts. The prayers in the grandstand must have averted the score, for the seventh forward pass failed and the ball after that point never threatened the red and blue's goal line. The team work of Brookline was excellent, although Sprague, Capper, O'Hearn, Mason and Kimball's work excelled. Captain Rider and Marshall did best for Newton.

B. H. S.	N. H. S.
Capper, l. e.	McNeil.
Procter, l. t.	Rice.
Priest, Newton, l. g.	N. Clark.
Fillebrown, c.	H. Clark.
Kimball, r. g.	Roquemore.
Anderson, r. f.	Brady.
Sheddon, Sprague, r. e.	Brooks.
Mason, q. b.	Hyatt.
O'Hearn, l. h. b.	Rider (capt.).
Kenrick, Thielscher, Kelleher, r.h.b.	Blue, Cady.
Schroeder, Walizer, Crafts, f. b.	Marshall.

Score, B. H. S., 6; N. H. S., 0.

Referee, Woodlock; umpire, Hoey; field judge, O'Brien; linesmen, Jacobs, Eames and F. O'Hearn.

Time, twelve-minute quarters.

B. H. S. vs. Rock Ridge Hall

On October 21, Brookline continued her series of victories by defeating the Rock Ridge Hall team by a large score. The first touchdown was made by a line buck by O'Hearn, after his long run from an intercepted forward pass. The remainder of the game was a walk-away for Brookline, who scored four more touchdowns, Anderson kicking two of the goals. The features of the game were O'Hearn's end runs, one of these netting forty yards. Arthur's work at end was at all times fast, and he handled Mason's forward passes without hesitancy. Sprague, Pierce, Proctor, Haslam, McNeil, Priest, Bentley, Fillebrown, Newton, Anderson, Arthur, O'Hearn, Gibson, Walizer, Thielscher and Kenrick played for Brookline.

Score, B. H. S., 27; R. R. H., 0.

Referee, Woodlock; umpire, Shuman; field judge, F. O'Hearn.

Time, nine-minute quarters.

B. H. S. vs. Salem High School

At Salem, on October 29, Brookline played a 0–0 game with Salem. Without doubt our boys should have scored, and they would have done so but for the poor condition of the field and a very high wind. In the lineup for Brookline were Sprague, Proctor, McNeil, Fillebrown, Newton, Anderson, Arthur, Mason, O'Hearn, Thielscher, Gibson, Walizer, Priest and Kenrick.

Score, B. H. S., 0; S. H. S., 0.

B. H. S. vs. Natick High School

At Grigg's Field on November 1, Brookline defeated the Natick High School team. Our team gained almost at will and showed a keen football sense in following the ball, while Natick found our defense impregnable. The spectacular feat of the game was Priest's goal from placement at an angle, on the 45-yard line.

Score, B. H. S., 20; N. H. S., 0.

Referee, Adler; field judge, Kerrigan; umpire, Mann.

Perry, Pierce, Arthur, Capper, Priest, Sheddon, Gibson, Guimaraes, Thielscher, Gibson, Kelleher, O'Hearn, Walizer, Mason, Proctor, McNeil, Fillebrown, Newton, and Anderson were in the lineup for Brookline.

B. H. S. vs. Stone School

On November 4, at Chestnut Hill, Brookline whitewashed Stone School by a score of 12–0. The game was fast and well played. Brookline put up a good defense, for twice did they hold Stone near their goal line. O'Hearn, Mason and Kelleher excelled for Brookline; Ainsworth and Kenny for Stone.

Score, B. H. S., 12; Stone School, 0.

Umpire, F. O'Hearn; referee, E. T. O'Brien; field judge, Johnson.

Time, alternate eight and seven-minute periods.

Here and There in Athletics

Brookline made fourteen first downs against Newton's four. By straight rushing the ball they gained one hundred and eighty-three yards to Newton's sixty-seven.

Those six forward passes of Newton's were certainly spectacular, and nearly worked disaster for Brookline. The way Marshall handled them deserves great praise.

Stewart certainly is an efficient cheer leader and got a great deal of enthusiasm into the cheers.

Seldom has such spirit been seen at Brookline High as was witnessed at the mass meeting the day before the game. The team must have felt that the whole school was back of them. Dr. Roberts spoke briefly, emphasizing that it was up to the team to win. Manager Kraft spoke highly of the efforts of Coach Carrell, and "Captain Jack" O'Hearn assured the school that every man was fit and that he was on the team. After that, cheers were led by Stewart and the meeting was adjourned.

The work of Manager Kraft of the football team has been very creditable. It was a big thing for Brookline to play on neutral grounds. This change is one of his feats. At the same time don't forget the work of the unseen hand of Assistant Manager Hickey.

Coach Carrell deserves great praise for turning out a victorious team from practically green material. His modesty was emphasized when he said after the Newton game, "We won a hard fight from Newton, but hope to do better against Cambridge Latin."

Crafts, O'Hearn, Mason, Proctor, Capper, Kimball, Fillebrown, Newton, Anderson, and Sprague earned their "B" in the Newton game.

In past years many a championship game has been lost by a poorly executed pass. The work of Fillebrown at centre has been consistent throughout the season. He is not especially heavy, but he puts every pound into play. He was a big factor in Brookline's victory over Newton.

Capper was elected president of the Interpreparatory League on October 31.

McNeil, Haslam and Gibson sustained injuries in the Rock Ridge Hall game.

The Salem football field is a granite quarry; the Salem players knew where the stones were and avoided them, but our players were not so lucky, Mason being knocked unconscious.

There were five loyal rooters for Brookline at the Salem game.

As usual, "Fat" Priest went to the wrong locker room at Salem, and was late for the game.

Thielscher and Gibson were busy studying French on the way down to Salem—that is, between missiles.

Coach Carrell and the football squad saw Newton play Cambridge three days before Newton and Brookline met.

Arthur, Anderson, Priest and Fillebrown are all in strict training for the exhibition meet to be held at the Brookline swimming tank on December 7. Arthur is making a specialty of diving.

Carolan and Browning are members of the B. G. A. A. Juniors, and are taking a special course of training in life saving for the exhibition.

A great many of the High School pupils are taking swimming lessons at the tank.

Illustrating the good spirit between Newton and Brookline, may be mentioned the cheers given for Brookline by Newton in the Newton-Cambridge game; and the exchange of cheers for wounded players at the Newton game. This spirit must be maintained.

It has been fourteen years since Brookline won a league championship in football.

O'Connor, Bemis, Manning and Fessenden are in the semi-finals of the singles, tennis tournament.

The gun club is looking for the championship cup of the U. S. this year. Last year they came seventh in the U. S. Capper is captain, Haslam, manager, and Fessenden, treasurer.

It looks good to see two legs won on that championship baseball banner.

In 1899 there used to be a song at Brookline High called, "Harvard Wins, There's a B. H. S. Boy on the Team." This is still true. Charles Hann, B. H. S., '07, has played for Harvard against Williams, Cornell and Dartmouth.

Brandon Kellogg, '07, has been a regular player for Williams this fall.

A few old scores against Newton and Cambridge might be interesting.

1894	Brookline	6,	Newton	0	1904	Brookline	5,	Newton	16
1895	"	20,	"	0	1905	"	5,	"	0
1899	"	11,	"	6	1906	"	6,	"	12
1900	"	6,	"	15	1907	"	0,	"	15
1901	"	0,	"	5	1908	"	0,	"	4
1902	"	6,	"	0	1909	"	0,	"	6
1903	"	0,	"	18	1910	"	6,	"	0
1895	Brookline	18,	Cambridge	6	1902	Brookline	0,	Cambridge	17
1896	"	12,	"	0	1903	"	0,	"	24
1897	"	0,	"	0	1904	"	0,	"	5
1898	"	6,	"	5	1905	"	6,	"	15
1899	"	6,	"	18	1906	"	29,	"	0
1900	"	16,	"	6	1907	"	4,	"	8
1901	"	13,	"	11	1908	"	11,	"	0
					1909	"	6,	"	0

"P" Brown, ex-'10, was elected captain of the Brown and Nichols baseball team. "P" played first base on the team last year and half back on the football team.

"Bunny" Hawkins, ex-'11, is captain of the Brown and Nichols football team.

The Juniors have elected Philip Nordell and Donald Macnaughton, respectively, captains of the class track and football teams.

Newton, 1914, defeated Brookline, 1914, by a score of 6–0. Their '13 defeated our's, 12 to 5.

The cross country team will not enter the Journal's cross country run this year.

The immediate prospect for a fencing team looks bright.

"That is a very clever scheme that Brockton High School has for raising money for the expenses of the football team. Putting a cent a day in a box is very effective, and is not a drain on any of the students."

Carl Marshall, '01, refereed the important Michigan-Pennsylvania game on Saturday, the twelfth of November.

Just before this edition went to press, Brookline had scored 106 points to her opponent's 36, being defeated in but one game. Pretty good record!

Brookline	0	Malden	30
"	25	Roxbury Latin	0
"	6	B. H. S. of C.	0
"	10	Pomfret	6
"	27	Rock Ridge Hall	0
"	0	Salem	0
"	20	Natick	0
"	12	Stone School	0
"	6	Newton	0
Total	106	Total	36

Hail the Sophomores as class champions! Arthur's field goal defeated the strong Senior team.

The regular B. H. S. team had scrimmage with the senior team October 27, and a practice game with B. H. S. of C., October 12.

On Tuesday, November 1, the Junior and Senior gymnastic teams from the B. G. A. A. gave a very successful exhibition at the Weymouth Y. M. C. A. F. J. Dussusoit '14, Capron, '14, and Evans, '14, participated.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 6 to 0, October 15. Hicks excelled for the Sophs, Dowsley and Kerr, for the Freshmen.

The Freshman football team was defeated by the Rindge Freshmen, October 19, by a score of 6 to 0.

The Seniors defeated the Juniors by a score of 31 to 0, and the Freshmen by a score of 60 to 0.

There has been a call for Soccer.

Cambridge High is represented by the best football team it has had since 1903. We must look lively!

The average weight of our football team is somewhat lighter than usual. The line weighs 146.5, and the back field averages 148.9.

B. H. S., 12; C. L. S., 5

Brookline wins championship of Preparatory League by defeating the sturdy "cantabs" on the American League grounds November 18, 1910.

One immediately thought of the "Speed boys" to see that fast aggregation of Brookline players on the Huntington Avenue grounds.

The game started off very dark for Brookline, for our line seemed unable to hold, Cambridge gaining at will and Green carried the ball over for Cambridge. Brookline came back strong in the second quarter and held the powerful back field of their opponents. Here Haven Mason treated the loyal supporters, who were vying in vocal outbursts, to a real sensation. From midfield he carried the ball through the broken field, dodging and giving the straight arm in a manner which highly tickled Coach Carrell. It was a touchdown, a beautiful 50-yard run.

In the third quarter, Brookline showed much superiority and Cambridge could not withstand our attack. We got the ball on Cambridge's 10-yard line, only to lose it on penalties. In the last quarter, Brookline had several opportunities for scoring, Kelleher, finally, making our second touchdown from a delayed pass. Anderson then kicked his second goal from touchdown, and the game ended. The lineup:—

BROOKLINE	CAMBRIDGE
Capper, Sheddon	l. e., Green
Proctor	l. t., McVicar
Newton	l. g., Harriman, Cochrane
Fillebrown	c., Stevens
Kimball	r. g., Cowan
Anderson	r. t., Adams
Sprague	r. e., Does, Bradley
Mason	q. b., Grant
Kelleher, Thielscher	r. h. b., Glennon
Walizer, Crafts, Schrœder	f. b., Hannigan, Baker
O'Hearn	l. h. b., Mason

Score, B. H. S., 12; C. L. S., 5.

Umpire, E. J. O'Brien; referee, John O'Reilly; field judge, Woodlock; head linesman, McGrath.

Time, four 10-minute periods.

Such enthusiasm as was shown by Brookline throughout the game and after, was a treat. After the game Captain O'Hearn was carried triumphantly from the gridiron, and later when the team got into street clothes, they were carried about Huntington avenue by the excited rooters. Haven Mason, O'Hearn, Kelleher and Capper shone for us, while Grant and Baker did well for Cambridge Latin School.

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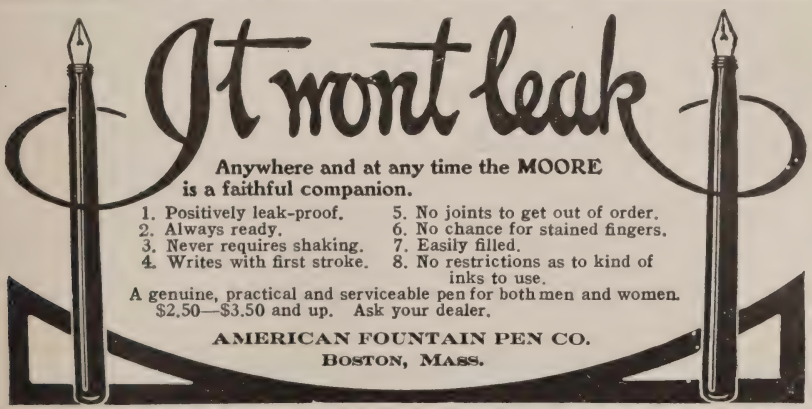
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ANNOUNCEMENT

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII JANUARY 1911 NUMBER 3

Editorials

WHAT about some New Year's resolutions? Everyone makes New Year's resolutions and nearly everyone generally fails to keep them—they are good for a week, then it's back to the same old rut. The Sagamore wants to make some resolutions, and what is more, hopes to keep them. They are, briefly, "*Resolved*, That I become a bigger, brighter paper; that I make more friends each month; and that I amuse the old ones more than ever."

To this end the next issue of the Sagamore will inaugurate a series of interviews with more or less public or prominent men of the state, dealing probably with questions of the day and various achievements of interest. They will not be limited in their scope and will discuss "grown-up" subjects.

This month will be a dull one in athletics as far as the school in general is concerned. The track men will jog around the Gymnasium and the weight putting squad will puff at the dumb-bells and chest weights; but as there will be no meets for some time the rest of us will have to turn our eternal energy towards other branches of sport. We have in the "Bubbles" Department this month, verses that will tell you well where to let off your latent steam.

Did you ever stop to think of the number of activities this school supports and supports well? Here are a few of them: Football, Track, Baseball, Hockey, Crew, Rifle Team, Tennis, Golf, Aeronautical Society, Gymnasium Team. These are the athletic sports. Then we have two debating societies, Le

Cercle Gaulois, prize speaking, dramatics and prize competitions, lastly the Sagamore. Now we hear promoters arguing the merits of fencing, curling, La Crosse, association football, field hockey and the like, and we wonder where it will end. We can try no more advanced amusements because there are none; perhaps we shall go lower to chess and tiddledy-winks. Few other schools can offer quite as many organizations in such a flourishing condition.

It is to be hoped that many of our readers are going to try for one of those prizes Mrs. Mead told us about in her Peace talk a fortnight ago. It seems a wonderful chance in which to show what there is in the school in the way of literary talent. Here we have a high school with apparatus, teachers and (whisper it) scholars second to none in the country; if we apply what is taught us we should win prizes galore. Instead of standing with hands in pockets and saying "What chance have I against the whole United States," let us get out our pads and pencils and make for the library for information. Remember that what you think about the odds being against you every other girl or boy is thinking, and consequently many will drop from the race. Moreover, the others that remain are not so well circumstanced as you are to acquire information. What is more, the Sagamore wants to publish a prize or honor-winning essay from one of our students; why cannot you be the one?

Woman's Rights

BETTINA and I had disagreed on one vital point, Woman's Rights. Suddenly cutting short our heated argument, she had torn the diamond solitaire from her finger, and with brown eyes flashing fire, had said:—

"Here, take your ring. I'll never marry a man who would deprive a woman of all privileges."

Tall, slender, glorious, she stood, in her anger. I had never loved her more than at that very instant; but knowing her disposition, I—well, I merely made my departure, in a rather melancholy frame of mind.

Three weeks later Bettina had forgiven me to such a degree, as to permit me to escort her to the theatre. As we were walking down Tremont street we beheld on the corner, a woman weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds, and easily distinguishable at a distance by the mass of fiery ringlets plastered to her freckled brow. She was busily engaged distributing to right and left circulars, pamphlets, papers, and magazines; and all the while her pert, benign countenance was wreathed in a broad smile, which read, "I like everybody; everybody likes me." At regular intervals she shrieked forth in hoarse accents:—

"Woman's Rights! Woman's Home Companion!! Let the female vote!!!" and steadily the crowd about her grew thicker, and the laughter at every fresh word from her lips increased.

"Gee," said a little, dirty-faced, snub-nosed newsboy near me to the world at large, "Gee, but ain't she a peach! Probably's one of them English belles. Hey, missus," a sudden inspiration coming to him, "Yer ain't Mrs. Pankhurst, are yer? Ever been in jail fer breakin' winders?"

The suffragette deigned no reply, but condescendingly offered the small boy a huge paper pamphlet, which he, quick as a flash, rolled up into a wad and returned. Just then Bettina touched my arm.

"Come, Mr. Keene ('Howard' no more), we really must—" In an instant the suffragette had approached us.

"Madam, of course you believe that females should have their rights, and ought to be allowed to vote? Have a magazine, only—" There was my chance. I pulled a handful of coins from my pocket, and in exchange received from the suffragette a supply of reading matter calculated to convert a baker's dozen of such hard-hearted heathen as myself, in a less number of minutes.

"Perhaps you'd care to look these pamphlets over," said I to Bettina, with my most virtuous air, assumed only on very rare and important occasions, just as if no word concerning that question had ever passed between us. Meanwhile, idly turning the leaves, I carelessly exposed to her view one of the many striking illustrations. It was a full-length portrait (I dare make no comment upon it) of a "champion of her sex," beneath which was printed in startling, black type a refreshing review of her career, made notable by her attempts to secure control of the reins of government in the city of London.

"Thank you, Mr. Keene, doubtless your intentions are good," she replied with a faint touch of sarcasm, as she secreted the paper in the depths of her huge muff. The flashing brown eyes betokened the red light of danger, but the dimple almost imperceptible, in one crimson cheek, signalled the green light, "All's well, go ahead."

We walked on in silence. However, fate was with me, for at the very next corner, through the crowd of men, women, and children, these words in stentorian tones penetrated to our ears, "W-o-m-a-n-'s H-o-m-e C-o-m-p-a-n-i-o-n, *S-u-ffr-a-g-e-t-t-e* Paper, WOMAN'S RIGHTS." Then we caught a glimpse of her who possessed so lusty a pair of lungs. The sound issuing from her lips was overpowering; every letter, every syllable, every word was prolonged indefinitely, and accented by forward thrusts of a very decided and agressive chin.

"Just my conception of an ideal suffragette," remarked a flashily dressed youth, with purple neck-tie and glittering diamond studs. "Tall, lank, bony, square-toed shoes, and a hat—well, er-a dream, but a bad one; eh, fellers?"

Whether or not through the din, the suffragette heard him, I

am not sure, but with an air of mingled disdain, indifference, and martyrdom, she continued in her endeavors, concentrating her efforts, and likewise her piercing eye, upon one poor lone creature, standing near her.

"Madam," she said, "join our ranks. Come forth! Take up the royal banner, fight for the rights of the female sex! I read determination in your eye. Will you join us? Answer me, madam, *will you become one of us?*"

Just at that moment I caught Bettina's eye. For a second she looked me bravely in the face; then her eyelids drooped, the pink of her cheeks grew a shade deeper, the red lips quivered with the uncontrollable impulse to laugh, and—I knew she had yielded. For a moment no word was spoken. Then, "Come, dear," said I. "This is vastly entertaining, but you know we two have an engagement together."

R. A. '11.

The Coward

WHEN Robert Duntley first came to the Riverside Preparatory School, which is situated in the populous town of the same name, he was regarded as a good fellow and, as such, he received all the privileges that fall to popular boys.

The Riverside Prep. was in the centre of the town, and was made up of a domitory building, the school proper, and a gymnasium in the shape of an uncompleted square; the gymnasium and the school opposite, the dormitories almost touching each of them at opposite corners. On the roof of the dormitory building was a stout plank, which, unknown to the instructors, served as a bridge for the members of the X. Y. Z. Club, when they wished to cross over roofs to the gymnasium, and thence through the topmost window, on to the ropes, down to the floor, and out into the midnight air via the basement window. On the roof of the gymnasium was a like plank placed there for safety.

Robert was a member of this exclusive club, composed of all the two first form boys, numbering about one hundred in all, and, addi-

tional glory, was first candidate for the position of quarterback on the football team! It seemed as though nothing more could be wished for.

The football games went onward until but one struggle remained, that with Riverside's deadliest of deadly enemies, the boys from Newville Academy. The day of the great game arrived, and every student from both schools was on the sidelines. This year's contest had been thought out by the several "dopesters" of both schools and to their way of thinking promised to be the fiercest struggle that had ever taken place between the two institutes.

Their "dope" was verified, for, until the last few minutes of play, it was anybody's game. With three minutes remaining, Jackson, Newville's star halfback, rushed around left end, and as his interference put the opposing halfback out of commission, sped down the field with only the quarterback between him and the coveted goal.

Everything depended on the one player crouching close to the ground; but there was no fear in the Riverside scholar's minds, for Bob would certainly stop him. As for Duntley, his heart stopped beating as he thought what would happen if he missed the oncoming runner; then as the runner came nearer, and nearer, his overwrought nerves gave away and he threw himself to the ground as the fleet halfback passed him, and sped onward to the goal.

From that day Robert Duntley found himself in coventry. Not a fellow spoke a good word to or for him. He was no longer called Bob or Duntley, but was designated by the cutting appellation of "The Coward." Life didn't seem worth the living, and Robert Duntley was getting to the point where he thought of——, when one wintry night the cry of fire rang out into the frosty air, and the schoolboys, rushing into the street, stood watching their beloved dormitory going up in flames.

The roll was called and it was discovered that a small sixth form boy was missing. Could it be that he was left in the building? The idea was horrible and yet—where was he? Then, through the dim light could be seen a white face at a window on the top floor

where the fire burnt the fiercest. Already, little curling flames were licking the casement. The boys were horror-stricken. They stood dazed, motionless! Then they saw somebody—they knew not who—run up the gymnasium steps into the building. Later he appeared on the gymnasium roof, placed the plank across the buildings, crossed, and vanished in the smoke. A cheer was raised, and then hushed as he reappeared from the dormitory bearing the sixth form boy in his arms. Across the plank he strode, down the gymnasium steps into the street, and, as his burden was taken from him, fell forward in a faint. It was Duntley!

The next morning every boy, student and otherwise, was assembled before the house into which Robert had been taken. Dickinson, the leader of the first form, stood up on a soapbox.

"Now, fellows! Three-times-three for Duntley."

Nine lusty cheers echoed over the snow-covered ground.

"And now, fellows, here's hoping that each one of us may become as great a coward as 'The Coward!' "

And The Coward, swathed in bandages, smiled happily as to his half-unconscious mind the cheers were borne through the windows by the morning breeze. J. S., '13.

That Yellow Curl of—Lucile's(?)

FOR Heaven's sake, Bill, what's the matter with you, lately?" shouted Harry, crossing the street to join his chum. "If you don't look out, you'll be down for the league games! We can't afford to lose you, old boy. Why, you're D now in Math, aren't you? Come on, now! Out with it! What's the trouble?"

"Sure, I don't know! By the way, Harry, who—what's—say, do you know who the girl is who sits in front of me in Room 9?"

"Oh, ho! So that's it, is it? I see!" and Harry went into convulsions of laughter. When he finally recovered, he said:—

"Sure, I know her. It's Lucile Barr. Think she's pretty nifty, don't you?" Bill blushed like a girl.

"Oh, I don't know—. But, honestly, Harry, she's awfully pretty, and she's got the spiffiest curl hanging around her neck, somehow!"

"No wonder you can't study! Well, I suppose you're fishing for an introduction?"

"Harry, will you?"

"Oh, I suppose so, seeing it's you!" And he kept his word!

. . . . . .

It was the day of the big league game. Bill and Lucile walked in at the gate and towards the crowded grandstand. A small boy blocked their way shouting:—

"Peanuts! Fresh roasted, for a nickel!"

"Oh, William," cried Lucile, "Do buy some! I simply adore peanuts at a football game!"

"I think it's begun already, Lucile. I'm afraid I haven't time now, but I'll run out between the halves and get some for you."

"All right, that's awfully nice of you!" she exclaimed. Bill looked tenderly down at her. That yellow curl was bobbing very prettily in the breeze.

They found good seats near the top of the stand. Never before had they witnessed such an exciting game. They were on their feet the greater part of the time, shouting and waving their hands frantically.

Suddenly Bill glanced at Lucile. Where, oh where, was the curl? She saw him staring at her, and he looked down. Was it true, or were his eyes deceiving him? Yes, there it lay, shining and soft, on the floor—that beautiful yellow curl!

"Oh, b-b-by the way, Lucile, I'd just as leave get those peanuts now," he cried, and rushed off wildly to get them. In his absence, Lucile, to her horror, found the curl, and by the time that Bill returned, it was once more pinned in its accustomed place very much as though nothing had happened.

Well, you know they say all's well that ends well, but it no longer was puzzling to Bill how that little golden curl could hang so very gracefully on the neck of Lucile, nor did he think it just exactly as pretty—somehow.

J. D., '13.

NEWS NOTES

DEBATING CLUBS

At the first debate of the Boys' Debating Club, held Monday afternoon, November 21, the physics lecture room was filled, many of the girls taking the opportunity offered to hear what the boys could do. After the business meeting at which a committee was appointed to arrange for the interscholastic debates, Thurston Clarke, '12, began the program for the afternoon by delivering Kipling's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" in a manner that took the house by storm. This was followed by the debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That Theodore Roosevelt is a menace to the business interests of the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Bryant Hawes and Julian Spitz, and the negative by Albert Pollard and Freeman Swett. The negative, in whose favor the decision was given, far outshone the affirmative in preparation and presentation, Swett's finely delivered speech being the feature of the debate. The speakers from the floor were Barnet, Stevens, Hussey, Furguson, Newton and G. Stone. The rebuttal for the affirmative was taken by Spitz, and for the negative by Pollard. Mr. Hitchcock, who served as judge, was supported in his decision by the house. Mr. Snow, in his criticism of the debate, said that the speakers were not well enough prepared and advised the members of the club to become masters of their subjects when preparing a debate, in order to avoid even momentary hesitation.

At the meeting of the Boys' Debating Club on December 1 in Shailer Hall, the members were treated to an unusually fine entertainment. Philip Van Bibber, '11, held his audience spellbound

by the dexterous manner in which he played his xylophone. Louis Little, '12, then delivered "Spartacus to the Gladiators" with much force and spirit.

The subject for debate was, "*Resolved*, That vivisection is justifiable." Eric Stone, the first speaker for the affirmative, defined vivisection and showed, from history, how surgery has been benefited by it. The chief argument of Paine for the negative was that vivisection injures the operator's character and deadens his sympathy. In pursuing the argument for the affirmative, Philip Nordell told of the valuable results obtained through vivisection and showed that the process used is not cruel. Elmer Newton, in summing up the arguments for the negative, compared vivisection to common crimes, emphasizing the fact that it upholds the doctrine, "A good end justifies an evil means." The speakers from the floor, all of whom supported the affirmative, were Wyman, Derr, Hussey, Williams, L. F. Ballou and Stevens. In the negative rebuttal, Newton refuted some of the arguments of the house and showed the great results obtained without vivisection. Stone, in a strong speech, overthrew the points of the negative that the operators were cowards and the operations cruel.

Mr. Case, who was judge of the debate, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative, in which he was supported by the house. Miss Waldo, as critic, said that the rebuttals were not so good as the speeches. The debate was, on the whole, a great improvement over the first one of the season.

The question for discussion at the meeting of the Boys' Debating Club on Thursday afternoon, December 15, was, "*Resolved*, That the mere sport is more despicable than the mere grind." In a closely contested debate, the affirmative, supported by Chester Jenks and Stuart Kaiser, won the decision on the merits of their arguments. In point of delivery, however, Frederic Barnet and Haven Mason far excelled their opponents. The speakers from the house, who were about evenly divided between the sides, were Hussey, Furguson, Stevens, Shedd, Swett, and Chandler. In a well-handled rebuttal, Barnet refuted some of the arguments of

the affirmative and cited cases of men who, sports in college, are now prominent in public life. For the negative, Jenks showed that his opponents had wandered from the subject in introducing athletes as examples of sports. The house voted in favor of the negative. Dr. Roberts, who acted in the dual capacity of judge and critic, gave the club an interesting and instructive talk in which he demonstrated, through incidents in his own experience, the folly of committing speeches to memory. The small attendance at the meeting was deplorable. The benefit to be derived from attending the debates and taking part in the speaking from the floor is very great, as any fellow will find out when he gets out into the world. Begin the new year right by taking advantage of this great opportunity and attend the next debate!

Program of Boys' Debating Club for January:—

January 5. *Resolved*, That the National Government should establish and operate an express service. The affirmative will be upheld by Kingman and Manning, the negative by Briggs and Morris.

January 19. (Interclass Debate Series.) *Resolved*, That the United States is pursuing the correct policy in increasing its navy. 1911 will be represented by Haslam and Fessenden 1912, by Furguson and Hussey.

The team chosen for the first interscholastic debate consists of Eric Stone, Thurston Clarke and Freeman Swett.

At the meeting of the Girls' Debating Club on November 22, the question read, "*Resolved*, That two years of foreign travel is more beneficial than four years of college for girls."

The affirmative was upheld by Hilda Vallandigham and Nellie Woodward, the negative by Katherine Hunt and Edith Faxon. Following the regular debate there was enthusiastic speaking from the floor by Mary Morris, Eleanor Allen, Madeline Hunt, Ruth Hudnut, Monica O'Shea and Frances Hall.

The affirmative rebuttal was taken up by Hilda Vallandigham and the negative by Katherine Hunt.

M . Hitchcock, who presided as judge and critic, decided in favor

of the negative. The vote of the house also supported this side. Mr. Hitchcock gave some very beneficial criticisms which were thoroughly appreciated by the members of the club.

The Girls' Debating Club have elected Miss Waldo to succeed Miss Knowles as faculty member.

There was a splendid attendance at the meeting of the Girls' Debating Club held on December 13. The subject of the debate was, "*Resolved*, That Brookline should not be incorporated with Boston."

Florence Eisenhardt and Frances Fisher upheld the affirmative and Elizabeth MacNaughton and Ruth Hudnut the negative. The speaking from the floor was most convincing on the part of Ruth Damon, Mary Morris, Mildred Southwick, Thérèse Jacob, Esther Bacon, Madeline Hunt, Edith Faxon and Nellie Woodward.

Ruth Hudnut took up the negative rebuttal and Florence Eisenhardt the affirmative.

The vote of the house supported the affirmative and Dr. Roberts, the judge, gave the decision to that side also.

Miss Pease gave some helpful criticisms.

The first of the series of Friday morning talks took place on December 2. Mr. Nathaniel Fowler, in a splendid address, impressed it upon each and every one of us to take from our education that which can be of use—to use one's education and apply it to one's daily life.

It is with great pleasure we welcome Blake Cooley, '14, to the Sagamore Board as Freshman reporter. Blake has been doing exceptionally good work, and the Sagamore owes him much. As there will be only a few more Sagamores before the end of the school year no Freshman girl reporter will be chosen unless someone does something spectacular in the literature line very soon.

The Mandolin Club proved one of the leading attractions at the musical and literary entertainment given Wednesday evening, December 7, in the Barham M. E. Church in South Boston.

It was with surprise and regret that the school learned of the

resignation of Miss Melita Knowles from the school staff. In the short space of two years that Miss Knowles was with us she had become closely allied to the institutions of the school, and will be greatly missed. She is now connected with the office of the general secretary of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston.

Le Cercle Gaulois held the second meeting of the year on Wednesday afternoon, November 30, in the reception room. About twenty-five Juniors and Seniors were present. The president, Cyril Jones, opened the meeting with a few words of welcome to the new members, after which Mr. Brooks read the constitution of the society. Several French games were played, and palatable refreshments served by the Senior girls ended the afternoon's entertainment.

The vacancy in the school staff made by the resignation of Miss Knowles is being filled temporarily by Miss Sarah F. Wolverton. Before coming to Brookline, Miss Wolverton taught in the Colorado Springs High School and was for a short time connected with the Cambridge English High.

At last accounts Miss Marshall had left Florence and gone south to Rome, where she intends to spend some time studying the ruins of the buildings in and about the old Roman Forum.

We regret exceedingly that we are obliged to chronicle the resignation of Miss Helen B. Russell as librarian of our school. Miss Russell's cheerful manner has won for her a host of warm friends in the B. H. S. In fact, she has become so closely connected with the school that it will be very difficult to find anyone who can fill her position. Following Miss Knowles' example, she has accepted a position in the Women's Educational and Industrial Union as secretary to Miss Kingsbury, the head of the Research Department.

On December 9 the school enjoyed the second of the talks which have been arranged for Friday mornings. On the platform were six members of the Brookline Technology Association who had come to tell the school about the association, its purpose and the

work of M. I. T. Mr. Gorham Dana, the president of the club, said that its purpose was to found Technology scholarships for high schools, and gave the rules governing the same. Mr. Arthur D. Little, the head of a well-known chemical engineering laboratory in Boston, was then introduced. He emphasized the fact that the world needs trained men and showed that these were the kind of men that the Institute is producing. Taking the Class of 1905 as an example, he said that all its members hold good positions and that one in every four is manager or superintendent of some important company. This is certainly a fine record. Prof. Wm. T. Sedgwick, the last speaker, said that M. I. T. was not the only place for high school graduates to go to, but told of the many openings in the business world that are offered to graduates of scientific institutions. Of the many thousands of men that hold Technology as their Alma Mater, none, he declared, is receiving a salary of less than fifty dollars a month. All the speaking was very interesting and gave the members of the school a clearer idea of the work of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology than it was possible for them to have before.

On Friday morning, December 16, M. Henri Morand gave the members of I French A. an informal talk on his travels and experiences abroad which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to hear him.

The Aeronautical Society has begun the construction of a full-sized biplane to be completed along the lines of the "Baby" Wright or Curtis type. The planes of the machine, having a surface of about three hundred square feet, will be covered with rubberized silk. Carl Sylvester, a maker of aeroplanes, is assisting in the work. The committee having charge of the construction of the machine consists of Nordell, Estes, Collard, Hawes and Berkowitz.

A collection of drawings, water colors, designs and oil paintings by Miss Weir was recently on exhibition at the Norman Art Gallery on Clarendon street. In describing the exhibit, the *Transcript* says: "The artist has here assembled the results of her observations of foreign scenes, notes of travel in Greece, Egypt and the

other Mediterranean countries, which are spontaneous, free, felicitous and often very handsome in color. . . . One thing is constantly evident and that is the artist's pleasure in her work, which is so manifest that it is contagious."

The annual "Senior Social" took place on Friday evening, December 23, in Shailer Hall. The attendance was very large, and the affair in every way up to the high standard set in previous years. The first number on the program was several solos by Philip Van Bibber on his renowned xylophone. This was followed by "Monstrat Viam," "The Magnolia Serenade" and a medley, played by the Mandolin Club in a manner which was highly pleasing to the audience as the window-rattling applause which followed each number showed. After this came the Senior Quartet, consisting of Capper, Taylor, Gibson and Pollard. These eccentric singers, with their amusing songs and still funnier costumes, brought down the house. The final number on the program was the one-act farce, entitled "Hypnotism." The cast was as follows:—

Mrs. Spotts ..... Rosalind Winchester
Mr. Spotts ..... Cyril Jones
Sam ..... Emerson Murphy
Patrick ..... John Kimball
Mary McGuire ..... Helen Moran

Marion Mills was prompter.

The attempts of Mr. Spotts to practise his powers upon the members of his household proved exceedingly ludicrous. All the members of the caste did splendidly and were heartily applauded. Following the play, all enjoyed the dancing, which lasted till midnight. The ushers were Capper (head usher), Taylor, E. Stone, Kingman, Haslam, Rowan, Pierce, Slocum, Shedden, Briggs and Fessenden. The success of the affair was due to the excellent management of the committee, assisted by the enthusiastic co-operation of the Class of 1911.

The faculty of the High School spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Miss Wiswell on December 14.

Mr. Bridgham intends to take a number of trips with the Freshmen to various large wood-working establishments in Boston to see the methods of using modern tools and to see the work done on a large scale. Later in the year Mr. Bridgham will take the second year boys to some of the larger foundries, notably, the McCafferty Brass Foundry and the Highland Iron Foundry. Here they will see patternwork and casting and obtain many new ideas.

The Sigma Delta Psi fraternity gave a card party for its friends on the evening of December 10, at Webster Sawyer's. Everyone had a perfectly great time.

Alumni Notes

'99. Mrs. Marion Hay Hitchcock took part in a comedietta, "Lady Geraldine's Speech," presented by the Boston Equal Suffrage Association, November 23.

'04. Francis A. Robinson, Dartmouth, '09, is studying landscape architecture at Harvard.

'04. Marjorie Henry, Smith, '08, is teaching French at Miss Haskell's private school in Boston.

'05. Irene Spitz made her début at Montgomery, Alabama, November 23.

'05. Fitch Winchester has returned to Harvard to study law.

Ex-'10. Harold St. John has entered Harvard from Philadelphia schools. He rooms at college with "Ralf" Chandler.

Ex-'11. "Tom" Furness, who is at the Sanford School, is social and athletic editor of the "Sanfordian," likewise president of the athletic association.

Ex-'11. Harry McDewell has left Brown and Nichols to prepare for Yale at Andover.

Ex-'13. Marshal Head, who went to the Culver Military Academy, Indiana, was badly injured recently. He is improving slowly, however, and it is hoped that within a year he may be about again.

'05. The engagement is announced of Helen L. Dunbar, Smith,

'09, and Hector M. Holmes, Harvard, '06, of the law firm of Allen, Weyburn and Holmes.

'09. "Ben" Roberts played first mandolin in both the Harvard-Dartmouth and Harvard-Yale concerts.

'10. Alan Hay is taking part in the Harvard Dramatic Club play, "The Progress of Mrs. Alexander."

'10. Dr. St. Clair A. Wodell has graduated from the Harvard Dental School and is practising his profession in Brookline.

'06–'07. At the last meeting of the Brookline High School Club at Harvard, the following officers were elected: president, Richard C. Floyd, '06; vice-president, Charles Hann, Jr., '07; secretary-treasurer, Carl S. Whittier, '07. The club, with a membership of thirty, is in a most flourishing condition.

'07. Irene Snow was bridesmaid at the Curtis-Mercer wedding, November 29.

'07. Sherwood Blodgett has left Harvard and is working in a broker's office in Boston.

'07. Daniel Sharp has opened a banking and brokerage house in Boston.

'08. Mary Clark took part in "The Girl and the Judge," given by The Amateurs on December 16.

'09. Harry Dunbar has been initiated into the Pi Eta at Harvard.

'05. The following, written by Arba R. Skidmore, B. H. S., '05, is an account of the rescue of the crew of the airship *America*, which he witnessed.

"It is doubtful if the dangers which threatened the crew of the dirigible balloon *America* were fully realized by any of us, as we stood crowded on the forward deck of the *S. S. Trent* on the eventful morning of October 18, 1910. And yet, during the remarkable rescue of the six men and their feline mascot, we experienced many real thrills.

"One of the first came when, after attempts to save the entire airship had been abandoned, the massive lifeboat, containing the *America's* crew, was dropped six or eight feet into the water. As the balloon, thus relieved of nearly three thousand pounds, rose and was blown to windward, the trailer, weighing a ton and a

half, struck the boat a glancing blow on the port bow, knocking a large hole in her just above the water line and very nearly capsizing her.

"The *Trent* had two lifeboats manned, ready to go to the assistance of the shipwrecked men, and life-preservers were thrown to them, but contrary to some of the newspaper reports all succeeded in staying in the boat.

"They found, however, that, with their comparatively light oars, they were unable to come alongside the steamer as the wind had freshened and there was a heavy swell. So the *Trent* was obliged to steam close enough to the small boat to throw her a line, and in so doing ran so close that those who were watching held their breath and the boat's crew prepared to jump into the water. They were not run down, however, and a line was dropped as we passed them. But the *Trent* was moving too swiftly and as the rope was pulled from their hands their boat was threatened by the propeller blades of the steamer, which in another moment would have demolished it completely. It was but a moment before the small boat passed into the white water under the stern of the *Trent* that the pounding of the engines ceased. Again we steamed up to the lifeboat and this time the line was made fast by the aeronauts, who climbed on board amidst the cheers of the passengers.

"The boat, containing the wireless and other instruments used on the trip, and the mascot, the cat, was hoisted onto the forward deck of the *Trent*.

"The balloon was last seen about fifteen miles away drifting helplessly, with her nose nearly in the water.

"The heroes of the attempted trans-Atlantic flight were, for some time after their rescue, so surrounded by admirers that it was impossible to become acquainted with any of them, but before we reached New York I found opportunities to talk with them all. They were well worth knowing and every one was game to the end. Mr. Vaniman, the chief engineer, when I asked him if he would attempt to cross the Atlantic again in a dirigible, said, 'Sure! I've got to be doing something and I'd much rather fly than carry bricks. I can build an airship that will cross all right.' "

II Eng. A.—"Browning lived with his wife till she died." Remarkable!

Slocum, taking exam by window in chemistry room, debates these questions. "Does she belong to one of the Gym classes? Wonder how old she is. Has she any sisters? Is she pretty?" etc.

Behold a second tower of Babel, or was it Esperanto or German?

Barnet—"Snaredrumifically speaking the fact is—"

Friend—"All right, but longitudinaciously answered—" The listener fled.

A new form of mustache, said to be popular with the younger set, is known as the "basketball," five on a side.

Why is Miss W—'s hobble skirt like a crowded street car?

Standing room only.

Miss R—"You know, Grant, I gave you a 'C' this quarter."

Stone—"Yes, you're the only one that did."

Miss K—"And where did the British soldiers go then?"

Ingénue—"Why, I am not sure, but I think it was that place beginning with H!"

"How iss your boy Haven getting along in der school?"

"Ach! he iss quarterback in der football team and all der way back in his studies!" Help! Help!

Pupil—"To prove that A is the locus of points M and N—"

Instructor—"Singular, please; there is only one lo-cus here!"

Mr. C—"I don't see 'l' and 'm.' "
Fessenden—"They're understood."
Mr. C—"I don't understand anything."

OUR HERO

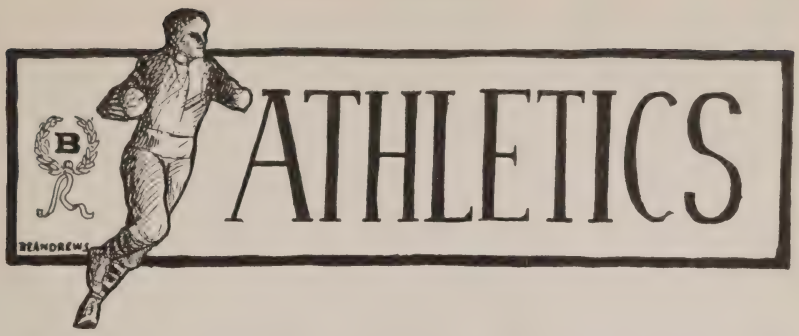
"Oh, what a man," the girls cry out,
"Who's this Apollo?" is the shout;
For through the door, with lordly mien,
A vision enters, to be seen
In all its dazzling splendor bright.
A hero 'tis —prepared to fight
For lady's gaze with haughty knight.
But stay! Remark that martial tread,
The gleaming tresses on his head.
Where have we seen that face before
Without the garb, the power to awe?
At last we've hit it, 'tis our friend,
Brave General Sherman to the end!

A soph, who was very much smitten
By a girl, had his fingers frostbitten.
Without pity she saw
His fingerless paw,
And haughtily gave him the mitten.

Don't stay indoors all day and cram,
Because in sight there's an exam.
Show up and on the gridiron slam,—
Be a sport!

Exchanges

The Sagamore acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following: Brocktonia, Bulletin, Courier, Echo, Enterprise, Jabberwock, John Marshall Record, Keramos, Loyal Sons Clarion, Net, Pinkerton Critic, Register School Life, Shuttle, Sphinx, Volcano.



The Christmas vacation is over. For the first few days we live in some heavenly body, speculating what we shall do when the next Christmas vacation comes around. The few days having past, we begin to realize that we are on earth and that we have several duties to perform. One of the duties of every fellow who can run, thinks he can run, or hopes he will be able to run in the future, is to come out for the track team when Captain Capper issues the first call for track candidates! The crew won its race, the baseball team won the Preparatory League championship and the football team won the final championship of the year. It remains to the track team to start this new year of 1911 with a blaze of glory.

Track practice takes up practically little time; it is beneficial and it is good fun. At least seventy-five fellows should show up in the locker room every day. There are four "B" men left from last year, Captain Capper, Stone, Shedden and Taylor. With these as a nucleus, and Nordell, Wyman, Barnet, Hicks, Spitz, Johnson, Dexter and Jones as a surrounding shell, there should be a good foundation for a successful team. Above all, let the Freshmen report. In the person of Coombs, Northrup and Bemis there is indication of good material. Remember! when track practice is called, at least seventy-five candidates report to Mr. Carrell.

Brookline vs. Waltham.

As a fitting climax to our successful football season came the Waltham game. For the first time in many years the sun looked

down on a Brookline victory over this opponent. The story of the struggle is history now, but such history cannot be portrayed too many times. For three periods the equally matched teams fought for supremacy on Waltham's football field in Central Park. In the fourth period Waltham brought the ball to Brookline's 13-yard line and the home team's supporters looked for a touchdown and victory; but the lads in red and blue held Waltham there for downs, and Anderson kicked out to a Waltham player, who signaled for a fair catch. Barry of Waltham then tried a goal from the field, failing by inches. The ball was brought to Brookline's 25-yard line, and from there it was rushed to Waltham's 5-yard line. Here Captain O'Hearn rushed the ball over for a touchdown; Anderson kicked the goal, and the game was over. Everybody excelled, but if anybody outdid the others, they were Jack O'Hearn and "Kid" Mason. Stankard, Barry and Cobb excelled for Waltham.

B. H. S.	W. H. S.
Capper, l. e.	r. e., Pendlebury, St. George
Proctor, l. t.	r. t., Bowler
Newton, l. g.	r. g., Oliver
Fillebrown, c.	c., Jaynes
Kimball, r. g.	l. g., Smith
Anderson, r. t.	l. t., Cobb
Sprague, r. e.	l. e., Stankard (capt.)
Mason, q. b.	q. b., Andrews, Gay
O'Hearn, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Filson
Kelleher, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Barry
Walizer, Crafts, Schroeder, f. b.	f. b., Moody

Score, B. H. S., 6; W. H. S., 0.

Umpire, Moore, Maine; referee, Ingalls, Brown; field judge, O'Brien, Tufts.

Hockey

On December 14, the High School had its first real workout with the Brookline Hockey Club, at the Arena. Although we were

defeated, our teams showed remarkably good form considering their lack of condition.

Kelley scored the only goal for us, while we were scored on twice. Many players on the Brookline Hockey Club were former B. H. S. players. For the Brookline High Club, Henderic, Beals, Dutton (capt.), King, Davenport, Waterman, Carlton and Gifford played; for us, Arthur, Kelley, Capt. Anderson, Emerson, Slocum, O'Hearn and Pierce.

Score, B. H. C., 2; B. H. S., 1. Goals made by Dutton and Beals, Kelley. Referee, Jack Norfolk; umpires, Wood, Cole. Timer, Emery; time, two fifteen-minute halves.

B. H S. vs. Arlington High School

Brookline was defeated December 16 by Arlington High School, which is represented by one of the strongest High School teams in the state. Brookline was the first to score and did some clever team work. Then Arlington scored, and at the very end of the game shot the puck through for two scores. Kelley, Slocum, Pierce, Arthur, Anderson, O'Hearn, Kelleher and Rowe played for us.

Score, A. H. S., 3; B. H. S., 1.

Here and There in Athletics

This year Mr. Calter Wamp has kindly consented to pick an interscholastic football team for the Sagamore.

The first team.

William Lucas	l. e., Malden High School
Anderson	l. t., Malden High School
Pendergast	l. g., Boston Latin School
Norville Millmore	c., Somerville High School
Austin Pierce	r. g., Somerville High School
Henri Benoit (capt.)	r. t., Malden High School
Greene	r. e., Rindge M. T. S.
Scully	q. b., Rindge M. T. S.
Jack O'Hearn	l. h. b., Brookline High School
Oliver Westcott	r. h. b., Malden High School
Paul Fraser	f. b., Dorchester High School

Mr. Wamp was also persuaded to choose a second team.

Francis Capper	l. e., Brookline High School
Higgins	l. t., English High School
Wallace Swart	l. g., Rindge M. T. S.
Ira Swart	c., Rindge M. T. S.
Barron	r. g., Boston College H. S.
Anderson	r. t., Brookline High School
Manning	r. e., Quincy High School
Haven Mason	q. b., Brookline High School
Garland	l. h. b., Somerville High School
Grant	r. h. b., Cambridge L. S.
Harold Pierce	f. b., Boston English H. S.

The *Traveler* and the *Record* placed Jack O'Hearn on the first team. The *Post* made him captain of the second team, and placed Capper at left end. The *Globe* placed Jack O'Hearn on the second team. In all the papers "Kid" Mason, Sprague and Capper were spoken of as possible candidates. Every member of the Brookline team was mentioned as having played a good game.

Trials are being held for the New England swimming races. Carland of the Freshman class has qualified for the finals and is expected to secure a place in the short dash.

Elden Arthur won second prize in diving at the exhibition in the swimming tank, December 5.

In the same exhibition the relay team composed of Carland, Sutherland (capt.), Bernad and Wilcox, defeated by inches the team composed of Page, Arthur, Ryan and Dean.

This year the Sagamore chooses an all interclass team and also a second interclass. In judging the men the all round work throughout the season was considered. In one or two instances we placed a man out of his position, as with Wyman, the lone star of the Juniors. His work was very creditable, and we give him a place at guard.

Although the Seniors were defeated by the Sophomores, they undoubtedly had the best team. Therefore, most of the positions on the first eleven are filled by Seniors while the second eleven is almost the regular 1913 team.

FIRST	SECOND
Sawyer, '13, l. e.	Kerr, '14
Kingman, '11, l.t.	Becker, '12
Taggart, '11, l. g.	Slocum, '11
Pollard, '11, c.	Stevens, '13
Wyman, '12, r. g.	Pond, '13
Hawes, '13, r. t.	McGillen, '13
Jones, '11, r. e.	Blaisdell, '13
E. Stone (capt.), '11, q. b.	Comerford, '13
Taylor, '11, l. h. b.	Hicks (capt.), '13
Arthur, '13, r. h. b.	Dowsley, '14
Nagel, '11, f. b.	Raynolds, '13

The following men have won their "B's" in football this year: O'Hearn, Kraft, Kelleher, Crafts, Schrœder, Walizer, Mason, Thielscher, Sprague, Capper, Newton, Proctor, Kimball, Anderson and Fillebrown. Congratulations!

"Junior" Stewart is manager of the track team. He is the first manager chosen by competition.

What the school owes Mr. Carrell for turning out the best football team we have ever had cannot be estimated. In the field coaching in the daytime, working out plans and plays in the night, he was the man who did most towards gaining the football laurels for the school. We thank you, Mr. Carrell, in the name of the players, the school and the town.

In recognition of its decisive victory in the Interscholastic Rowing Association regatta last spring, Brookline High has been awarded a banner by the association. Cups will be awarded to members of the Brookline crew.

In order to obtain the large silver cup, a school must win three races. Brookline has now two legs on the trophy, but so have Stone School and Noble and Greenough. This year will probably decide its permanent position.

'09. Stewart Chaffee has been awarded the "H 2d" for membership on the Harvard second football squad.

"Claire," alias "Kid," alias "Speed," Anderson was elected

captain of the football team for 1911. Claire is also captain of the hockey team.

A new hockey rink is being built on the Cypress Street Playground for the use of the Brookline hockey team.

The following have reported for hockey practice: Captain Anderson, O'Hearn, Kelley, Slocum, O'Connor, Pond, Pierce, Arthur, Emerson, Fillebrown, Reynolds, Rowe, Sargent, Pollard, Mason, McGuire and Denning.

The candidates for the tumbling team are: MacNaughton, Dussussoit, Hicks, O'Brien, Jouannet, Nixon and Capron.

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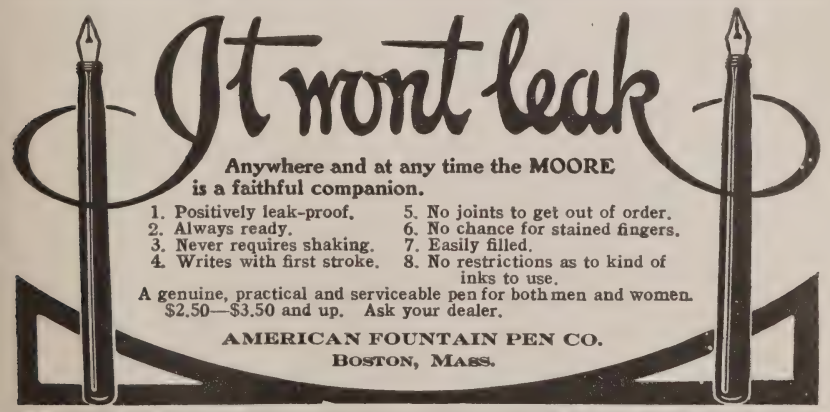
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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII FEBRUARY 1911 NUMBER 4

Editorials

We want to call the attention of our readers, at least the attention of many of them, to the fact that there are two Debating Societies in connection with the school which, though among our foremost and most beneficial organizations, are the most shamefully neglected. Perhaps it has been because the mass of students has been wrapped up in a state of coma and has not heard the notices from the hall or seen the announcements on the boards. Now we advise such unfortunate students, entirely for their own good, to attend a few of these meetings and get thoroughly waked up. Go but once and you will see what an excellent entertainment you have missed every fortnight, and you will regret your neglect and make up by becoming a regular attendant. Get busy and handle a debate or so—speak from the floor, or, if you lack the courage for that, you can at least applaud vociferously and encourage those who entertain you to make greater efforts on your behalf. Your very being in one of these organizations marks you out as a live one.

It seems as if we were much more prone to criticise than to commend. This year we eliminated the exchange column of the Sagamore so that we might have more stories or "Bubbles" the object being to make the Sagamore more interesting to the students; and the result is that almost every paper we exchange with comes down on us like a ton of brick. Now we are very grateful for any criticisms which other papers may make regarding us, and we feel that it is possible, when so many papers tell us about it, that we have made a mistake. The Sagamore is published for the students of Brookline High School, however, and our first aim is to please them, so we ask, "Do you want an exchange column of

say two pages a number?" If you feel that you do, have interest enough to slip a notice to that effect through the door of the Sagamore room, and add any other suggestions you think would be useful.

We regret to say that this school is forced to number among its student body some specimens of humanity who hardly deserve the name. They are those so-called athletes, who, though possessing human senses, are in reality good for nothing after one discounts their athletic ability. We refer to those spirited people — we cannot call them students — who ought to be representing the school on their various teams but who are barred because of deficiency in scholarship. We find these same shameful people are the first to come around decrying others of athletic ability who do not participate in sports because they cannot afford to take the time from their studies. Which is the more despicable man, the one who neglects athletics to the benefit of his studies, or he who lives wholly for the physical side of athletics and whose brain is an indefinite quantity of no value? The latter, by all odds. The man who works hard at studies only may be called a grind—he may not even be liked but he *will* be *respected;* he is the friend best worth having in the long run. The best man for his distance on the track, the huskiest line bucker on the gridiron or the fastest forward on the hockey team merits not praise or commiseration but the sincere displeasure, blame and disgust of his schoolmates when the whistle blows and he is barred from his place by low scholarship. Now at the present time the best men on several teams are found wanting in this respect. Newton and Brookline are going to fight for the final possession of the track banner in a few weeks, and we want every Brookline man up in his studies and ready to toe the mark. It is high time for the student body to take some definite stand in its attitude towards these delinquents, and we want to hear no more sympathy for the man with the hard-luck story who is "down." Let the men in question make their choice, or combine a happy proportion of studies and sports. It's up to you, fellows.

Almost a Tragedy

YES, John had been out late—very late; but, strange to say, the streets did not whirl around in a giddy dance; on the contrary, the trees and telegraph poles marched across his watery line of vision with slow dignity.

John was talking to himself. No one, if there had been anyone near, could have understood the words he was attempting to say, but they were clear enough in his own mind, even if the incessant repetition of them was rather tiring. However, John kept repeating them, for wasn't it better to think of something and stand up, than to think of nothing and fall? The broken quotation which rang insistently in his head, as a blow resounds in the hollow dome of a bell, was from the newspaper he had been reading before he had reached his present state.

The words of the paper were these, "Four days ago, house number 109 of Beach street, Brookline, was broken into and relieved of ninety dollars' worth of jewelry. Two days later, Mrs. M. W. Smith of 105 Beach street awoke in the morning to find her family jewels had disappeared, a window in the kitchen had been broken and her pet cat, 'Theodore R.', had been urged into the next life."

To John's reasoning, which was none too clear, it seemed fairly certain that tonight his home, number 107 Beach street, was due to be visited by the audacious remover of jewels and murderer of "Theodore R."

As John was nearing his residence, his brother Henry was also approaching the same goal from the opposite side. Henry was late, very late; but the moon shone as the sun, the cold wind was as a zephyr, for Henry had just left "Her." To be sure, if Her mother, who was as unlike Her as the devil is unlike certain political leaders, had not come down into the next room and locked the windows and everything around which would lock with a loud noise, Henry would have been there yet. But what mattered that?

She had been exceptionally kind, almost heavenly kind, and Henry was happy.

Henry did not wish to go in the front door, for fear of arousing his mother, so he went to the laundry and opened the window. John did not go in the front door, because he could not, so he went around to the kitchen to try something larger than a keyhole. He too opened a window.

Now the house was the good, old-fashioned kind with the laundry and the kitchen in an ell, only a thin partition between its two parts. As John put his wavering foot over the window sill he heard footsteps in the laundry, which stopped abruptly. John hesitated a moment, pondering flight; too befuddled to be afraid, he tiptoed across the room, seizing, in his transit, a rolling pin, and laid his ear to the partition.

Henry was walking across the laundry floor when he heard the kitchen window open, and he stopped abruptly. Could anyone be in the house? Yes, there were stealthy footsteps in the next room. Should he call out? No, that would wake mother. She would ask where he had been, why he had not come home before this unearthly hour, and so on, just like a babbling brook. He crept to the partition and laid his ear against it. Against the wall was leaning a stick with which the maid stirred the clothes in the boiler; Henry grasped it.

John, on his side of the wall, remained as motionless as possible for a moment; then, hearing nothing more in the other room, he started along the wall toward the door. As there seemed to be an echo of his footsteps on the other side of the partition he stopped, heard nothing but silence, and continued on his way

Just as he reached the door a figure appeared in it. John struck with all his wobbling might and main. It seemed that he hit himself instead of the figure before him, for at the same moment he struck out a blow landed on his head. When he woke up he was saturated with water and his father was bending over him; while opposite him his mother was leaning over the prostrate Henry.

There is a moral in this tale. What is it? E. S., '11.

The Duel

THE sound of footsteps through the brush frightened a hare which had been the sole occupant of the little stretch of meadow at the edge of the wood, and as a man came into the open field it disappeared.

The man, dark, stern-looking, with firm lines about the mouth, and steel-gray eyes overhung by frowning brows, halted on the edge of the sloping meadow and cast an unappreciative eye on its quiet beauty. As the first red beam of the sun pierced through the mist, he paced off about thirty feet at the wood's boundary, so that the sunbeams fell across the track. There was a clump of some sort of shrubbery upon a little hillock at one end of the line; at the other end stood a stump. After a moment's hesitation, the man walked over and placed his back against it. Once he glanced at his watch. It was almost five. He looked reflectively along the line he had paced to the little knoll—then drew something from his pocket, which glistened in the morning sunlight as he examined it carefully.

He was not the man to miss a shot at ten paces, he thought; but then, neither was Jim. If the first bullet did not reach the mark he would have no use for a second. He, himself, had taught Jim to shoot and the boy had been an apt pupil. He had liked Jim when he had first come to the West, the brightest and sunniest-tempered lad who ever flung a rope or rounded up a bunch of cattle on the Western plains. And now! The great agony which filled his soul could find no expression. He left the stump and staggered out into the open, raising his arms aloft and staring up into the pitiless sky. For a moment he stood there in silence, while the sweet air cooled his hot cheek. Then, suddenly, he heard a quick step in the brush. He glanced about, startled, as though waking from a dream, and walked back to his station.

As Jim entered the meadow, the man nodded, glancing swiftly into the face of the boy. The shadow beneath the younger man's eyes betrayed sleepless hours, and his lips trembled nervously.

"Have you paced the ground, Bob?" he asked.

"Ten paces to that hillock," said the other briefly, with no signs of emotion.

Jim looked at him a moment without seeming to understand; then, "All right," he said, "count, then," as he turned on his heel and walked to the knoll.

A wave of color swept over the other's face.

"Are you ready, Jim?" he asked without a tremor. The right hand of both dropped to their sides; then solemnly the stern voice went on:—

"One, two, three—fire!"

The reports sounded as one, and two little puffs of smoke floated away in the morning air. The two men looked at each other a moment in silence. One had heard the "whiz-z" of the bullet as it passed through the bush at his side; the other, when it struck in the rotten wood high above his head.

"Jim!"

"Bob, old boy!"

When they met in the centre of the open, a smile played about Bob's lips and the other's eyes were wet with tears.

"Dear old Bob, she's not worth it," Jim said. "Let's go home to breakfast."

As the sound of the footsteps died away in the wood, the hare appeared again and sniffed suspiciously at the powder smoke which lingered in the air. But all danger was past.

C. J.,'11.

A Valentine's Story

IT was the evening before February 14 when a woman in her early fifties sat by the fire, reading the evening paper. Every now and then she lifted her hand to adjust her spectacles on the thin bridge of her prominent Roman nose, or to pat down some refractory lock of her thin gray hair. Suddenly the doorbell rang and a neat maid entered with a long box.

"Something for you, mum," she said.

"Valentine's eve," thought the lady. "If I were young and as pretty as I used to be, I might think it was a box of flowers," and then with true feminine curiosity she quickly broke the string and drew from the box a bunch of beautiful violets, to which was attached a card, bearing the words,

"Dearest Alicia! Wear these for my sake tomorrow evening. Forever your Valentine, Will Gordon."

"Can he mean me?" she gasped, and then, "Yes, it must be, for my name is Alicia—Alicia Vandyke. Well, why should I be surprised, even if I am older than he is? It would be good for a young boy to have an older woman's influence; besides I have plenty of money and I know his mother. Of course I will wear his flowers, dear boy!" Then rising and contemplating herself in the mirror she murmured, "I'm not so bad looking after all."

That same evening a pretty girl was opening the many boxes of flowers and sweets that came to her from all her friends. One after another she tore them open, and then with a disappointed sigh threw them in a corner. At last she rose, "Well, I won't speak to him tomorrow night. He shall see that I am not to be slighted in this manner." As she left the room her eye fell on a small box which she had overlooked. "Perhaps," she mused, and with a smile she picked it up and discovered a large comic valentine which presented the picture of an old maid with a very large hook-nose. She was mounted on a chair and her terrified gaze was directed to a small mouse that was cutting across the floor. Under it was neatly penned, "Miss Alicia."

"Can it be from Gordon?" was her first thought. "Why it must be, for there he has written my name." Angrily she tore the valentine into pieces and ran to the telephone.

"Hello! is Mr. Gordon there? Is this he? Well, this is Miss Joyce, and I must tell you that it will be impossible for me to go with you tomorrow evening." She sharply rang off and went upstairs.

Gordon at the other end looked perfectly blank. "What can be the matter with Alicia?" he thought. "Could my valentine have displeased her?"

The next evening a large valentine party at Mrs. White's brought many guests, and among them Gordon. As he entered the room filled with gay young people, Mrs. White came forward to greet him.

"Where is Alicia? I thought you were coming together."

"I am afraid you were mistaken," said Gordon coldly, and as Mrs. White's attention was called to a newcomer, he sauntered off.

Alicia looked very beautiful that night as she came in on Jack Graydon's arm. Gordon eyed her eagerly, but she would not look at him. Soon he was drawn into a group of young fellows who were earnestly talking.

"Wonder how Miss Vandyke liked the valentine we sent her! I have been chuckling ever since when I think what a fine likeness that was."

"Serves her right for always meddling in our affairs."

"I'm a little sorry we sent it now," said Gordon. "I hope she didn't recognize my handwriting."

"Look out, boys, here she comes." Immediately the crowd dispersed; but Gordon kept his place, knowing that he must face her anger sooner or later.

"Dear boy," she said, coming up with the sweetest smile. "Dear, dear boy, I understand your sweet affection and you see I have worn them for your sake." Gordon looked, and behold! his violets!

"But, but—" he stammered. What could he say, how could he

explain it? He knew it all now! The messenger had mixed the boxes. The names were the same, and hence the mistake.

"We cannot talk here," he said eagerly, "there are too many to see us. Meet me in the little conservatory in ten minutes, after I finish this dance and I will explain all."

Off he rushed. Nearly desperate, he approached Miss Joyce who was seated by her escort chattering gaily. As the latter left her for a moment, Gordon seized his opportunity and approached her.

"One minute," he said to Alicia who was turning away, and with rapid words he explained the whole miserable mistake. Gradually the pink color returned to her cheeks.

"I understand," she said.

"But what shall I say to her? I promised to see her presently in the conservatory."

"Leave it to me," said Alicia smiling, "and let us see her at once, the sooner the better." When they reached the conservatory Alicia said, "I will wait here until you have had your interview, then I'll come in and explain."

Gordon stepped forward to meet Miss Alicia who with outstretched palms approached him. "I never dreamed, Will," she said "that you cared for me so much. Of course I am older than you, but—"

"I'm afraid," he interrupted, "I'm afraid that—"

"Why, Miss Vandyke," said Alicia coming forward just at the right time. "I am so glad to see you. And Gordon, aren't those beautiful violets! Just like the ones you sent me that must have gone astray. You know, Miss Vandyke, he sent me a lovely bunch of violets to wear this evening, but they— why what's the matter?" she asked as Miss Vandyke slowly unpinned the flowers from her gown and dropped them one by one to the floor, saying with a voice and expression suddenly grown old, "Probably these are the ones which you were expecting. They were a surprise to me — and they do become you more," she added. While the two young

people stood, strangely embarrassed, she walked quickly out of the conservatory without a backward glance.

"Whew!" sighed Gordon, relaxing after the tense moment. Then "My, but you did that well. Never mind the violets," as Alicia began to pick them up, "I have another valentine."

He had a hard time finding it in his pocket — this other symbol of the good saint's benison; but at last he held it up before her, a twinkling diamond.

"Will you be my Valentine — always?" he asked tenderly; and, well, you can guess the answer yourself!

R. H., '12.

The Moonstruck Wanderers

ON that particular evening I was on my way home from a dance held at the Yacht Club in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of the club's founding. My course led through a stretch of woods, not very dense, so that the moon shone through the trees and lighted my way considerably. Just beyond this lay a field which was used for raising corn, across which it was necessary to go, unless I wanted to take the regular path that went around it.

I had just started over this, whistling softly to myself, in rather a thoughtful mood — one nearly always acts that way when one's mind is taken up by some particular girl—and was picking my way over the newly planted corn-hills more by instinct than sight, when I was startled by a sharp cry accompanied by a dull thud, as if something had been struck by a club. I turned quickly toward the direction whence the sound had come and saw one dark form rolling over another one on the ground. Then to my great surprise one of them disengaged itself, arose quickly and started on a brisk run toward the town. For a moment I stood spellbound in my tracks. Then I approached the prostrate figure carefully. As luck would have it, the moon had gone into a cloud about that time so that the field was only dimly lighted. When a dozen feet from the fallen object I stopped, trembling all over from nervous

excitement. There lay a man on his back, his arms outstretched and his white face upturned to the sky. Immediately the thought came to me that there had been a holdup! The man I had seen running away was the culprit, and he had left his victim to die, after stripping him of his possessions. I did not stop to examine more closely, but started after the murderer in hot haste. Although he had a good start on me already while I was examining the scene of the crime, nevertheless I felt sure of overtaking him as I was a fairly good sprinter in those days, and there were few who could get away from me in a race.

Away I went over the corn-hills at a great speed, taking no care now to avoid stepping on the newly planted corn when such an important task called me. I soon reached the road on the other side of the field and found the traveling much better. Only three-quarters of a mile straight ahead lay the town. I hoped to catch up with the culprit this side of the thickly settled part, and to obtain some assistance in capturing him. Sure enough, about an eighth of a mile from the village green, I beheld someone running rather sluggishly, apparently much out of breath. This sight gave me new strength and I increased my speed, which soon brought me within hailing distance of the fugitive. I called out at the top of my lungs, "Stop thief!" that being the only thing that entered my mind at the moment. Fortunately, the village constable happened to be walking home from the dance also, and being only a little way ahead, heard my voice and turned around.

Seeing the constable before him he stopped.

"Catch that murderer, Mr. Simes," I bellowed while I took on a final spurt which soon brought me up to the fleeing man, and I immediately seized him by the collar in my strong grasp.

"What's the matter, George?" asked the constable, as soon as he had recognized me.

"Place this man under arrest," I puffed, for I was quite breathless from running, "he is a murderer." A small crowd gathered around us, for my words had attracted a number of other homecomers from the dance.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the officer, of the supposed criminal. The latter was too frightened and breathless to open his mouth. In as few words as possible I gave the facts of the crime just as I had seen it.

The constable then decided to proceed to the scene of the crime to determine its gravity.

When we arrived at the spot the moon had come out of the cloud so that everything was plainly visible. I hastened to the side of the prostrate victim, who lay in the same position as I had seen him last, and to my great surprise found myself gazing on—yes!—on nothing more than an ordinary scarecrow! I looked at the captive for explanation. The latter had by this time gotten his breath back sufficiently to talk and gave the following account of himself.

On his way home from the dance, not looking whither his footsteps led him, he had run into the object in question, and fallen on top of it. This was the noise I had heard. He had uttered a cry in his astonishment, thinking that someone had struck at him, and had taken to his heels.

After the explanation, I felt cheap enough to go and hide for a week. This would have done no good, however, for I believe the time will never come when I shall hear the last of that incident.

P. T. V. B., '11.

Splash and Scratch

SLOAN'S LAKE lay motionless and glistening as a mirror in the glare of the noonday sun and the hunter-fisherman following its shores realized that the trout were seeking the deep dark springholes and would not be tempted again till the wood-covered banks would throw their long shadows over the water. He laid his rod and rifle in the alders and sauntered along the narrow, boulder-strewn beach. He would see what lay around that farther point; perhaps a brook and good fishing waited there.

At the same time a genial old lynx decided that he would have a

fish dinner—all cats like fish—so he too nosed along the beach on the farther side of the point.

The paths of the two wanderers converged rapidly and only a few trees and rushes prevented them from seeing one another, when the lynx heard the fisherman's feet rattle on the stones. Immediately he sank behind a boulder, full of eagerness, every muscle a-quiver in anticipation of an easy kill. For him a tender fawn or fat racoon was as good as fish—almost.

The stranger breasted the boulder and the lynx dashed out—then sank back in disgust. He did not want to molest the man, neither was he afraid; and he glared at the newcomer so ferociously that the latter wished earnestly for his rifle. The hunter was new at the game or he would not have left his rifle behind, and he now showed his innocence of sporting methods by picking up a fist-sized stone and hurling it forcibly at the lynx. Perhaps the missile grazed an old wound, or perhaps just the unexpected hostility aroused all its savage anger, but whatever the cause, the lynx came for the man in two jumps. The man made a hasty scramble to elude the beast, but at the same second a round pebble slipped from under his foot and he fell face forward into the water, with the lynx on his back, raking off patches of skin and coat in assorted sizes. A howl from both man and cat arose in close harmony as the man ducked under; then the feline hustled shorewards and stood snarling and spitting on the bank edge; the man was not so distasteful as water to his catship. The wretched human, so unjustly abused, stood waist deep in the lake, tenderly removing what traces were left of his outing shirt—hardly more than a collar and pair of sleeves—and cursed softly the while. Then he too started shorewards. The lynx shuffled to meet him halfway, but got wet feet and halted.

Clearly, water was the man's ally, and quickly grasping its assistance he bedabbled the great cat with a solution of water and mud. The latter retreated beyond the range of the mixture, but advanced with a whoop as soon as the man touched shore.

This tearful comedy was repeated twice, after which the man,

his back torn and bleeding profusely, kept his distance in the water and waded back towards the spot where he had left his rifle, the lynx at the same time keeping dainty pace with him on the shore. When the man came opposite his weapon he tried the old water cure, with the same indifferent success as before; then, he sat down in about two feet of water to consider his quandary.

He certainly presented a peculiar spectacle, as he sat there with his head, knees and shoulders appearing above the surface; but he certainly did not feel the slightest stirrings of humor. On the contrary he began to revile himself for ever "pesterin the critter;" he wished he had not thrown that stone. Stones! That was it! An armament at last! He scrambled to his feet with a splash that made the lynx fairly itch to get at him, picked up a peck of missiles and started shoreward. The next minute a jagged lump of quartz hurtled through the air and whacked against the lynx's furry side, followed in quick succession by another, then another. A chorus of startled yelps and meows brought fresh showers of meteorites for the cat to dodge; finally an egg-sized pebble, hurled with killing precision and frightful force came smack on the end of a tender furry snout, and the lynx swallowed defeat as his portion and fled, making a bee line for the nearest cover, which soon enveloped him. The man bombarded all the brush in reach, then he too dashed for protection in the shape of his rifle.

From far down the beach came a vindictive nasal howl, and the man saw his late enemy studiously engaged in increasing the distance between them. He sent a few hasty shots to facilitate the passage, but ceased when he realized that the range was too great.

"His skin would repay me for what I've lost" said the man, cuddling his rifle. The lynx, secure in the distance, cherished the same sentiments; and each wished devoutly that he'd have another chance at the other.

"Mooswa."

Interview With Mr. Ellery H. Clark

CHAMPION ALL-ROUND ATHLETE OF NEW ENGLAND

To the Pupils of the Brookline High School:—

When a man grows too slow to jump, too stiff to hurdle and too old to run, there are still compensations left. He may talk, with becoming gravity, of how he "did things," when he was in his prime; or (prouder moment still) he may even be invited to address words of encouragement and advice to those who have taken his place on track and field.* This latter honor has now fallen to my lot, and I have been asked to speak to you briefly, through the columns of the Sagamore, on the general subject of training for track athletics.

There are three points which I should like to discuss, but the limits of time and space lead me to dismiss the first and second merely with a word.

The necessity of keeping in good physical condition is now so universally recognized that the subject would appear to be well-nigh exhausted. I would, however, ask two questions of the boys and young men of today. First, entirely apart from the moral aspect of the matter, did you ever know a man to be benefited by the use of tobacco and alcohol? I think the answer must be in the negative. Second, did you ever know a man to be injured by these stimulants? I myself can throw some light on this latter question. I have known authenticated cases of boys who have been killed by the excessive use of cigarettes, to say nothing of the well-known effect of alcohol on the system.

The question of "fair play" has been, likewise, almost "talked to death," but apart from its outward observance, the scrupulous

*The interviewer saw Mr. Clark clearing 5 feet 3 inches with ease, at the time of the interview, so it would seem Mr. Clark is as well able to perform as to tell us of the performances. Mr. Clark is the author of a book published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. "Reminiscences of an Athlete," from which the team members, especially track members, can get many helpful hints.

care to abstain from "rattling" a visiting team, etc., one can also make sure that his inward attitude is always what it should be. That is, do not regard as deadly rivals either schoolmates or competitors from other schools. Healthy competition is a fine thing, but it may be overdone. After all, it is the sport which counts, not the winning or the losing.

The third point to which I would call attention, is the great opportunity which lies open to the boy who will make a skilful and thorough study of the method of performing the different events. Here, I should recommend the attitude of the child who, from morning to night, is asking one perpetual "why?" Do not take any one performer's word as to how an event should be gone through. If athletics were conducted in this manner, where would we have obtained the "shift" in the pole vault, the "straight leg" in the hurdles or the "triple turn" in the hammer. Once realize that the proper method of performing on track and field involves all the fascination of the "x" in algebra, or the "Sin A, Cosin B" of "trig.," and a zest is added to the sport which never palls, because no man's lifetime is long enough to bring him to the point where he can fairly say that he has left nothing unperfected.

Good luck to the Brookline High School, and may well-deserved success always attend her efforts on gridiron, diamond and cinder-path!

ELLERY H. CLARK.

NEWS NOTES

About one hundred and fifty members of the German classes were present at a Christmas entertainment given in Shailer Hall on Thursday afternoon, December 22, under the direction of Miss Adams and Miss Bailey. The hall presented a thoroughly German atmosphere with its decorations of Christmas trees and tables laden with German delicatessen. Katharine Tappan opened the entertainment by singing "Verborgenheit," which was followed by "Alte Burschenherrlichkeit" sung by all the boys. Several well-rendered solos were sung by Ruth Damon, Esther Bacon and Marion Feeley, which were heartily applauded. In addition there were recitations by Marion Mills and Fräulein Clärchen Anner aus Chemnitz, and several songs by a quartet consisting of Marion Feeley, Katherine Tappan, Marjory Ward and Ruth Hudnut. Later refreshments were served, which proved to the scholars that the Germans can make palatable food. The success of the affair will doubtless induce the German department to arrange for more such enjoyable entertainments in the future.

Plans are speedily maturing for the annual dramatics which will take place at the close of this term. The play selected is the four-act comedy "Christopher, Junior," by Madeline Lucette Riley, in which John Drew and Maude Adams have often starred. The members of the cast were secured this year by competition, with the result that much excellent material was found in unexpected quarters. From the present outlook the audience will be treated to a play which will surpass all our previous productions.

At this time of writing Emerson Wood, Charles Wyman, Mary Morris, Monica O'Shea, Marion Corlew, Haven Mason, Greville Haslam, Eric Stone, Chester Jenks, Hilda Vallandigham and Cyril Jones are among the fortunate ones chosen from the finals.

The Brookline High School Club of Harvard intends to present a cup this June to the boy of this school who attains the greatest excellence in studies and in athletics combined.

Miss Spaulding and Miss Lewis are taking a course on the drama at Radcliffe under Professor Baker.

Mrs. Lucy Ingram Topliff, formerly of our English department, recently took an interesting trip through Montana and the Great Northwest. She is giving a course of lectures in this vicinity on the drama and the novel.

Frau Elizabeth Biewend, who substituted for Miss Bailey during a portion of last year, is teaching German at the Winsor School for girls in Longwood.

On Friday morning, December 23, Mr. Frank P. Spear, Educational director of the Boston Y. M. C. A., gave the school a wide-awake talk on "The Building of a Career." He impressed upon the school the necessity of picking out one's life work while one is still in high school. To do this, a fellow should study his inclinations and aptitudes, he said, and ask himself (1) "What can I do?" and (2) "How well can I do it?" He emphasized the fact which many of our speakers have pointed out, that while a general education is a fine thing if used, the world has no use for untrained men. The men who are doing things in America today, he pointed out, are the sons of the poor, the young Swedes, Irish and Italians, because they go to work with the idea of making something of themselves. "It makes no difference," he said, "whether your ancestors came over in the cabin of the Mayflower or the steerage of the Saxonia." He ardently urged everyone to get busy, plan to use one's brains, not one's wits, and to "Do it Now."

We take great pleasure in welcoming to the B. H. S. Miss Marion Churchill who comes to take charge of the history department.

Until recently, Miss Churchill has taught history in the Newton High School and Newton Technical High.

The large collection of photographs of architecture, sculpture and painting in the art room has been catalogued and arranged. The art department will be glad to have this collection used throughout all the departments of the school.

An advanced German class has been formed, consisting of post-graduates and pupils who have been in Germany. At present the class is studying Wagner's operas with the motifs played by Marjory Ward.

Steps are being taken among the girls to form a Glee Club. The recent German entertainment revealed to the members of the school that there is some remarkably fine vocal ability among our girls. With those who sang at that affair as a nucleus, a successful club ought to be formed from our many future prima donnas.

The school is very fortunate in securing Miss Bethan Polley as librarian, to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Russell. Miss Polley comes to us from the Mechanics Art High School where she held a similar position.

The announcement that the Mandolin Club has been discontinued will be received by the school with surprise and regret. For several years this organization has been one of the most popular among the students and it was hoped that owing to its increased membership this year, the club would be particularly successful. Lack of interest is given as the reason for the action taken. A violin quartet, however, has been formed consisting of Jones, Shedden, Sargent and Hunneman, which will somewhat atone for the loss of the Mandolin Club.

DEBATING CLUBS

The Boys' Debating Club met for the first time in 1911 on January 5, in the physical lecture room. An entertainment consisting of old English ballads sung by Mr. Snow was heartily enjoyed by all. The subject before the club was: "*Resolved*, That the National Government should establish and operate an express

service." In a closely contested debate, the affirmative, Kingman and Manning, was slightly out-pointed. They showed that the principle was sound, the government's rates fair, and the service of benefit to the rural districts. Their opponents, Briggs and Morris, proved the great expense and inexpediency of such a service, that it was contrary to the country's commercial policy and would establish a bad precedent. A hot debate then ensued on the floor, the following participating: Hussey, Swett, Barnet, Kaiser, L. Ballou, Williams, Nordell and Ferguson. Briggs, in the negative rebuttal, refuted some of his opponents' arguments and proved that a government express service would not be of advantage to the country. Kingman, in his turn, disproved some of the negative's points using good arguments from government reports. Mr. Chisholm, the judge, had the support of the house in giving his decision to the negative. The critic, Miss Churchill, praised the delivery and choice of words of all the speakers.

Program of Boys' Debating Club for February:—

February 2 (interclass debate series). "*Resolved*, That football should be abolished as an interscholastic sport." The freshmen upholding the affirmative will be Bemis and Jackson, their Sophomore opponents, Spitz and Kaiser.

February 16. "*Resolved*, That the B. H. S. should re-establish its cadet battalion."

February 23 (interscholastic debate). Brookline *vs.* Newton at Brookline. "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should adopt as a part of its legislative system the initiative and referendum." Brookline, upholding the negative, will be represented by Clarke, Stone and Swett.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held on January 10 in the lecture room. There were only about thirty-five girls present, which means that practically half the members were absent. After the regular business of the meeting was completed a new feature was brought forward for the first time. This matter had been

proposed and discussed at a previous meeting and was adopted on account of the splendid training and practice it affords all members of the club. This feature was the calling upon any member at random by the president to speak extemporaneously for one minute on certain subjects passed in to the president beforehand. The first attempts at this plan were rather poor, but they showed just how much there is to accomplish. The subjects discussed in this way were: "*Resolved*, That women should have the vote; that the hobble skirt is an adornment to society; that the summer vacation should be increased." This practise is going to be continued at future meetings.

Before the regular debate began the speakers for the interclass debate between Freshmen and Sophomores, which occurs at the next meeting, were chosen—for the Freshmen, Eleanor Carlton and Alice Burdett, for the Sophomores, Monica O'Shea and Dorothy Rhodes. The subject for the afternoon's debate was: "*Resolved*, That the United States Navy should be increased." Miss Albee, our president, and Miss Hall upheld the affirmative, both delivering well-prepared, interesting debates in a convincing way. Miss Southwick and Miss Fisher supported the negative, presenting some very good arguments but being weak on delivery.

Mr. Packard, acting as judge, gave his decision to the negative, contrary to the vote of the house, which unanimously voted for the affirmative. The speakers from the floor were the Misses Damon, Gibbons, Hastings, Warren, E. Albee, Hudnut, Morris and Hunt.

Mr. Chisholm, the critic of the debate, made a few remarks on the debate itself, but spent most of his time in giving some valuable suggestions to the members of the club. He also gave much encouragement to the club and what it stands for.

On January 11 the Senior class elected its Class Day officers. Albert Pollard was elected orator; Edward Stewart, ivy odist; Edyth Blewett, prophetess; Cyril Jones, prophet, and Greville Haslam, historian. The Class Day committee is composed of Evelyn Coon, Elinore Driscoll, John Kingman, Squier Kraft and

Martindale Shedden. The class poem and song are open for competition.

In I Political Science an exciting debate was held on "Woman Suffrage." Frances Bouvé upheld the affirmative and Stanton Slocum the negative. Both sides had many good points. The vote of the class gave the decision in favor of the negative.

A splendid address was that given to the school by Mr. Bushnell of Arlington on January 13. The latter told of the important part his father played in the naval battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*—"the most important single event of the Revolutionary War." Although his father did not take an active part in the battle it was through his influence and determination that the *Monitor* was built. Mr. Bushnell told of his personal recollections of the event and also read a letter written by Lieutenant Green, of the *Monitor*, to his mother the day after the battle.

Alumni Notes

'98. Witter Bynner, Harvard, '02, has been elected to serve as poet of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter, in July.

'99. Frank Wilcox is raising coffee in South America.

'99. M. Harsell Smith is a landscape forester with office on Devonshire street.

'00. Charles Lyon Chandler, one of the first Harvard men to enter the diplomatic service of his country, is now connected with the U. S. legation at the capital of the Argentine Republic. He is active in the U. S. Universities Club of Buenos Ayres and was its delegate to the second international congress of American students. In the capacity of secretary of the Harvard Club of the River Plate, he has interested greatly the youth of the Argentine schools in American student life.

Ex-'01. Oliver Perry, who for the past few years has been in Cuba where he has an orange and grape fruit grove, has returned to Brookline, and is now connected with S. S. Pierce Co.

'02. Philip Jacobs has gone to Detroit, Mich., where he has a position with the Packard Automobile Co.

'03. Ralph D. Flint has been studying art in Paris.

'04. Warren Smith is attaining well-earned fame as a composer of piano music.

'05. William J. Pettis took part in "Cousin Kate," presented by the Criterion Club at Union Hall.

'05. Elsie Walker has been playing in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Castle Square.

'06. The Cecil Rhodes' scholarship in Oxford University, Eng., for New Hampshire has been awarded to Maurice C. Blake, Dartmouth, '10. Mr. Blake has formerly been teaching in the Thatcher School for boys at Nordhoff, Cal.

'06. Helen Driscoll has a position in the office of the Superintendent of Streets in the Town Hall.

'06. "Sully" Sargent is in the lumber business in East Boston.

'07. Lloyd C. Cooley is a member of the Executive Committee of the Institute Committee, the student governing board at Tech. "Elsie" has also just been elected president of the B. H. S. Club.

'07. The engagement of Irene Snow to Mr. Charles Spencer, Jr., of Hartford and Suffield, Connecticut, has been announced.

'07. Marguerite Turner, Radcliffe, '11, is receiving recognition at college as a singer. She has a soprano voice of marked purity of tone.

'07. Richard C. Floyd, Harvard, '11, has received a very great honor in being elected a member of the Class Day Committee, which has charge of all Class Day arrangements, including Stadium exercises, Senior spread and dance, baccalaureate sermon and yard festivities. He is likewise a member of the Student Council, the most important undergraduate body, president of Harvard Y. M. C. A. and of the B. H. S. Club.

'07. Charles Hann, Jr., has charge of the semi-annual collection of old clothes, magazines and text-books at Harvard. The text-books go to a loan library in the Phillips Brooks House and the other articles to the poor.

A little Miss of Brookline High
For a hobble skirt did yearn.
Instead of saying with a sigh,
"If I don't get it I shall die,"
She said, "I'll know the reason why,"
And did the money earn.

She went to town one sunny day,
And sure looked mighty charming.
All salesmen made a dash her way,
Obeyed her most minutest say;
She treated them like lumps of clay,
Her rudeness was alarming.

"Have you got a skirt in this horrid store
With such and such a border?"
They brought two cases—then two more;
And in their heart of hearts they swore,
When smilingly she passed the door,
And did not leave her order.

Place after place she tried that night,
Before she found a treasure.
The color—yes, was pretty bright,
The price the salesman said, was right,
And best of all, it fitted tight!
It gave her wondrous pleasure.

She waited next day in the hall,
The box came on the minute,
And though it looked a trifle small,
Her family, friends, and maids and all
Lined themselves around the wall
To see what could be in it.

When all have gathered in a ring,
Bobby his knife surrenders.
With quiv'ring haste she cuts the string,
Then smiles,—a broken, stricken thing,
While Bobby hollers, "What a sting!"
The box holds men's suspenders! C. F. H.

Freshman—"You know I find French awfully hard; I can only use one tense."
Chum—"What's that?"
Freshman—"Pretense."

Hickey—"King James had a son James and he was a boy." (loud applause).

Miss K-f-s (in II Latin)—"She filled a bowl with rising tears."

My beard grows long these wintry days,
I scratch my matches on it,
For sister took my shaving brush
And wears it in her Bonnet.

Quotations never heard:—
"Here's a dollar to treat yourself with."
"There will be no mathematics home lesson tonight."
"Let me drive you home in my automobile."

T-yl-r's latest stunt in the face contortion line is the placing of an eyebrow on his upper lip.

Mathematical Senior—"I spent four months in bed last year."
Sympathizer—"Dear me, what were you sick with?"
M. Senior—"Sleep. You see, eight hours a night for 365 days."
Then he had to dodge a dictionary.

History—"When England was placed under an interdict the pope stopped all births, marriages and deaths for a year.

Senior—"You know I'm some singer; I am good at soprano, bass, tenor and alto. What shall I give you a sample of?"
Bored listener—"Oh, let's hear your passive voice."

X.—"Say, Leroy, how old are you?"
Leroy—"Eighteen."
X.—"Phew, you're some 'Hight' for eighteen, aren't you?"

When football season's come and past,
And your long legs can travel fast,
Don't think, "Well, sure I'll finish last!"
Just try!

If you are sure you cannot run,
Just quietly save up all your "mon,"
And buy a rifle, or a gun.
You'll hit the bull's-eye (10-1).

And if you find these two a bore,
Wait, and later try the oar.
Strain your back some, then some more.
Do something, man; don't just be sore!

If on the ice you play right well,
Remember not the time you fell.
Just pitch in strong and whack pellmell,—
You'll get your "B."

With some one you don't like at all
Just mix it up in basketball,
And scrape his face against the wall;
You'll feel better (perhaps).

You may be short, you may be tall,—
There's no excuse, you *can* play ball.
Report when the captain makes his call;
You'll make good!

If none of these to you appeal,
We all know well that you can "spiel."
Try it and see how nice you feel;
Don't get fussed!

There was a young man of our town
Who in all of his studies was down.
In sports earned his "B"
In math he got "D"
And exams! they did him up brown.

DAFFEDILLS?

You've heard of Graham White,
And you've heard of Graham Bell,
You've doubtless seen the Brothers Wright
And stood where Johnstone fell.
You've touched the Curtis biplane,
You've read of Walter Well,
But of all the big high-flyers,
There's none like Roosevel'!

When the Injuns came to Brookline
A High School they did build.
They had many noted teachers
And the class rooms were all filled.

They shone in Deutsch and Hebrew,
And in French set quite a pace,
But none taught mathematics
A well as Mr. C—.

Little lines of Cæsar,
Some Grecian history,
Plunge us into terror
And give us "C" or "D"

WHO IS IT?

Who rules the school with iron hand?
Who moves in bunches, then doth stand?
Whose every move is a command?
Why yes! the clock.

Who makes you sit up stiff and straight?
Who might be called the seat of state?
Whose back is hard as the hand of fate?
To be sure! the chair.

Who is he you can't see through?
Who always looks the same to you?
Whose countenance wears a dreary hue?
Of course! the wall.

What Do You Think?

Four girls were sitting idly
Upon the High School wall,
Discussing foolish topics,
As girls will, one and all.
The one they now debated
Concerned the sterner sex—
A question which, though oft discussed,
They always find complex:

Which one of all four classes
The nicest boys contained.
Each girl had her opinion,
And thus her view explained:
"I'll take the Senior fellows!"
An ardent maid exclaimed;
"They're nearly all so jolly tall,
And in athletics famed.
They always look so sage and calm,
As if they'd time to burn,
As if their youthful days had passed,
And now they'd naught to learn."

"I'll stand up for the Juniors,"
Another fair one said;
"They look so very studious
And bound to get ahead;
And though they're all for study,
For debating, and that line,
And are not famous athletes,
'Tis the Junior boys for mine."

"Now my turn," cried a third girl,
"To praise the Sophomores!
Did ever youths more kingly
Tread on the High School floors?
As models to the Freshies,
They know that they must act,
Not boisterous and kiddish, but
With dignity and tact."

"Oh, piffle, for your athletes,
Your students, and your 'kings'!"
The last one said, "The Freshmen
No time waste on such things.
In spite of new surroundings,
Cold looks and ridicule,
They cheerful look, though fearful feel,
And help support our school."

These girls may have their fav'rites
Among the classes four;
The boys may worship maidens,
Senior and Sophomore;
But I make no distinction;
They're all a jolly band.
They're students in the Brookline High,
The best in all the land.

D. G. C., '13.

The Kill

IT WAS the dead of winter in the Big Game country. Long reaches of beaver meadow, broad slopes f timbered barrens lay silent and frozen under their mantle of spotless snow—spotless save where the woodfolk went their ways among the underbrush, and where, once in many miles, the nomad Indian set his traps and blazed his trail. Here and there black threads meandered over the surface of the country—these were the open brooks and swamps from which the Madawasha drew its waters; and the banks were the fastnesses of many furry creatures—minks, rats, weasles, otter and occasionally beaver.

Into these solitudes came one Big Joe Charles, an Indian of the Micmac tribe. Ordinarily a splendid specimen of his race, six feet four in his moccasins and broad in proportion, he stood a bronze Hercules, but this year, in the winter and cold, his family and he had starved in the shanty by Blue Rock River, and he had sallied forth, thin as a skeleton, with musket, powderhorn and shot, to wrest what he might from the wilderness, be it caribou, rabbit or only owl. Today was the second of his quest. Yesterday he had missed a bear; this morning his powder had trickled away from his leaking horn, and he had but one charge in his gun. Totally exhausted, he stumbled now across a clearing and leaned against a giant balsam on the border of the forest. For a long time he stood silent, motionless, almost merged into the trunk of the tree. He was stoically waiting, watching. He must have meat for the good squaw, for the little pappoose, for himself, or he would never see them again; his waning strength would not get him back to the little shanty by the river.

As he watched the clearing a dainty form trotted out from the opposite woods and came towards him, a great nimble King Caribou, resplendent in snowy coat and spiked antlers. Almost up to him came the beast, then the hunter raised his weapon and fired. The shot went wild. The stag sprang to pass its enemy, but the Indian leaped like a cat and seized its antlers, bearing the noble head to the earth. Realizing that all depended on his strength and skill, he wrenched his knife from its sheath and stabbed twice,

swiftly, surely. Then he replaced his knife, bent his lips to the wounds, and felt the crimson flood bring renewed life and strength into his enfeebled limbs. Finally he thought of his squaw and little pappoose, and with a happy smile prepared to take them their share of the spoils.

The Forces

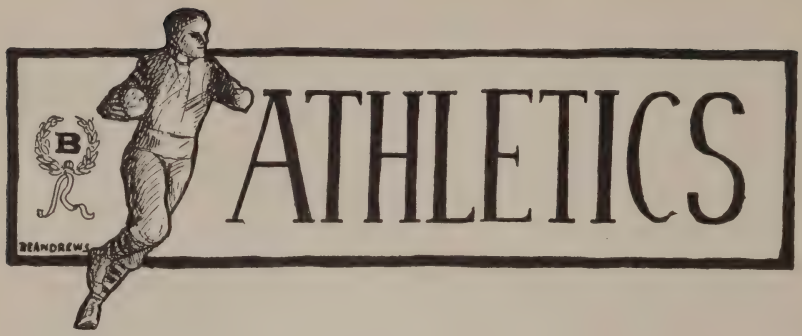
" . . . and the gods dragged Yoner's body into the centre of the abyss and there they fashioned the world out of it. They wrought with divine power and beauty, spreading out the great plains, cutting the deep valleys through the hills, filling the wide seas and sending the waters into the deep fjords; and over all they stretched the bending heavens, and north, south, east and west they set a dwarf to keep it in place. And they caught the great sparks that floated out of Masfielheim and set them in the sky, until the splendor of the stars shone over the whole earth. Around the world lay the deep sea, an endless circle of waters, and beyond were the shores of Jotunheim, the home of the giants."

Is this, then, the playground of some giant? As far as eye can reach stretch huge sand dunes, and below the sea foams. Great mounds of yellow sand tower on every side and at their base grow tall pine forests. The pine tops bend and moan in the wind, whitecaps appear far out at sea. The sky begins to darken with rushing clouds, broad flashes of lightning blaze through it and deafening peals of thunder crash across the heavens. Thor is abroad! The angry waves dash themselves against the feet of the copper-hued dunes in a vain hope to scale them. Back they rush—to return with redoubled force. The pines fling their long arms aloft in agony, the shrieking wind sends dense clouds of copper sand whirling into space! Thor and Mandelfare are at war! It grows darker, fiercer, wilder! Night falls.

. . . . . .

The wind dies, the angry sea flows back into its basin. Gylfe fills the heavens with a flood of light. The yellow sand dunes stand proudly out against the azure of the sky—the pines murmur softly, "Thor has won! Thor has won!"

M. O'S. '13.



HOCKEY.

On December 31 the High School hockey team defeated the Boston College High School at the Reservoir by a score of 6 to 1. Undoubtedly our team has got together and is now one of the speediest combinations on the rinks. Anderson, Murphy, Stewart, Emerson, Arthur, Sargent, Slocum and Rowe played for us.

On January 6 Brookline continued her victories by defeating the Brown and Nichols team.

Brookline had no difficulty in scoring, making seven tallies throughout the game. This was the first game at the new rink in front of the school and was well attended.

B. H. S.	B. & N.
Anderson, f.	Kenney, f.
Murphy, Stewart, f.	Winlock, f.
Emerson, f.	Curtis, f.
Arthur, f.	Brown, f.
Sargent, c. p.	Burrows, c. p.
Slocum, p.	Francke, p.
Rowe, g.	Underwood, g.

Referee, W. O'Hearn. Timer, F. O'Hearn.
Goals, Taggert and J. O'Hearn.
Goals by Arthur, 4; Anderson, 2; Emerson, 1.

HERE AND THERE IN ATHLETICS

John Halfenstein, ex-'11, won a first place in the recent Worcester athletic meet.

Brown, ex-'11, played a great game for the Brown and Nichols hockey team when they played against Brookline.

The Winchester Arms Co. has presented the Rifle Club with 2,500 targets. The U. M. C. Co. followed suit with 1,000.

A word about proper training should not be necessary, yet it appears that some fellows who represent the school in athletics have not enough spirit to deny themselves things for the good of the school and of themselves.

We still have hope for some future stars on the gridiron.. Some more little O'Hearns to come.

The jumping pit in the "gym" has proved a great help in developing material for the shotput as well as the high jump.

The track men are all working faithfully every day. They look like a formidable aggregation. Hight, formerly captain of the Portland High School track team, is a most valuable addition to the squad and bids fair to break the school record for the shot. When the meets come, get out and watch the team's showing!

The Gun Club has made many and rapid strides this year. Last year they proved themselves among the best and carried off the title of champions of New England. This year they are out for even larger game. A new feature of the club is the formation of class teams. These teams will shoot for trophies provided by the officers of the B. H. S. Rifle Club.

The Senior team is composed of last year's 'varsity.

The Junior team, with Hussey as captain, has a large squad: Nixon, Bickford, Williams, Furguson, Morse, Manning, Dean, Havens, Potter, Berkowitz, and Estes look like good material.

The Sophomore team also has a large squad. Besides Capt. Chandler, Stevens, Collard and Pond are expert with the rifle.

Cooley looks the most likely of all the members of the Freshman squad. Captain Crory looks for a great team.

E. P. Stone and J. Kingman are starting a nursery agency in connection with the women's exchange. All children cared for.

The exhibition held at the Gymnasium, January 18, was a big success.

Several meets have been arranged by Manager Stewart. One with M. I. T. Freshmen and one with M. I. T. Sophomores.

A curious combination of peace and war is illustrated by the fact that part of the B. H. S. Gun Club holds practice in the basement of a church.

Coach Carrell has his eyes open for good baseball material.

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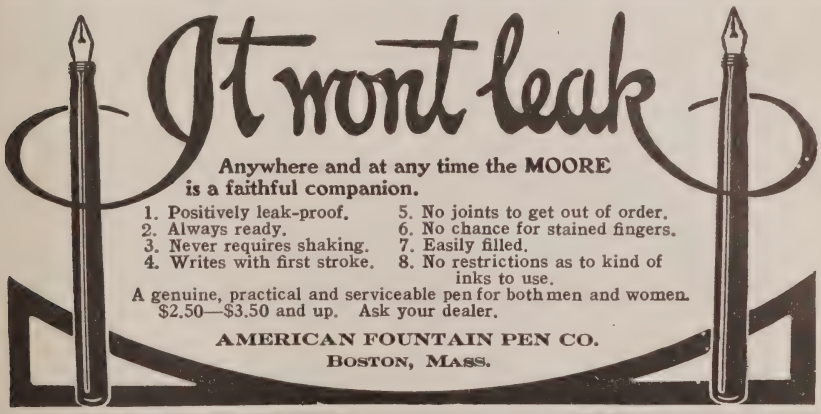
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Volume 17 MARCH, 1911 Number 5

The Sagamore

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII MARCH 1911 NUMBER 5

Editorials

THERE will be no triangular meet this year. For many years the school has been treated annually to an excellent track meet between Cambridge Latin School, Newton High School and our own.

At the executive meeting this year there appeared to be a deadlock. Newton refused to hold the meet on neutral grounds, saying that the outdoor tracks, such as the ones at Harvard and Irvington oval, were a menace to the proper condition of their athletes. Cambridge refused to run the meet off at Mechanics Hall because of the expense. We absolutely objected to the meet at Newton.

With this condition of affairs it was an extremely easy matter for us to crowd out Newton and hold the meet on an outdoor track.

But the policy of our athletic committee is to let the other fellow do the thing, which has a question of unsportsmanlike attitude in it.

The result of the whole matter is that Newton is to hold the meet with Cambridge Latin and we are out of it.

All this seems to be plain enough. But is there any underlying reason for this situation? Brookline and Newton have each one leg on the trophy which would go to either school for permanent ownership in case of a victory. Brookline is represented this year by one of the strongest and best balanced teams in her history. Newton, on the other hand, has a mediocre team, and the sole reason given for not holding the meet, when it might be agreeable to all parties, was that Mr. Adams, the headmaster, refused to permit his men to run out of doors in winter. This same out-of-door

training is done at Harvard and most all of the colleges, besides most preparatory schools.

We regret that we did not continue friendly track relationship with Newton this year, but we feel that Newton is acting without precedent in not being willing to play off a tie on neutral grounds.

Since the above was written, Newton and Cambridge have held the meet, with Newton the victor by the expectedly large score of 53–10. Newton now has permanent possession of a banner which was half ours.

It seems impossible that we have nothing to say about the banner of which we own a part.

The Value of High School Training for Business Life

(From an Interview with the Head of a Large Boston Department Store.)

THE value of a High School training is a big topic, but it resolves itself to the fact that a boy on entering a high school should with the advice of his parents and the consideration of his natural inclination, decide what his life's work is to be. If the boy has a mind for scientific work he will retard his eventual success or be put to an uncongenial task by pursuing a classical course of training. The need of vocational schools is being recognized and the movement is on foot in Boston to try to determine the percentage of pupils who desire a vocational training. If eighty per cent of the boys desire such a preparation then that percentage of such schools should be established.

In business, it is all practical and not theoretical. Therefore, the business course should deal with practical business training. The amount of good which boys receive at certain commercial high

schools in the city of Boston is inestimable. Beyond the mere training of the brain, which is of obvious value, these high schools give to boys, preparing for business, a definite business training. Business German, business mathematics, business terms and conditions are impressed on their minds. Lectures are given at the schools by prominent business men. Trips are made to the leading commercial houses, and the boys are given an opportunity to see and study the conditions as well as to become efficient in handling commercial work.

The value of such a training for business is of great consequence, because it does away with the apprenticeship in commercial lines by sending the boy out into the business world with a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of what is expected of him.

Stuck-in-the-Mire

IT was not his fault that Indians have a propensity towards naming their children after some object, animate or inanimate, that strikes their range of vision; neither was it his fault that an army wagon, loaded to its utmost capacity, had stuck hub deep in the soft snow and mud that composes a northern road in summer; nor was it his fault that at the same time and place of the wagon episode, his father, Two Wolves, was seated by the roadside busily engaged in racking his brains — which is indeed a terrifying duty — in order to find some suitable name for his pappoose. Nevertheless, despite the given facts that he was not to blame, he was duly given the cognomen of Stuck-in-the-Mire.

To us cultured Americans it seems a shame, perchance, to send one forth into the cruel world with such a name for a handicap — and if you yourself do not believe that the world is cruel, ask some wronged hero or heroine of melodrama. To the Indian, however, — who is not cultured, since his mind is trained in a different fork in the path of education than his white brothers — the name

is but a custom and the man is judged for himself and not for the appellation that his father has chosen to confer upon him.

Be that as it may, Stuck-in-the-Mire scurried through the many trials and tribulations of early childhood without any serious trouble due to his name, and sprang up into a better-than-the-ordinary Indian boy. Also, being wise beyond his years, he listened; and if he had any opinions to express, expressed them to himself.

Two Wolves was as rich in his little pond as a steel magnate is in Pittsburg, and instead of steel, his stocks and bonds were composed of dog packs which were let to various Indians not progressive enough to have their own. Naturally his low, rambling log house served for the same purpose as a village postoffice. The guides, trappers and carriers flocked there on their return trips to render an account of their journey; and since each wished his own adventure to seem most exciting, he exaggerated in a way to make a patent medicine manufacturer blush for shame. In the long winter evenings Stuck-in-the-Mire sat in the darkest corner of the room, and undetected, drank in the tales of the Wild which the Indians, safe and secluded before a roaring fire, told; then as the evening waned and the embers burnt lower and lower, the boy staggered off to his blankets, his whole being intoxicated by the stories of the Great Unknown.

As the years rolled on, some lingering as if loath to die, others hurrying onward as though pursued by some relentless enemy, there was but one course that Stuck-in-the-Mire would take: His father must give him his finest pack of dogs headed by the "snarling wolf" whose prowess was an established fact among the canines of northern dogdom. With these dogs he would eke out a living from the Wild and from those beings that make the Wild their home.

For only one year was he a trapper; but in that time, spurred on by the love of adventure for adventure's sake, he set foot in many a place that had never trembled under the foot of man before his coming. The chances are that he would have continued this life, and at the end of a certain span of years would have

brought home Starlight, his playmate in youthful days gone by, for his squaw. But the Fates intervened by reason of gold being discovered in the Klondike region. Men of every stamp and breed rushed there to lay claims; and in their anxiety to reach this new El Dorado, they carried as light a load of supplies and furs as possible. Rumors of the mighty find had been cast about in swirling tides, and one little outlet had swept on its way into the Indian village where Stuck-in-the-Mire dwelt; there it poured forth its tale of the discovery and of the enormous profits made by those who cast dice with death in their endeavors to carry supplies to the men shut in among the frozen wastes of the Klondike.

Many a time had Stuck-in-the-Mire wished to cross the dreaded Chilkoot Pass, whose upreared head was eternally covered with the snow. Now with some attraction holding forth outstretched arms to him on the other side of the barrier, he quickly prepared for the venture that men had made and would make, induced by the lure of gold. He packed his furs and set out alone. In replying to his tribesmen's endeavors to make him take some other Indian with him for safety's sake, he said, "I man — need not help of others."

Never would he forget that first trip when he stood at the foot of the mountains and gazed upwards at the seemingly impossible path; nor would he ever forget the Storm King's sullen leer and touch of death as he hurried through the defile as fast as his dogs could travel; nor at the base of the other slope, Boreas' wail of anguish as one more soul passed unscathed through his domain and entered into the great land beyond that cried out with promise.

It is needless to describe his welcome in that settlement which was soon to have the dignified name of city, for one only needs to picture with what joy a beleaguered town greets supplies and news from the world outside, from which it has been severed for the time being. The skins and furs that Stuck-in-the-Mire had been wont to sell to the Hudson Bay Company for food and raiment, and sometimes a little credit, brought prices that even in his wildest fancies he had never dreamed of, much less hoped for.

It is also needless to state that with such remuneration one can hardly blame Stuck-in-the-Mire — or Old Mudguard, as he was christened by some facetious miner — for wishing to repeat his expedition into this new land of gold where, if danger, so also reward was great.

For five summers he plodded back and forth from Dawson, each succeeding summer increasing in wealth and confidence until at last he was prone to laugh at death as he trod up and through the Chilkoot Pass.

When he had amassed enough gold-dust from his plying trade to support the whole Indian settlement including the dogs, his wedding to Starlight was set for the week after his seventh and last journey. He gave Shooting Star, the father of Starlight, many furs and bottles of that beverage known as fire-water, in exchange for her. He had decided that this should be his last trip, for supply stores were springing up over night like mushrooms and goods were being sold at a normal price — about 500 per cent profit.

When he arrived in Dawson, he imparted the news that he was to be married and that this was to be his last coming. The miners, who liked the Indian, chose a committee to send and request Steve Ryan, owner and manager of the Palace Saloon — the name of which by the way, was the only asset that reminded one of a palace — to keep open all night for a little celebration. There was no newspaper in Dawson then, so the celebration was not announced a success in print; but it is enough to state that work was suspended the greater part of the following day by those taking part.

Stuck-in-the-Mire, quite a little the worse for wear, started back homeward amidst wishes of good luck. A day passed; and then, as he stood at the foot of the mountains, an unaccountable fear stole over him. For the first time he felt his inability to cope with the mighty denizens of the air. The dogs had stopped as if they too had received some premonition of danger; but at his command they started again on their wearisome journey. Their ancestors had never been cowards; neither were they. The top of the pass

was reached and he gave vent to an exclamation of relief, adding something about Steve's whiskey making him into a squaw. Then the clouds burst . . . even today the oldest miners tell that there never had been such a storm before nor since as that which raged in 19—.

Stuck-in-the-Mire had never experienced a tempest there, but many a time he had seen mines that lay unworked, mute testimonials of the toll that the "pass" had claimed. The dogs, losing all sense of direction in the blinding flakes, floundered hopelessly around until their master was forced to abandon the sledge and trust to himself. From all directions icy hands stretched out to drag him down, and the wind piercing through the narrow pass hurled drift upon drift of snow upon the figure silently plodding onward. The outcome was hopeless, but it was not his nature to give up. Years and years ago when the world was in its first stages, his forefathers had fought to the end against the Great Unknown. Now, perhaps in the same spot where their bones lay hidden by the transparent crystals that make the Chilkoot Pass their home and grave, face to face with death, he struggled onward. At each succeeding step he sank deeper and deeper into the snow that rose like waves, in whose powerful currents the body is but a toy to be cast about and then hurled downward into destruction. He fought off the icy clutches, knowing that their hold meant death, but as time stalked slowly onward, second by second, he was seized by their grips. Slowly the muscles of his legs relaxed, and he faltered as a sweet numbness stole over and enveloped his body. He saw before him the Indian village, his cabin, Starlight.

. . . . . .

Many feet beneath the snow on the summit of Chilkoot Pass lay an inert figure with unseeing eyes. Stuck-in-the-Mire had in truth made his last journey; and high above the pass came peals of derisive laughter as the Storm King saw one more soul enter into his domain, never to leave.

J. H. S., '13.

Our Play of Fashion

THE word "fashion" literally means "the custom of the many," but the expense incurred in satisfying this whim has become so great that the word has now come to mean "the custom of the few." Fashion, in its first signification, is the same in school and out, and does not vary much from one generation to another; but if the word is taken in its general meaning of "the latest manner of dress," we find that it is quite in evidence in school, and changes radically from season to season. All the newest fads in dress are sure to appear at High School, for young people are always ready to seize upon anything which will satiate their desire to be up-to-date. And are our girls an exception to the rule? Well, let us see!

Let us consider for a moment the apparel for the head which is seen about school. These productions of the millinery world — dare I call them "hats"? — are certainly ingenious and a credit to their makers. Unlike the Turkish women who veil the lower portion of the face, our young damsels conceal by these inventions the forehead and eyes; whether or not for the same reason, I will not undertake to tell. At any rate, the results are disastrous, for a fellow must either duck down so as to peep up under to see if he knows a girl whom he meets on the street (which must be disconcerting to the girl, especially if she finds it is a fellow whom she does not know), or he must pass by looking straight ahead and with a feeling that he may have unconsciously slighted a friend. I would therefore venture to suggest that the girls follow the advice given recently in a magazine, that a little door should be made in the side of the — yes, it is rather venturesome, but I will call it a hat — the hat, then, through which the passerby may look in upon the fair maiden concealed behind the brim.

Although the hat is the most objectionable feature of fashion found in high school, there are many other articles of apparel seen among our girls which show that they are not behind the times. There is, for example, that one solitary curl which hangs down coyly behind the ear. This is, I find, strictly an article of apparel,

and not, as some are led to suspect, a gift of nature. Then, there is the wide, patent-leather belt which some prefer of vermilion hue and others of sober black; there is the waist and skirt of dark, blue cloth fitting closely around the upper part of the body and hips like a Wright and Ditson advertisement of jerseys; there is the light brown coat which has appeared since the cold weather and which closely resembles a gentleman's bath robe; and finally, there is the close-fitting yarn hat, also a new arrival on the tide of fashion and not so bad, after all. Now some bright individual will note that the hobble skirt has been left out of consideration. I beg to assure such a person that this has been done purposely, as I consider and I am sure the girls will agree with me, that it would be very out of keeping to give a hobble skirt much space.

The girls, however, are not the only followers of Fashion's train. The boys also have their fads. One of the most conspicuous of these is the manner in which they arrange their neckwear. To be absolutely correct, one must wear a collar two and a half inches in height, the edges of which must come absolutely together from top to bottom in front. The necktie to go with this collar must be thin, bright colored, of great width, and tied in such a way that the knot is almost invisible while the rest of the piece spreads out conspicuously in every direction.

The sterner sex has also many minor ideas in regard to clothing which are "subject to change without notice." The overcoat must be worn with the collar invariably turned up; the waistcoat, which must always be worn this season, is considered far more "the thing" when embellished with a white cord running around the neck; and low shoes, or better pumps, must be worn whenever there is a little snow on the ground.

In conclusion, remember Pope's advice:—

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

H. S. B., Jr., '11.

Touching Tale of Terrible Times

IT all happened last June in Hardscrapple, a crummy little hole in northeast Vermont. We were the "World-famous trio of moving picture artists, including the Smythe Brothers and Professor Symes, the eminent elocutionist, come to grace this town for one night only;" and we exhibited pictures, as our pink and yellow posters further affirmed, "for which a King's ransom had been paid." These pictures, which we exhibited in the basement of the village meetinghouse to such curious farmers as could be chisled away from a dime apiece, were, as the gate keeper (Smythe, Sr.) surreptitiously told all comers, "the identical original plates of the Jeffries-Johnson fight as displayed privately before the crowned heads of Europe, now exposed for the first time to the public optics of North America." In reality the pictures were of the fight between the Boston Tar Baby and a chap called Papke.

For some weeks our world-famous trio had been on the rocks, financially. I, Symes, Prince of elocutioners, was hired by the Brothers Smythe to "spiel" to the rustics, while Smythe, Junior, threw the plates on the bedsheet; and Smythe, Senior, looked after the gate receipts. My wages ($10 a week and eats), had been paid regularly — all except the ten dollarses — and I was hanging to Smythe, Senior, like fly paper to thwart any desire on his part to abscond with the dough. He probably didn't have any, for so few people came to see our performances that board and traveling expenses ate it all.

Among the few people who did come to our entertainment on the night in question, was one of whom we shall hear anon — and to him adheres a tale. It happened thusly:—

The pictures were half over, and the Tar Baby (alias Mistah Johnson) had made the pseudo Jeffries take the count, when a much bewhiskered individual in blue jeans arose from his seat in the front and only row of spectators, and marched up to me with dignity.

"Look yer, mister, I'm Mayor of this yer county; we're an enlightened, law abiding community, and we don't stand fer no sech disgustin' exhibitions as ye've showed us tonight. Boston ain't got nothin' on us fer culture; so, I hereby calls off this show, and s'peanie you fellers to appear before me tomorrer fer trial fer runnin' an improper an' revoltin' establishment. Out yer git now an' no back talk. Move, I tell yer!"

Of course we raised a howl, but the rest of the cultured and refined audience aligned itself on the side of law and propriety, and herded us out of the building. Disgruntled and cursing, we went to our lodging and to bed, after hearing the landlady (to whom we had given complimentary tickets) say what she thought about "allowin' tough city folk in her dwellin'."

Next morning I woke with a start to find that the Brothers Smythe had already, apparently, descended to breakfast — we slept in the same room for purposes of economy. Upon further investigation, however, I found that my watch and eighty-four cents cash had gone with them, and worst of all, my shoes. I lost no time in hustling downstairs, in my somewhat openwork-stockinged feet. There I found my landlady in animated conversation with his worship the mayor.

"Here's the last of 'em," she said as she spied me, "and he's trying to sneak out too. I'll trouble you for my bill, young man, one dollar and thirty-five cents!"

I temporized, and explained the situation. From the mayor I drew the information that my companions had gone South on the earlier freight, taking their lantern which they had rescued through a window in the meetinghouse.

"An' bein' as I'm constable, I hereby holds you as bein' accessory to the crime of burglary," he ended.

Well, first I tried my powers of elocution in an outburst of passionate entreaty. Somebody has said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and all I ask is to be led to him to give a pugilistic demonstration; he's a deceiver of the innocent and ought to be lynched. I found oratory was wasted, so I thought of force;

this idea fled up the chimney at sight of the shiny pitchfork which the constable grasped. One alternative remained—flight. The next moment I was out of the door, beating it and the mayor down the road — me in stocking feet and a hurry; he in a rage.

"Stop, thief, in the name of the law," he bellowed. Stop I did, in the shade of sheltering woods, after I'd put a mile between the constable and myself and had stumbled violently into a tangle of briars. There I left the rest of my socks, so let us drop the curtain a little on the next few hours. Suffice it to say that a farmer caught me stealing his strawberries about four o'clock in the afternoon, and chased me with a rawhide whip, helter skelter across a new mown field. The stubble felt most horrible, and every step I took stimulated me to take a longer one till I finally left the field in a series of leaps that would have distanced a kangaroo. After this animated performance I picked my way across country — sometimes through woods, sometimes over fields — till dusk closed down and I crept into a haystack and fell asleep.

Morning came and with it a feeling such as only shipwrecked mariners and the walking skeleton in Barnum and Bailey's feels, a feeling akin to hunger, only more so. I lay in the hole and debated whether I should follow the example of Nebuchadnezzar or whoever was the fellow that ate grass; but at last I decided not and scrambled out into daylight. I crossed half the next field at a slow hobble; then I was inspired to dash the rest of the way. No particular reason impelled me except that I thought I might be in the way of a two-ton bull who seemed interested in crossing where I stood. From the other side of the fence I pasted him with stones for a few minutes, then was forced to resume my travels by the advent of an excited farmer.

About ten o'clock that night I sneaked into a village, I knew not what, and found myself by accident outside the village store. Clearly 'twere better within; and as all seemed dark and still, I entered through a loose window and helped myself to a pair of boots. Then I nosed around for eats; and here, in a zeal to oblige the inner man, I knocked over a few lamp chimneys. Simultaneous

noises in the sleeping rooms above told me that I was more needed elsewhere, so I lifted a few sociable looking packages off a shelf and made a getaway. A mile back in the woods I sat down to a — repast; even now as I think of it 'twould seem the taste lingers. First I opened a large lightweight package which I suspected of being breakfast food — it contained clothespins! Next package, a pasteboard one, I opened to find a powdery substance, which I attempted to sample, but not quite, for in the faint moonlight I saw "Rough on Rats" in warscare headlines on the cover. Curses! The third and fourth packages were a can of "Finklestein's Superior Pork and Beans with Chili Sauce," and a pound package of International hen food, "Makes 'em lay" brand. When I found that I had neither can opener nor knife, I turned my eyes heavenward and quoted Dante, then fell tooth and nail on the "makes 'em lay" and put myself outside of every crumb. Here, gentlemen, I will be brief; I will not draw tears to your eyes by depicting the harrowing incidents of the next hour. They ended with my crawling out onto the railroad track and praying for a train to run over me — but the engineer saw me and stopped within a foot! His charge was a slow freight; so, after I had got out of its way, I jumped a lumber car and went with it as it moved on. At daybreak we reached a station. I jumped off with joy and found the town was — "Hardscrapple!"

Back to the iron horse I skipped and this time we made a long run which landed us in Montpelier. I hobbled to the Salvation Army home, worked enough to set me on the road to wealth, and since then have been running a detective agency. I'm sole manager, owner, employe; I'm engaged in looking for some people called Smythe, and when I find them I'll — well, I spare you the morbid details.

G. H.,'11.

Never Again!

AS I was seated in one of the rear seats of an open car, my attention was called to a man and a woman, who were seated three seats in front of me. The man was sitting on the outside, the lady on the guard side. Now, there was nothing peculiar about this, but what attracted attention was the fact that every time the car stopped and the woman attempted to get off, the man would forcibly detain her. Everyone in the car was visibly annoyed at the man's seeming insolence. What seemed all the more peculiar was that the conductor made no effort to stop it.

I grew more and more angry as this treatment continued, but resolved not to interfere. But I felt that it was time to move when, finally, a woman next to me said heatedly, "Well, if I were a man, I'd never sit by and watch that! The man is a brute!"

I arose and went forward on the running board to where the man and the woman were seated.

"See here," I exclaimed angrily, "what do you mean by such actions? You ought to be arrested." The man's only reply was a bland smile. I would have struck him, if the conductor had not come up and exclaimed to me, "What right have you to insult a passenger?"

I began to protest violently and the conductor pushed me off the running board. Fortunately, the car had almost stopped and there had been no danger in my descent.

Boiling with anger, I rushed up to a policeman, who was standing on the corner. I told him my tale of woe. Glancing at the car which had just started, he answered with a laugh, "Why that's Detective Norton after Mrs. Smith, the notorious shoplifter," and I turned away muttering to myself, "Never again!"

F. G. B., '11.

A number of High School pupils will participate in the Fifth Festival Mandolin Concert which will take place under the direction of G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell at Jordan Hall, Wednesday, March 29.

The Senior class held a meeting on January 25 to elect a class photograph committee. After a rather lively contest, Isabel Houghton and Hilda Hedlund were chosen to represent the girls, and John O'Hearn, William Rowan and Joseph Hickey the boys. Eric Stone was unanimously elected prophet in place of Cyril Jones, who has been obliged to resign the position.

Dr. DeWitt G. Wilcox of Brookline gave the boys a very instructive talk on Friday morning, January 27, on the subject of hygiene and physiology.

Le Cercle Gaulois held one of its most interesting meetings on Friday afternoon, January 27, to which the members of the three upper classes were invited. Mme. Darmond, well known in French circles as a reader, furnished the afternoon's entertainment. She gave several recitations and readings from the best French authors and poets, besides many little anecdotes which proved highly amusing. Such opportunities as this of hearing good French cannot be too highly estimated, for it is only by hearing French as spoken by natives that one can familiarize one's self with the correct sounds.

Among the recent visitors to our school was a party of Argentine Republic school boys who are spending their summer vacation in the United States and Europe. These boys, whose names are

Rauol Alvarez, Oscar Lopez Camelo, Emilio Esteban Gonzalez and Oscar Achinelli, are from the preparatory department of the Colegio Nacional at La Plata and are all members of prominent Argentine families. The father of Alvarez is vice-president of the university at La Plata, and Gonzalez' uncle, Dr. Joaquin V. Gonzalez, is a member of the Hague Court. The party was in charge of Mr. Charles L. Chandler, B. H. S.,'00, who is the United States Vice-Consul General at Buenos Aires.

Eleanor Allen of the second class left on February 16 for Cuba, Jamaica, the Barbados and Bermuda. Miss Allen will also visit the Panama Canal, her trip lasting a trifle over a month.

The school will miss Van Bibber's snappy xylophone playing greatly, now that he is no longer with us.

The Class of 1911 no longer has Elsie Page nor T. Emerson Murphy among its number. T. Emerson intends to prepare for Harvard at Stone's School in town.

On February 7 at the Gym, Florence Eisenhardt, '12, won the first prize for the Senior girls' afternoon class.

Marian Feeley, '13, has left B. H. S. and is taking a course at the New England Conservatory of Music. Marian's brilliant musical tendencies were of great benefit to the school and we shall miss her exceedingly.

As we go to press, Mr. Snow has not yet sufficiently recovered from his illness to return to school, and his position is being filled by Miss Sophronia B. Rich who comes from the Framingham High School. For several weeks, Mr. Snow has been confined to his home by a very severe attack of grippe, but he is now reported to be steadily improving. We hope that by the time this number is issued he may again be restored to health and to the school.

Miss Marshall is still at Rome where she is studying at the American School. Judging from the letters which are frequently received from her, she has been having some very exciting experiences about which she must tell us on some Friday morning after her return.

Miss Wolverton, who substituted for Miss Knowles and Mr. Snow, has accepted a position in the Winthrop High School.

Mr. Hitchcock was present at the annual reunion of the faculty of Pratt Institute at Brooklyn on Saturday evening, February 4. He was formerly one of the directors of this school.

Miss Mary P. Frye, who was connected with the B. H. S. for a great many years, was back again at midyears to take charge of some of the English examinations for Miss Spaulding. Miss Frye is always welcome in whatever capacity she returns to us.

Rehearsals for "Christopher Junior," in which Martindale Shedden will play the title role, are now rapidly progressing under the careful coaching of Mrs. Christabel Kidder. The play will take place on Friday evening, March 24, in Shailer Hall.

It is planned to reorganize the Mandolin Club next year with Sargent as leader and Goodnough as manager. No attempts, however, will be made this year to re-establish this most entertaining organization.

The formation of a Girls' Glee Club is to become an accomplished fact. Admission to membership will be by competition open to all the girls of the school. All are urged to come out for it, as the promoters of the enterprise assure us that it is to be an organization well worth while.

Girls' Debating Society Social
February 14, 1911

Oh! We sing to the Red and Blue.
Pledge our loyalty here anew
To the finest school you'll find
For the training of the mind,
Though you search the whole wide world all through.
And just grinding isn't all we do.
In debating and athletics too,
We're the very best thing,
So it's plain why we sing,
Oh! Brookline High School, here's to you!

The social given on February 14 by the Girls' Debating Society was a huge success. There were two hundred and fifty girls present and every one of them had a thoroughly good time. Rachel Albee, the president, welcomed all the girls and introduced the first speaker, Mr. Chisholm. The latter in a short address urged all the girls who were not already members of the club to join at once. "For," he said, "the club develops qualities to fit girls for future work in life." The next number on the program was a Greek dance given by Miss Donna George, a former member of the High School. Miss George's dancing was extremely artistic and showed thorough training and long hours of tedious practising. Then came the "Grand Wigglers." Scene 1 was in the corridor of the High School; and scene 2 supposedly in the Gymnasium. The following girls took part: the Misses McClure, Damon, Southwick, Hedlund, Bacon, Belyea, M. Hunt, Hudnut, McNaughton, Roberts. Thérèse Jacob played the accompaniment. The next number was a Spanish dance by Miss George which was wildly encored. Then a large Valentine containing a small child appeared on the platform while Miss Tappan and Miss Damon sang a Valentine song. The singers were hidden from the audience and the whole effect was most charming. Then all present rose and joined in singing a spirited school song written for the occasion by Miss Waldo. After the chorus had been repeated again and again, refreshments were served and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing.

The members of several of the art classes have recently been making some very artistic posters which have elicited commendation on all sides. There are many artists about school who are continually making masterpieces, but who never give the rest of us the benefit of them. If you are one of this class, try your hand at a sketch for the dramatics. We want to see you all represented on the bulletin board before the end of the year.

DEBATING CLUBS

The first debate of the interclass series was held on Thursday afternoon, January 19, in the lecture room. The question for debate

was, "*Resolved*, That the United States is pursuing the correct policy in increasing its navy." The affirmative was supported by Fessenden and Haslam, representing the Seniors, and the negative by Ferguson and Hussey representing the Juniors. Fessenden opened the debate by showing that the navy is not adequate, owing to the increased responsibilities which the United States has had to bear since the Spanish War, and that the coast fortifications are surprisingly defective in their ability to defend the maritime part of the country. He declared that Japan was armed to the teeth and that Germany was looking on America with eagle eye as a barrier to its growth. Lack of confidence detracted from the force of the speaker's arguments. In dealing with the negative, Ferguson laid stress upon the expense of armaments, giving statistics to show what could be accomplished by the money which is yearly spent on battleships. Haslam, the second speaker for the affirmative, pointed out that increasing the navy would insure peace as, if this were done so as to make us equal to Germany on sea, the only cause of fear would be removed, inasmuch as England, the only nation stronger in this respect, is friendly to us. Hussey, in resuming the argument of the negative, demonstrated that an increase is useless and that other methods can be substituted to bring about the desired results. The debate then being thrown open to the house, Barnet, Wyman, L. Ballou and Williams participated. In the rebuttal Ferguson gave more statistics to support his arguments and Haslam refuted several of his opponents' statements. Mr. Miller, in the capacity of judge, gave his decision in favor of the negative, being supported in this by the house. Mr. Neuton Stern, the president of the club in 1907–8, gave an able criticism in which he urged the members to keep continually in mind what they are to prove and not to bring forth a flood of arguments without making any attempt to refute those of the other side.

The Boys' Debating Club held the second of the interclass debates on Thursday afternoon, February 9. The Sophomores upheld the negative, and the Freshmen the affirmative of the

question, "*Resolved*, That football should be abolished as an interscholastic sport." For the affirmative, Jackson and Bemis showed that football is of benefit to but few, and is dangerous and detrimental to players' ideals. The arguments of Spitz and Kaiser for the negative were that football is less dangerous than other sports, a maker of men and a means of bringing thousands into the open air. When the debate was opened to the house the following Freshmen and Sophomores spoke: Swett, Stevens, Derr, Kramer, Lehrburger, Craig and Driscoll. In the negative rebuttal, Kaiser proved that the arguments of the affirmative were not well taken as they were based on college football. His opponent, Bemis, admitted this but said that the same arguments apply to interscholastic games. The judge and critic, Mr. Colton, gave the decision to the negative. The house voted for the affirmative.

The Boys' Debating Club held a meeting at recess, Monday, February 13, and decided to have a new series of debates to give those interested, who have never debated, a chance to see what they can do. These debates will be held on the Thursdays when no regular debate is held. The subjects will be current topics; the speakers, who will not use written speeches, will be coached by the older members of the club and other members will judge and criticize the debates.

Program of Boys' Debating Club for March:—

March 2 (alternate week series). "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should give $100,000 per annum to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology." The affirmative will be upheld by Conroy and Lehrburger, the negative by Whitney and Kramer.

March 9. "*Resolved*, That Boston should adopt a commission form of government."

March 23. "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should adopt, as part of its legislative system, the initiative and referendum." The speakers for the affirmative are Barnet and Pollard, for the negative Clarke and Swett.

On January 24 the Girls' Debating Club held its fifth meeting of the year. It was the interclass debate between the Freshmen

and Sophomores, but not many Freshmen came to support their class. There was a great deal of business before the regular debate, and through this work the club is steadily becoming better acquainted with Parliamentary rules. The subject of the debate was, "*Resolved*, That entrance to college should be by examination only." Miss Eleanor Carlton and Miss Alice Burdett upheld the affirmative for the Freshmen, and both made some very good points. Miss Louise Roberts delivered both her own debate and her colleague's, Miss Dorothy Rhodes, who was unable to speak because of a severe cold. The points which Miss Roberts brought out on the negative side of the question were all very good, and her delivery was excellent. The speakers from the floor were the Misses Faxon, Allen, Hunt, Snell, Fisher, Hudnut and McNaughton. Miss Roberts took up the rebuttal for the negative, Miss Burdett for the affirmative. The vote of the house was unanimously for the negative and Miss Waldo, the judge, gave her decision to the same side. Miss Wolverton gave a brief, but useful criticism.

Alumni Notes

1900. Charles L. Chandler, American Consul General to the Argentine Republic, recently made a visit to this country accompanied by five students from the University of La Plata, Argentine Republic. They visited Harvard and the Brookline Schools.

'02. The engagement of Max L. Talbot and Kate R. Meredith of Richmond, Va., has been announced.

'05. Mrs. Chester Weber announces the engagement of her daughter Helen, B. H. S., '05, to Mr. Henry Erhard, Harvard, '09.

'06. Margaret C. Williams, who graduated from Radcliffe College last June (cum laude), is now teaching Latin and German at Miss McClintock's private school in town.

'06. Emilie H. Everet, Radcliffe, '10, is studying at the School for Social Workers in town.

'06. Alice Driscoll, Radcliffe, '10, is studying at the Boston Normal School.

'06. Louise Hopkins, who sailed last October for an extended trip through Europe, is now at Cannes.

'06. Pauline Burke has sailed for Bermuda on a few weeks' trip.

'07. Among the recent engagements announced is that of Edward Sanford to Miss M. G. McCann of Somerville.

'07. Helen Slagle is a member of the Wellesley Glee Club, which gave a dance at the Somerset Hotel, February 13.

'07. Charlotte Hudnut, '07, and Ruth Hudnut, '12, recently gave a very delightful reception in honor of Miss Irving of New Jersey. Among those who assisted in serving were Pauline Dennis, '08, Mabel Furber, '08, Esther Albee, '12, and Margaret Carlisle, ex-'13.

'07. Charles Hann, Jr., is a member of the Senior Button and the Photograph Committees at Harvard.

'07. Gordon Glazier is successfully situated with a Boston wholesale hatter firm.

'07. "Don" Stevens and Lloyd Cooley are members of the Senior Honorary Society, "Osiris," at Tech.

'08. Coburn L. Smith held a large reception at his home on Beacon street, after which there was a theatre party at the Colonial. The occasion was his twenty-first birthday.

Ex-'08. Wellesley J. Seligman is one of the authors of the coming Tech Show, "Frenzied French."

'08. Gladys Smith has a position in the Chatham Square branch of the New York Public Library.

'09. Sam Breck was on the victorious Sophomore tug-of-war team at Tech and "Bill" Mattson on the victorious relay team.

'09. Wallace Rand made his class relay team at Williams.

'09. On February 4, Ethel MacMillan was married to Paul Hurlburt of Boston.

'09. A recent meeting of the B. H. S. Club at Tech was held at the home of "Bill" Mattson, '09. Mr. Mason of the Brookline Gymnasium addressed the boys. A plan is on foot for a joint

meeting with the Harvard B. H. S. Club. "Bill" has been elected secretary of the club.

Ex-'09. The marriage is announced of Sally Dunbar to E. E. Richards of Brookline. The bride was given in marriage by John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre, and her only attendant was Mrs. Craig (Mary Young) of the same company.

'10. Alex Hammer is out for Freshman crew at Yale.

'10. Allan Dexter is out for Freshman crew at Princeton.

'10. Rebecca Phillips is at Bryant and Stratton's.

'10. Mary Duffey is taking a course at Burdett's Business College.

'10. Jean Christie will return to Brookline in the latter part of May to take her entrance exams for Wellesley College.

'10. "Didi" Brown recently danced a witch dance at Miss Caper's school in Northampton.

A new and popular sport pursued by E-t-s and M- N-gt-n is the Deer Hunt.

McG. — "When o and u come in a word which do you umlaut?"
Miss B. (drawl) — "O, u!"

Afternoon session. Mr. C. — "What is the answer to your Problem?"
Pupil — "Three officers and fifteen and a half soldiers."
Mr. C. — "Where's the rest of the soldier? This isn't a butcher shop; we're doing algebra."

Question in Physics — "How many grams in a meter."

Mr. C. — "You might get it right twelve times and wrong the thirteenth."
B-ck-r. — "Yes, thirteen is unlucky."

How old is Miss C? She speaks of having been familiar with Caesar.

III History B. — "Can you tell me of what Caesar died?"
D-rr. — "Yes, he drank himself to death."
Teacher — "Wherever did you get that idea?"
D-rr — "Well, the book said he died from over thirty Roman punches!"

Barnet in III German A, upon being asked to name an animal, a handsome animal, an animal which gives us meat, an animal

which gives us milk, a useful animal, etc., reiterates, "Eine Kuh" in each instance.

Miss A. (finally bored) — "Yes, eine Kuh is a very useful animal to those who know the name of no other."

More III Hist. B. — "Doesn't anyone know what Caesar died of?"

Wisdom Personified — "Ah, er-er, he died from death!"

R-yn-lds has been excused from track practise; Mr. C-rr-ll is afraid "Cy" will get lost down one of the cracks in the floor.

I Physics B. B-rn-t — "See that string holding the ten-pound weight? Well, that's a pretty learned string."

H-sl-m (falls for it) — "Why so?"

B-rn-t — "It's very taut!" (Dodges meter stick.)

Coincidence — In Latin Paces means peace, in mathematics war.

Suggestions recently offered for debate by our clubs:—

1. "*Resolved*, That the mark of D should be abolished."
2. "*Resolved*, That the hot dogs be muzzled."
3. "*Resolved*, That the tiddledewinks team be awarded "B's."

"There is a young girl named O'Shea
Who tried for a part in the play
And what do you think
(Now it may make you blink)
But she made jolly good, so they say."

There was a young fellow named Clarke,
Who said, "Goodness me, I'm a shark!"
Now this may be true,
We will leave it to you,
But in Greek he is all in the dark.

III French A. (C-s- translating) — ". . . and every evening she answered the letters received in the next day's mail."

III English A. Spitz — "The rag man called four times a week annually."

II Hist. B. — Miss Bouvé makes the mysterious assertion that "all is fair in love." Show us more.

The most popular girls at the Debating Club entertainment were the Misses Leach and Ballou.

Miss Churchill — "By what class of people was the business of Sparta carried on?"
N-g-l (awakes suddenly) — "The women, bless 'em."

Dr. Roberts — "What answer does 'N-um' imply, Spitz?"
Spitz — "Yes, I didn't."

New nasal organ discovered by Newton, who asserts he heard a man snoring through a keyhole.

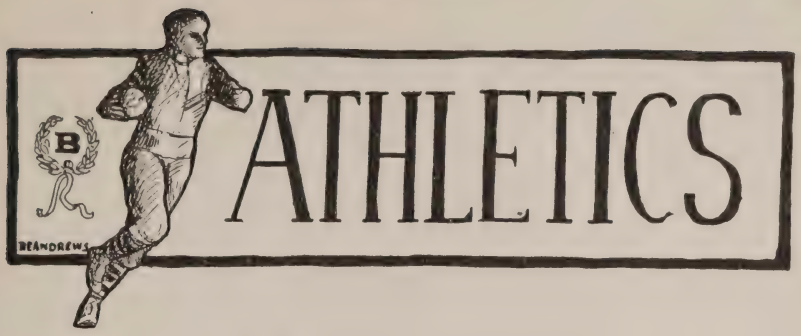
P-tt-r says he would like to live in the woods like a savage.

III French A. Miss B. — "G-dn-w, do you find the point of that pencil very interesting?"
G-dn-w — "No, it's very dull."

Why is a fourth declension Latin verb like an old maid?
Because there's no bo (beau) in the future.

Extract from II Eng. Theme — "He glued his eye to the telescope."

History — "Did King Harold paddle his own Canute?"



B. H. S., 1913, v. N. H. S., 1913

Veni, vidi, vici on February 3. Veni refers to the Brookline sophomores, vidi to Newton drill hall, and vici to the Newton Sophomores who are in the accusative. The final score was B. H. S., 1913, 36; N. H. S., 1913, 27.

Swett started the meet by winning first place in the 30-yard dash, with Wales of Newton second and Case third. Time, 3.3 s.

Newton evened matters up by securing first and third places in the 1,000-yard run. Growth won, beating out Spitz by a yard; Achorn was third. The Sophomores wearing the orange and the black forged ahead in the next event, the 300-yard dash. Ellis of Newton was the victor, with Case and Hicks second and third, respectively. The high jump was a clean sweep for our Sophomores, Dexter, Spitz and Chandler dividing the honors. Murphy of Newton won the 600-yard dash, with Case second and Growth of Newton third. Dexter won the shotput with a heave of 33 feet, 2 inches. Growth of Newton was second and Chandler third.

As a fitting climax to his good work, Dexter broke the record for the 30-yard hurdles, and incidentally won them. Time 4 s. Newton Sophomores secured second and third places in this event.

The B. A. A. Open Meet

On February 11 the Boston Athletic Association, according to its custom, held an open indoor track meet in Mechanics Hall.

Brookline High sent six entries, Capper, Stone, Hight, Mason,

Shedden and Wyman. Capper won his heat in the 600-yard dash, beating the renowned Mel Sheppard of the N. Y. A. C. In the finals, Capper, with a handicap of fifteen yards, was beaten by Harry Gissing of the N. Y. A. C. for third place, finishing a good fourth. Eric was running third in the 1,000 when somebody stepped on his heel and knocked his spikes off. He stepped aside and put on his shoe, and then "hiked" it off after the rest, finishing seventh. Hight won third place in the shotput with a heave of 39 feet, 9 inches. Shedden won his heat and finished fourth in the finals, a foot behind Horner, the all-around Michigan star. Mason and Wyman finished third and fourth respectively in their 40-yard heats.

In speaking of the Brookline athletics we must not forget to mention Oscar Hedlund of the "Gym." Oscar is in a class by himself — for that matter so is Kiviat — and if he hadn't been boxed repeatedly the chances are that Hedlund would be inscribed upon the Hunter cup instead of Kiviat.

Taken together, the work done by our runners was very creditable, considering the "specialness" of the different contestants. Hight, especially, looks good for first place in the shotput when all the schoolboys get together in the interscholastic track meet held under the auspices of the B. A. A.

B. H. S. v. M. I. T., '14

On February 18 the Brookline High School track team defeated the Tech Freshmen in an exciting track meet, by the close score of $36\frac{1}{3}$–$35\frac{2}{3}$.

Silver medals were awarded to all first place winners.

In the 35-yard dash, Nordell tied with Wilson of Tech. Third place went to Bowler of Tech. Time, $4\frac{3}{5}$. The draw for the medal was won by Wilson.

Bowler of Tech barely beat out Haven Mason in the 300-yard run, Hiller of Tech coming in third. Time 41.2.

Capper ran a beautiful race in the 600-yard event. He won over Fox of Tech who was considered as a sure winner by the

Technologians. Case of B. H. S. finished a good third. Time, 1.24$\frac{2}{5}$.

Tech took all places in the 1,000-yard run, Nye, Newlin and Lee coming in, in the order named. Time, 2.38.

We recuperated at once by taking all places in the shotput, Hight being an easy first to Wyman and Barnet, second and third, respectively. Distance, 39 feet, 10 inches, 16-pound shot.

In the mile, Shedd of Tech came first to Cyril Jones, who made a good second. White of Tech finished third. "Dimple" Priest came in fourth, making the surprisingly good time of 8 min., 32 s. Time, 4.57$\frac{3}{5}$.

Dexter was in a class by himself in the high jump, winning with a beautiful jump of 5 feet, 7½ inches.

Crory, B. H. S., Hill and Eberhard, both of Tech, tied for second place at 5.5½.

The last and most exciting event was captured by Shedden, who won first place, followed by two Tech men, giving us the meet by two-thirds of a point. Time 6 s.

Here and There in Athletics

Manager Stewart is arranging for a triangular meet with English High and Malden. The interclass meet will come the latter part of March.

The B. H. S. hockey team has been disbanded and the league game played with Newton forfeited. Playing under assumed names and other irregularities were considered when disbanding the team. It is now understood from good authority that Capt. Arthur Foote of Newton was ineligible to play, because he was down in his studies.

On January 28 about two hundred fellows showed up at a "Dutch Supper" given under the auspices of the Brookline Gymnasium, in honor of the victorious football team. The first part of the evening was taken up by interesting and amusing speeches from prominent athletes. "Dick" Floyd, as chairman, introduced Captain Withington of Harvard, who told the fellows what a bright spot

that victory would be in their memory. Charles Hann related many amusing incidents of the "All Star" trip. Other speakers were Mr. Nichols, who presented Captain Collins with the interscholastic championship banner which was won by the B. H. S. crew last June, Mr. Mason, who congratulated the team and later gave a very interesting exhibition of Jiu Jitsu, Coach Carrell, who complimented the whole squad on their steady work and efforts throughout the season, and Mr. Hitchcock, who gave out the trophies, which were beautiful gold footballs. The speeches were concluded with some rousing cheers lead by Stewart. The supper was raided, and all the fellows enjoyed it immensely. The evening was without doubt a most successful affair.

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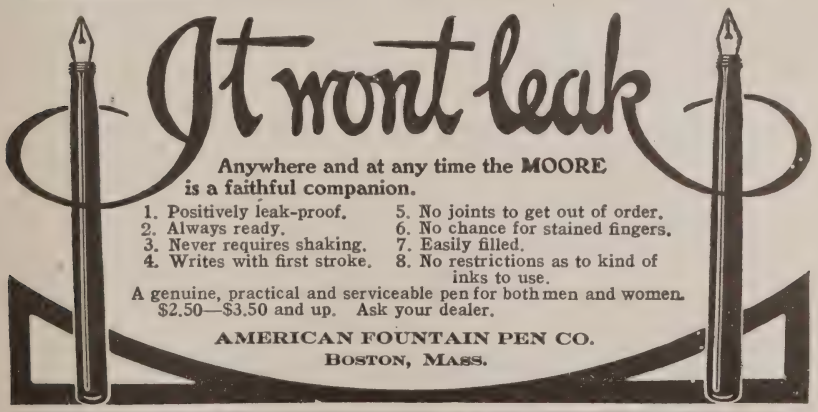
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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII APRIL 1911 NUMBER 6

Editorials

THE action of the Brookline High School Club of Harvard in presenting a cup to the school for intellectual as well as athletic competition demonstrates unusual interest on the part of the alumni in their former institution and is a commendable performance in more ways than one. In this school we have few prizes compared with some boarding and private schools where the prizes outnumber the students; but what we have promote the greatest effort and interest, and suffice for their purposes. So far it has been the man who has specialized who has won his trophy; this had to be because the trophies were offered for special objects. In this latest addition, however, we see the beginning of a new era, that of the all-round man. Here is a chance, not for the man who is the best in some special event or study, but for the capable chap who can turn his hand and mind to many things and yet keep a good average in all.

The spirit evidenced by the violin quartet certainly seems worthy of mention, the more so as it typifies the spirit of the whole school. The quartet in itself is not an unusual body — there are similar organizations in many schools — but the work of the members is the remarkable feature. Where congenial persons assemble with musical instruments there is never a lack of music, but usually it is the popular song or the catchy, easily learned variety. In the case of the quartet, however, the boys rendered hard classical selections, and so well that there remains no doubt but that the performance was the fruit of diligent practice. The inclination to attempt the harder things every time is so rapidly growing stronger in our school that it may fairly be said to characterize us.

Interview with Mr. Arthur W. Spencer

EDITOR OF BROOKLINE CHRONICLE

To the Pupils of the Brookline High School: —

I have been asked to write something about the good opportunity for practice in writing which your school paper affords. I do not feel that my advice is likely to have any particular weight, but I would like to help those who do not sufficiently appreciate the value of this opportunity to seize it before it is too late. Moreover, as I am interested in the success of the *Sagamore* as its first editor, I naturally find it somewhat hard to decline the invitation.

It seems almost superfluous to say that the ability to write correctly — I do not say elegantly — is one of the first essentials of a good education. It would greatly surprise you if you knew how many so-called educated men there are, occupying important positions in business and professional life, who are incapable of preparing an article for the press in such form that it does not need to be edited. It is equally astonishing how many business men there are who are incapable of dictating an ordinary business letter and who rely on their stenographers to correct their errors of composition. Such faults are not necessarily the result of any lack of educational advantages, for the men are frequently college graduates; they are the outcome of lack of practice in an art which all should cultivate, without regard to their vocation in life. Literary excellence, of course, is within the reach of but few, and is based upon a natural gift which a very small proportion of your numbers possess, but the faculty of expressing oneself in good English can be developed by any one willing to make use of every opportunity to acquire skill. To supply that opportunity and that incentive, it seems to me, is the principal reason why a school paper exists.

You have established this school paper, and are supporting it, not simply because other schools have them — for that would be

the stupidest sort of a reason — but because you wish to provide an outlet for the best literary effort of the school. You choose a board of editors who are supposed to be the students best fitted to take charge of the work and you are willing to abide by the result if they do not see fit to accept your productions. In fact, the rejection of your manuscripts may be one of the best things that could happen to you, in pointing out the dangers of over-confidence and self-complacency — faults closely allied with diffidence and sloth. Only by giving your editors an abundance of material to choose from can you discipline yourselves and set a high standard for your paper. You should regard your paper as of just as much benefit to the unsuccessful as to the successful contributors.

Your *Sagamore*, I think, deserves to be considered one of the best of the many splendid educational advantages which your school offers, and it is in your power to reap immeasurable benefit from it if you but have the inclination.

ARTHUR W. SPENCER.

The Monster of the Sand Wastes

EVEN on this forbidding day little Jim and I took keen delight in roaming over the vast sand stretches and over the Cape Cod dunes. There was not a living soul to be seen. At the hotel, all the ladies were huddled around the open fire in the drawing room, knitting or embroidering — also talking. My, how they did talk! It was no place for Jim and me, so even though it was cold and drizzling, we bundled up and started forth.

There was not much wind — the sedge grass only nodded, and the cold gray sea would seem, after an interval of perfect calm, to pick itself up and gently surge over the dreary beach; but the sky was like lead, and there was something ominous in its appearance. After we had tramped for nearly three miles the rain suddenly ceased, and there was not a sound but our own footfalls in the soft,

mushy earth. We might have been entirely out of the world on this awful bleak space — amid the solitude, the black skies, the far stretching, gray land, and the almost deathly hush Then a low rumble! Thunder rolling behind those distant hills, increasing in sound! Silence — then a regular bombardment! Jim and I were only ten, and like so many others a thunderstorm had no charm for us.

"I know a place where there is an old deserted house; we can find shelter there if you hurry," said Jim. And did we not hurry? — well! Already we could see far around the side of a hill the little tumble-down shack. Again the calm — but we accelerated our speed, although it seemed as though we had already run as fast as it was possible for us — the calm, and then the storm broke! The wind blew, the seas raged, the lightning leapt down from the clouds and the heavens thundered as though they were rent in twain. The earth seemed to tremble beneath our feet. A cyclone of wind and sand came toward us, and the rain was like to beat us to the ground.

And now what comes you may or may not believe, as you like; and if you are like the rest, you will laugh as you read — but even to this very night I can see the whole scene before me as though it were yesterday — and it was no laughing matter indeed!

While thus the elements raged as though to destroy the earth, even above the tremendous hurricane I seemed to hear a panting behind me as of some mighty creature — I felt a hot breath on my neck — I turned. Words cannot express the horror that chilled my blood as I saw a huge monster, black, with bloodshot eyes, claws extended, bounding along after us. I felt ready to swoon, and Jim saw it. He must have been of stouter heart than I, for he grasped my hand and pulled me along, half fainting. I was ready to give up. Once I stumbled over a rock, but Jim pulled me on still. I could hear soft, heavy footfalls behind me. A strange feeling possessed me to look. I turned and fell. With sheer force Jim pulled me up.

"Hurry!" said Jim. "Hurry! we have almost reached the shack!"

With one final leap we dashed against the worn-out door — it gave, and together we fell inside, the door banged to and we waited. How many more minutes or seconds had we of life? Was he at the door now — the monster? Oh, the horror of the waiting, you can only half imagine! But, as half fainting we lay there, nothing happened. The wind shrieked, blinding flashes of lightning dazzled us, the thunder bellowed, that was all.

After hours upon weary hours the thunder died away, the rain ceased and the wind was but a whisper. Then the great glorious sun streamed through the broken windows, and upon the floor where we lay. Oh, the relief of it! Not one word had we said since we entered the shack; but now we sat up trembling, white-faced and looked at each other.

"You saw it?" asked Jim weakly. I nodded.

So we sat there until we gained strength enough to rise and go back to the village — but believe me, we went by the road; and even then, though the joyous sunshine streamed upon us and all was fair, if but a wind blew on our necks or an apple fell to the ground, our blood would run cold — and so it was for two or three days.

The tale is told. You may laugh now, but the village people did not laugh; they had always known of the "thing" that roved over the sand wastes during a storm. It had done so for a hundred years, and does so to this day. It cannot hurt you, for it is supernatural, but you do not stop to think of that if it is after you with its fiery eyes and its claws, and the whole black mass of it rushing along. It is all true. You are laughing? Very well, but if you should ask any of the people that live around there, they would tell you too — and I hardly think that even you would then venture out on that particular stretch of country in a fierce storm — would you?

'12.

A Don Quixote of the Force

THAT a night watchman may have a highly romantic temperament is, for some reason, a thing not generally appreciated. And yet this was the situation with Mr. Finnegan. He yearned for adventure; something to bring fame and glory to his name; something to make the little Finnegans proud of their pa.

But, so far, nothing had turned up, and he was clearly becoming bored with his job. For two months, of thirty-one nights each, he had paced back and forth the monotonous length of his beat, guarding with Cerberean eye the great stores with their valuable contents — but all to no avail. What earthly use was there, he thought, of watching over things which nobody ever made any attempt to carry off! Finally, on the sixty-third evening, his luck seemed to change, and his career, for the time being, became extremely eventful.

That particular evening, the first of February, he was crunching his monotonous way through the snow, and, as usual, ruminating upon the insufferable sameness of his existence, when a sudden noise from the rear made him turn about. To his startled vision appeared what seemed to him a pinwheel of arms and legs whirling rapidly toward him. Upon second view, this resolved into a human form, and the flying legs and waving arms were seen to belong to a wiry, excited little man. Rapidly the stranger drew near enough for Finnegan to notice that he was moderately well dressed and also that his face was marked by a long blue scar running obliquely across one cheek. The little man waited for no introduction.

"Off'cer!" he panted, "there's a robbery goin' on! Come on, there ain't a minit' to lose!" and without another word he darted off again the way he had come, with the astonished executive of the law lumbering in his wake.

At the end of the block his escort stopped.

"Here's the place," he announced, "and there's the werry spot where I seen the rascil go in!" He indicated a window on the first floor.

At this point, strange to say, a change came over the mind of Mr. Finnegan and he seemed completely to ignore the fact that the favorable moment for gaining his much-desired glory was at hand. Prudence now held the upper hand. All this while his guide was dancing excitedly up and down and urging him by all the gods to hasten. But Mr. Finnegan paused for reflection. This opportunity of capturing the robber single-handed was not to be ignored. His ambitions soared once more; he pictured himself at home: a medal was gleaming on his broad chest and he was modestly relating his adventures to an eager crowd of neighbors. Prudence is swept to the winds and valor holds sway; for, firmly gripping his night stick, Mr. Finnegan is preparing for the onslaught.

Then, all at once, a series of events occurred with the swiftness and regularity of a cinematograph.

As the two approached, a window on the far end of the building banged open; a dark form appeared and proceeded, without the slightest hesitation, to drop down to the sidewalk.

"There he is!" cried the little man, "quick! you'll lose him!" Mr. Finnegan was suddenly waked to the realization that with the escaping marauder was also disappearing his long-sought-for renown. With a bellow of rage he started in pursuit, waving his night stick frantically, and entirely forgetting, for the moment, to use his revolver. Around corners, through drifts they dashed — this way and that — the pursued keeping just ahead and seemingly unable to pull away; the pursuer straining every nerve, and puffing like a pair of bellows. Over fences they clambered, through back yards, stumbling over barrels and boxes.

Finally, when the exhausted constable had all but caught up with the flying figure ahead, his quarry suddenly darted into a labyrinth of black alleys and vanished utterly. For two hours, Finnegan searched vainly, ransacking every nook and cranny, raging up and down like a foaming boar, but his prey had disappeared into thin air.

Thoroughly worn out and disgruntled, he at last gave up and painfully picked his way back.

The next morning (and its time and date have remained indelibly imprinted in Mr. Finnegan's mind — it was February second at nine o'clock) — he was summoned to headquarters. His thoughts were in a whirl. Had they heard of his adventure of last night? Were they going to reward him for his work? Ah! at last fame was his! With his breath coming in quick gasps, he pushed open the office door. His superior looked up. Finnegan's pulse was going four hundred to the minute by his own calculation. But what are these words that come to his amazed ears?

"Well, can you explain a wholesale jewel robbery on your beat last night?"

Robbery! Why, sir, he had chased off a robber last night, but the man had nothing — of that he was quite sure, for he had many times been close enough to see.

"Hm! and what about his pal, the little fellow with the blue scar on one cheek?"

Mr. Finnegan gripped the back of a chair and he began distinctly to feel the world going round under his feet.

"Howly mither of Mike!" he murmured to himself, "Howly mither of Mike!"

And so, you see, Mr. Finnegan's luck had not changed after all.

W. M. S., '11.

The Villain

(A profession found in dime novels and melodrama.)

HA! HIST! S'death! The footlights are turned low and a figure glides noiselessly across the back drop! The music is hushed! The audience holds its breath; no sound is heard but the cracking of peanuts! Suddenly the drum rolls, the music breaks forth and the stage lightens! A sigh of relief escapes from the audience! The villain is introduced!

We see the figure of a man, in evening dress, crouching, with a lighted match in his hand, before a painted paper barrel labeled "Powder." The face turns towards the audience and smiles fiendishly. [Hisses from the fourth gallery. The villain bows; acknowledging the commendation.] His head is covered by black hair, brushed sleekly down to his skull and curling at his forehead. A long thin moustache curls up around his ears and a diamond stud, made of plaster, illuminates the shield-shaped front of a "boiled" shirt.

There is a dramatic pause as the villain eyes a colored boy in the peanut gallery, who has an apple-core, and the audience breathes in quick gasps of excitement. Having assured himself that the negro is not going to hurl his missile at that moment, he begins.

The prelude is a spasmodic twitching of his face, moustache, hair and hands, followed by an indrawn breath. Suddenly conversation starts with an explosion: "Ha!" (pause) "I have her in muh power!" Shaking his fist towards a jail-like painting on the back drop he cries, "Magdeleene Cavendish, yuh would defy muh wishes! Never does one cross muh wishes who does not suffer! Muh reveng-g-ge is near. Yuh wil nevah escape from yon tomb before this powder blows yuh tuh de sky!"

Just as the villain puts the match to the powder, the hero rushes in, stamps out the flame and overcomes the villain, while the curtain falls before anyone knows what has happened or how!

This is the typical villain and his act. The hiss of the peanut gallery is music to his ears, the cat-call is to him as a bunch of "American Beauties" to the leading lady of the chorus.

Now, after reading this discourse on what the villain does, you may well ask, what does he accomplish? The idealist would say that he shows the audience what not to do. The cynic replies that he teaches naughty boys new tricks. But, I say, he is earning money to make his wife, children and aged mother-in-law happy. Is that not the highest aim in life — to make others happy?

E. P. S., '11.

The Masterpiece

WITH his hand upon the door of the eating house, he stopped. He had completely forgotten that there was not a cent in his ragged clothes. With a half gasp he turned and continued his swaying, shuffling walk down the street, his unkempt head bowed as if under the pressure of a mighty hand.

It was a nasty day, making the city shiver and hide itself within doors. The rain slid endlessly down in long, slanting lines, veiling the damp world in a gray, misty curtain; hissing and lisping along the pavements; splashing the windows with long, glistening tears. Little rivers gurgled and chuckled to themselves under the eaves and then spattered monotonously down upon the pavements.

About midway the length of the street and at right angles with it, was a narrow black alley, imprisoned between two rows of dingy wooden buildings. Into this the man turned, seemingly unconscious of the downpour beating upon his thinly clad shoulders, and presently arrived at a doorway, which, so far as appearance went, might have been any other doorway in the long row. Here he stopped and, raising his drawn, twitching face to the heavens, drew a deep breath — perhaps a sigh — and then softly opened the door.

As he ascended the rickety stairs, an odor of cooking smote his nostrils. He hesitated as the thought came to him that he had not eaten for three days. A wave of despair swept over him and his flushed cheeks went dead white for an instant. Then he shook himself together and went reeling on up, his head throbbing as if beaten by thousands of tiny trip hammers.

On the top floor was a little room, close under the rafters, freezing cold in winter, suffocating in summer, and always reeking with dampness. Here he entered, and with trembling fingers closed the door behind him. It was a pitfully shabby room. The walls, bare of any ornament, disclosed great cracks where the chill wind found easy access. In one corner was a small cot covered by an

old shawl; in the other was a pile of paintings stacked against the wall back outwards, and all with the same pitiless inscription scrawled across the back, "Rejected."

But the occupant of the room was not looking at these; his gaze was fixed upon a large canvas on an easel near the only window, with several brushes in a cracked pitcher near it.

For a long time he stood thus, his shoulders bowed, dully staring ahead. Seconds and minutes ticked by, and he still remained motionless. Suddenly his face brightened, his whole body became animated. With feverish haste he seized a brush, mixed some paints, and seated himself before the easel. A red spot glowed in each cheek and his eyes gleamed with an unnatural light. Hour followed hour, and yet he painted on. He felt himself strong again, almost buoyant. At five o'clock the factory whistles far off boomed forth, commanding the tired workers to cease their labor. Soon after, a clock somewhere below tinkled out its five little strokes. Another hour went by. Quarter past, half past, now it was slowly creeping toward seven. His throat was parched and his head began to pulse again, dizzily. The painting before him seemed touched with gleaming points of light, dancing hither and thither like fiery little demons, and an incessant ringing was beginning to sound in his ears. Somehow, everything seemed far off, as if he were in another world. The canvas appeared to be moving, now forward, now back. And all the while a voice seemed to urge him on. He must finish, he told himself; he must. Blinding flashes of pain ran over his whole body and the ringing was becoming louder and louder. Now it sounded like the roar of a great cataract. He lurched dizzily forward and the palette fell from his nerveless hand.

All at once he seemed to hear sweet music and voices drawing nearer and nearer. He struggled to rise, but his limbs collapsed beneath him. With a little sob he gave up, and a black curtain came before his eyes.

. . . . . .

The morning sun was gleaming warmly down upon the wet rows of tenements when they found him. Strange hands lifted

him up and carried him off and away. But the picture on the easel was carefully wrapped up and offered for sale along with the other stuff in the room; for even the dead must pay their debts.

The next day, as chance would have it, a big automobile drove up before the tenement, scattering ragged little children right and left, and three men stepped out. One of them, a tall thin man, seemed very much excited. With wonder the little urchins watched them enter the battered doorway and hastily clamber up the shaky stairway. "P'raps they've heard about the old feller's picters," suggested one. "Mebbe he's sold a picter and made a hit after all," answered another.

As it happened, both were right. For the three men were known by the city as "prominent art connoisseurs," and the tall, thin one was reverently examining the "old feller's" last "picter."

"A masterpiece, by George, a masterpiece!" he was murmuring to himself. W. M. S., '11.

Mr. Smith and Ye Gentle Moose

IT WAS just on the border edge of the primeval wilderness, where the amber colored waters from the Cinnamon Ridge enter Little Loon Lake through Maxwelton Gap River that the precocious Mr. Smith decided to rest his work-weary bones for his two weeks' holiday. With him in the buckboard that brought him to the little white farmhouse, were a rod, a gun and a camera; to these few possessions might be added Mr. Smith's genial, lack-lustre personage and a boiling desire to enlighten the ignorant natives of rural regions on all subjects under the sun, whether Smith knew anything about them himself or not. On the whole, he was a harmless sort of chap; this the natives soon discovered and did not take offence when he told them about all branches of their own business. They in turn instructed him about the wild creatures, and told him the safest way to stroke a bear if he met

one, told him of the lovely playfulness of the lynx and of the friendly disposition of the wild cat.

When he was not disseminating or absorbing knowledge Mr. Smith roamed around with rod and gun and made many partially successful attempts to catch trout and kill sparrows. Finally he broke his rod and used up all his cartridges; from then on the camera was his solace and the apple of his eye.

One day Mr. Smith borrowed a small rowboat and hied himself and camera upstream a few miles till the rowing became hard. No blistered hands for him, by Jove, so he ceased pulling and drifted back again, sitting comfortably in the stern and admiring the green banks and great forest trees as they slipped past. Now and then he languidly helped his craft across stretches of lily-covered dead water. Finally, rounding a bend approaching one of these, he saw ahead of him a great, shaggy, grayish black moose, almost hornless at this season, that was gorging itself on lilypads and rushes. The heart of the voyager palpitated nervously. Was he to pat this beast, or offer it a handful of rushes? He decided to do neither, but to sit very still, and when he got close to take a few pictures of the brute.

Meanwhile, the moose sucked in the lilypads with many a gurgling snort and smacking of the lips. He was back to the boat, and totally unconscious of its approach; he was enjoying himself immensely and said so. Mr. Smith, thirty yards away, felt his heart disquieted within him at the sound of the bubbling, but lo, was not a lamb fearsome and violent compared with a moose? So said Michael Cosser, the postmaster, and he was a mighty man in the neighborhood and knew such things. So Smith, holding his breath, let the boat drop down the channel till it came almost opposite the animal, then he stood up softly and clicked the camera. With a snort the lord of the forest wheeled to make investigation, and important things dated from that second, happening quickly. The moose gazed a second, long enough to let Smith click his camera again. That was his signal for starting, and he bolted for the shore. Unfortunately, the boat lay between him and the

nearest land, but why mind trifles? He landed in the boat in a whirl of hoofs and snorts, knocked out its bottom and vanished shorewards in a smother of foam and splinters.

And what of Mr. Smith? When the moose boarded him, he mysteriously disappeared, and for a moment his whereabouts were not apparent, then a muddy, dripping, ghastly-looking object crept out on the bank and wiped the slime from a wonder-struck and disgusted countenance. He shook his fist at his cap, floating down stream, at the masticated boat, at the world in general; for a harmless man he failed to look the part.

"And they said the moose was a gentle beastie," he groaned.

"MOOSWA."

NEWS NOTES

A pleasant change from the regular Friday morning talks was the musical entertainment furnished the school on the morning of February 24, when the Violin Quartet made its first appearance in public. The debut of this organization, which is composed of Shedden, Sargent, Jones and Hunneman, was creditable alike to the players and the school. All of the selections, which consisted of three compositions of Dancla and a "Recueillement," were remarkably well rendered and gave evidence of much careful rehearsing on the part of the young artists. It is to be hoped that the appreciation of the audience as manifested by the hearty applause will induce the quartet to appear before the school again in some one of our entertainments.

The Girls' Glee Club is now thoroughly organized and well on the road to fame as one of the institutions of the school. The response to the call for candidates for the club exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the girls who agitated the plan, and from these singers has been formed a club of eighteen members consisting of first and second sopranos and tenors. The results of the meetings which are held weekly are very encouraging. Marjory Ward has been elected president, and Ruth Hudnut treasurer. The musical committee is composed of Frances Hall, Nellie Woodward and Katharine Tappan.

A distinct honor was paid to our school on February 24 when Mr. Hitchcock was invited to be the guest of honor at an afternoon tea given in the Phillips Brooks House in Cambridge. Many of the B. H. S. Alumni who are at Harvard were present. Similar

gatherings are held weekly at this house to which men prominent in the field of education are invited. This is only one of many manifestations of the reputation which the Brookline High School has in the world at large.

On Friday morning, March 3, the Brookline High School Club of Harvard gave the school a cup which is to be presented this June to the boy of the Senior class who in the four years' course has attained the greatest excellence in studies and athletics combined. The presentation address was made by Mr. Richard C. Floyd, B. H. S., '07, the president of the club. The speaker, in describing the club, said that it was first formed ten years ago, but it soon passed into oblivion owing to lack of interest of the members; and it was reorganized three years ago by a B. H. S. graduate who noticed the large number of our alumni at the university. The club at present has a membership of about forty. Mr. Floyd told of the loyalty to their alma mater which pervades our graduates at Harvard and said that it was not until they reached college that the fellows first began to realize what the B. H. S. had actually done for them. He laid especial stress upon the fact that the athletic part of the school life is a side issue, and that studies are the most important subjects to be considered. The cup was then given over to Dr. Roberts for safe-keeping until the time of presentation. In a brief speech of acceptance, he said that we always take things which come our way, giving as examples of this our various championships in recent years. He also gave interesting reminiscences of Harvard as it was when he was a student there. In response to Mr. Hitchcock's motion, it was unanimously voted that the club be thanked for its very generous gift to the school. The decision as to whom the cup will be given will be made by a committee composed of Mr. Hitchcock, Dr. Roberts and Mr. Carrell.

That long awaited talk by Miss Adams on her experiences in Germany last year was finally given on Friday morning, March 10, much to the pleasure of the school. Miss Adams dwelt chiefly on the habits and customs of the Germans and told of the many

changes which she noticed the nation has undergone since she visited it ten years ago. She told many amusing stories, showing the extreme politeness of the public servants, such as the conductors and waiters, and the generosity of the big-hearted German women. It is the instinctive custom of the Germans, she said, to hold the women in less esteem than we do here. The women of the lower class, for instance, are often seen employed as hod carriers, coal shovelers, and street cleaners. The schoolboys are the hardest worked of any in the world and illiteracy is here, therefore, the lowest of that of any country. The leading characteristics of the Germans she found to be the seriousness with which they enter into all their undertakings, the absolute devotion which they entertain for their institutions, and the love of music which is seen in their land as nowhere else. Miss Adams' talk will be remembered as an interesting portrayal of our neighbors across the sea.

The new method of entrance to Harvard College will be of interest to many of our pupils. In accordance with this plan, which goes into effect this June, candidates may either proceed as in former years — namely, by taking enough examinations to be credited with twenty-six points with which they may enter the university without conditions, or they may use the new alternative; namely, that the candidate shall present to the university authorities evidence to show that he has had a satisfactory school course and shall prove his good scholarship by taking examinations in four subjects, part of which may be selected from a large number of subjects. The examinations must all be taken at one time and not, as by the other method, in June or September as desirable. (A full explanation of the new method is to be found on the bulletin board outside the library and should be carefully read by all prospective students at Harvard.)

Several of our boys are engaged in canvassing subscriptions and reporting for *The Chronicle*. Among these are Barker, Briggs, Newton, Pollard, Hussey, Berkowitz and L. Ballou.

Katharine Tappan, '12, will play the piano in Shailer Hall on Friday mornings during the rest of the year.

The subjects for the J. Murray Kay prize essays have been announced. They are "Brookline's Wisest Position in Regard to the Greater Boston Movement" and "Brookline in 1950; a Glimpse into the Future." Only Seniors are eligible to compete, and all essays must be handed in by April 20. The successful contestant will be announced and the prize awarded on graduation night.

The Senior Dance Committee consists of Elinor Driscoll (chairman), Marion Mills, Dorothy Rogers, Florence Belyea, Eric Stone, Edward Stewart and Starr Ballou. Already the committee is hard at work to make the dance even more successful than those in previous years.

Mr. Packard recently gave a lecture at the Spencer High School on "Everyday Physics." The State Board of Education, under whose direction the lecture was given, is attempting to induce teachers of the sciences to bring the study of physics in their instruction into closer relation with nature than is done at the present time.

DEBATING CLUBS

The subject for debate at the meeting of the Boys' Debating Club on February 23 was one of vital interest to all the fellows in the school; but in spite of this fact, the attendance was very small. The question was, "*Resolved*, That the B. H. S. should re-establish its cadet battalion." The affirmative, supported by Bickford and Dean, showed the benefits to the students' health obtained from drill and that a battalion would develop alertness, discipline and orderliness in our boys. Their opponents, Williams and Wyman, proved that a school battalion would not fit one for army life and that in every way gymnasium work is far more beneficial. They also pointed out that uniforms are costly, the appointment of officers a cause for jealousy, and that in our program there is no time for drill. The speakers from the floor were Spitz, Ferguson, Barnet, Kaiser, Kramer and Hussey. In the negative rebuttal, Williams stated that certain members of the faculty disfavored the

idea on the grounds that the old battalion caused confusion. Furthermore, he proved that the boys are "set up" as well by Mr. Carrell as they would be by any drill-master, and that there is excellent discipline in the school today. For the affirmative, Bickford said that the cost of uniforms is not exorbitant and that drill could be fitted into our program. The judge, Mr. Bridgham, awarded the debate to the negative, being supported in this decision by the house. Miss Liden as critic condemned the lack of preparation and poor enunciation of the speakers. She also said that in the rebuttal one should refute the main arguments of the opponents and not merely the minor points.

The first of the new alternate week series of debates which are managed entirely by the boys took place in the lecture room on Thursday afternoon, March 2, and was a greater success than was expected. The question before the house was, "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should give $100,000 per annum to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology." The affirmative, Lehrburger and Conroy, proved that Tech's expenditures exceed its resources and that the state, which pays far less for education than many western states, can well afford to give this amount. The chief arguments of the negative, upheld by Kramer and Reinherz, were that Massachusetts cannot afford to give so much support to an institution which draws nearly fifty per cent of its students from outside the state and that with proper management Tech does not need pecuniary aid from this source. When the debate was opened to the house, Derr, MacLaughlin, Bickford, Hussey and Ferguson spoke. Kramer, in the rebuttal for the negative, showed that M. I. T. has resources and that it is well established, while the western states support institutions which are just beginning their work. His opponent, Conroy, proved the state wealthy and Tech deserving of its aid. In criticizing the debate, L. Ballou said that the speeches were delivered too much with a view of getting through quickly and that too many statistics were used. The judges, Little, Newton and Nordell gave their decision in favor of the affirmative and the house did the same.

The Boys' Debating Club convened on March 9 to consider the question, "*Resolved*, That Boston should adopt a commission form of government." For the affirmative, Jones and Berkowitz showed the difference in construction between the commission form of government and the city council working under the direction of the mayor, and the advantages which have been gained in other cities by using the first method. In taking up the negative, Tyler and Dowsley proved the necessity of having one man at the head of the government as has been shown in history from the earliest times; and he said that with each member of the commission at the head of a department some of them would be sure to have departments to manage about which they knew absolutely nothing. The only speaker from the floor was Kramer. In the rebuttal for his side, Jones presented many arguments to prove that the commission form of government would eliminate ward politics. Dowsley, opposing him, said that the commission method had been used with success only in times of emergency and pointed out its great expense. Mr. Chisholm, as judge, said that the affirmative used too much exposition and not enough argument, and he therefore gave the debate to the negative, the house supporting his decision. Mr. Snow in his criticism said that there was a lack of plan in the way the speakers handled the subject and showed how they should have arranged their outline in preparing for the debate. On the whole, he thought the debate to be commended, as the speakers had been thrown entirely on their own resources in preparing their speeches.

Program of Boys' Debating Club for April: —

April 13. "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should adopt, as part of its legislative system, the initiative and referendum." The speakers for the affirmative are Barnet and Pollard, for the negative Clarke and Swett.

April 28 (Interscholastic debate). Brookline *vs.* Newton at Brookline. Same question for debate as for April 13.

Some Friday morning in the hall (interclass debate series). "*Resolved*, That the United States should fortify the Panama

Canal." The Juniors, upholding the affirmative, will be represented by Ferguson and Hussey; their Sophomore opponents by Derr and Paine.

On February 21 a meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held at which there were fifty girls present. The subject, one of general interest, was, "*Resolved*, That women should have the vote." The affirmative was supported by Miss Bacon and Miss Keegan, representing the Senior class. Miss Snell and Miss Southwick upheld the negative for the Juniors. Those who participated in the speaking from the floor were the Misses Damon, Hall, Hudnut, Roberts, Hastings, Fisher, Clark, Gibbons and Morris. Miss Liden, the judge, gave her decision to the negative. The judge's decision was followed by a brief and favorable criticism by Miss Smith.

At the meeting of the Girls' Debating Club held on March 14, the question read, "*Resolved*, That employers should be liable for the life and health of their employees." The affirmative was supported by Mary Joyce and Sabina Gibbons, the negative by Anne Gibbons and Lillian Williamson. Miss Southwick and Miss E. Fisher were the only speakers from the floor. Mr. Chisholm, who acted both as judge and critic, gave the decision to the negative and commended Miss Williamson on the able presentation of her points.

Important! The Girls' Debating Club of Newton High School has challenged our girls' club for a debate to be held some time during April. The challenge has been accepted, and the following girls will represent Brookline: Rachel Albee, Mary Morris and Edith Faxon. It is earnestly hoped that the boys may have a look-in at the performance.

Alumni Notes

1900. In a recent address to the Boston High School of Commerce, Charles Chandler spoke of the great demand in Latin America for salesmen who had a knowledge of Spanish bookkeeping and commercial correspondence. He said that "the purchasing power of the Latin American countries was not only very great as regards the world in general, but also as regards the United States in particular, and this is increasing annually in spite of adverse circumstances."

'03. "Ted" Bittenbender, who has been in Tartugal, Argentine Republic, for the past three years, has returned home on a six months' vacation.

'05. Clara Davies recently entertained a number of her friends at a very delightful party.

'06. Donald Williamson, Tech '10, has accepted a position in the North Shore Electric Company, Chicago.

'06. Cards are out for the marriage of Gilbert Paul Bracket of Marblehead to Mary Blanchard Bridge, Wednesday, the fifth of April.

'06. Margaret Delano recently set sail on a trip to Cuba.

'08. The engagement has been announced of "Rossie" Schwenhof and Adolph Weil of Montgomery, Alabama.

'08. F. T. Boyd, Yale '12, was secretary of the Junior Prom Committee. He is running on the varsity track team.

'08. The engagement is announced of Mary Cooper Clark and Mr. Edward Very of New York. Mary Clark recently played the part of Cecily Cardew, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by The Amateurs.

'08. Carrie Creaser is engaged to Cecil Atwater of Allston.

'09. William Mattson, secretary of the Tech B. H. S. Club, reports that at the meeting held at the home of President Lloyd

Cooley, all the members took part in a "mock trial," in which "Butsey" Bryant was the defendant. The last meeting of the club was held March 18, at the home of Malcolm Price.

'09. Wilhelmina Taylor has spent a very profitable winter in Florence, studying operas under Lombardi. She can now speak Italian as fluently as she does French and German. In April she intends to go to Berlin, where she will continue her study of music under Mme. Lehman, the teacher of Geraldine Farrar.

'10. Madeline Creesy is taking a postgraduate course in domestic science at High School.

'10. Alex Hammer played sub-end on the Freshman football team, and is now out for crew.

'10. Elsie Pike gave a birthday luncheon-bridge on March 15.

'10. Sylvia Goulston with another Wellesley girl, wrote words to the tune of "The Girl with the Brogue," which made a most decided hit with the Wellesley Glee Club.

Ex-'10. Hugh Knowlton, Yale '14, sings in the Chapel Choir and the Freshman Glee Club.

Ex-'10. Cherrie Head recently gave a most enjoyable tea to introduce Miss Harriet Woodward of Ohio.

Ex-'11. Harry McDewell, who has left Andover and is living in New York, is engaged to Miss Ford.

Ex-'12. Donna George is studying solo dancing under the direction of Madame Muschietto, the ballet mistress of the Boston Opera Company. She is prepared to dance at women's clubs, entertainments, etc.

Ex-'13. The friends of Marshall Head will be delighted to hear of his steady improvement. According to latest reports, he recently went in swimming — quite a stunt, under the circumstances.

The following article on the "Care of Trees" is contributed by M. Harsell Smith, '98, who is a landscape forester in Boston.

The Care of Trees

THROUGHOUT the entire country, especially in and near our larger cities, there is a growing interest in trees and their care, planting and preservation.

States have their "state forester" and experiment stations, and cities either wardens or foresters, whose duties are largely to suggest and demonstrate ways and means to preserve the shade and ornamental trees we have.

First lack of interest, then the mistaken idea that nature and nature alone could care for them, and last and perhaps the worst, malpractice on the part of ignorant or careless "tree quacks," have lost for us thousands of our beautiful old shade trees. It becomes a public duty, and the boys and girls in school can and do use their influence, to have the states, cities and towns pass intelligent laws for the protection of planted trees, in communities where there are already no such statutes.

It would be absolutely impossible to even give the rudiments of arbor-culture or "landscape forestry" in this short article, but there are many very interesting books, readily understood by a layman, which we all should read, in order that we can tell whether the work on our street and park trees, or on our private estates, is being done by experts or by ignorant people. I am very much in favor of having "tree doctors" who must pass a state board examination the same as our doctors and dentists are required to do.

One more thing I should like to interest you in is the preservation of our old and sometimes abandoned apple orchards. These old orchards, with little or no care or attention, have not only kept alive, but in most cases still bear fruit. This fruit for the most part is off in some particulars, as size, shape, color or taste, but still it is fruit, which only demonstrates what could be done with a little care, and money rightfully expended so that these same old trees might bear perfect fruit. A new orchard takes about twelve years before it will produce many apples, while the old "renovated"

orchards give you a chance to realize on your investment immediately. The apples of the far west are large and handsome, but in taste do not compare with apples grown right here in Massachusetts.

To conclude my little article, I want you all to remember that our trees are valuable as heirlooms and can be replaced only after years and years; a tree a hundred years old should be prized and loved. Also remember that with proper care they can be rendered almost imperishable.

II. American Hist. — "When was Louisiana ceded?"
Pupil. — "Just after it had been ploughed in the spring."

Freshman Filosofy. — "Never run after a car or a girl; another will soon be along."

The Seniors took mighty big chances
When they chose for their treasurer Francis;
Since he runs like a streak,
They can do naught but shriek,
If he prances off with their finances.

Mr. Case. — "Distance! What do you mean by distance?"
Kr-m-r (earnestly). — "Distance is the time it takes a man to travel anywhere."

Pranks of Punctuation. "Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye; an angry gleam saying nothing; he sat down."

Mr. Snow. — "We will divide men into three great classes; what one is the greatest?"
Voice in Far Rear. — "Boneheads."

Mary had a little lamb
But Mary's lamb is dead.
And still it comes to school with her
Between two hunks of bread!

(Kid Mason pleaded guilty of the above.)

Another one on the "Kid."
"Say, Kate, what shall I write about for an oral theme?"

B-rk-r (the pride of I. Physics A). — "Water puts out fire because it reduces its temperature below the kindling point."

Mr. Carrell. — "What foot do you step off with, Derr?"
Derr. — "The front foot." Cheers for the quadruped.

Did you see Capper and Taylor in their latest vaudeville sketch entitled, "Hats"?

Comerford desires to thank (through our columns) the person who anonymously presented him with the lemons some time since; they constituted a most acceptable ade.

Heard from Room 20. — "Before you go, may I ask each of you to pick up the floor about your desks and throw it in the wastepaper basket?"

Mr. Chisholm. — "M-s-n, spell sateen."
M-s-n. — "Satan."
Get thee behind me, Sateen!

Business practice. — "Say, what do you do when you get a bill for $4,000 from an attorney for collection?"
Dead Broke Soph. — "Get a ticket for Canada."

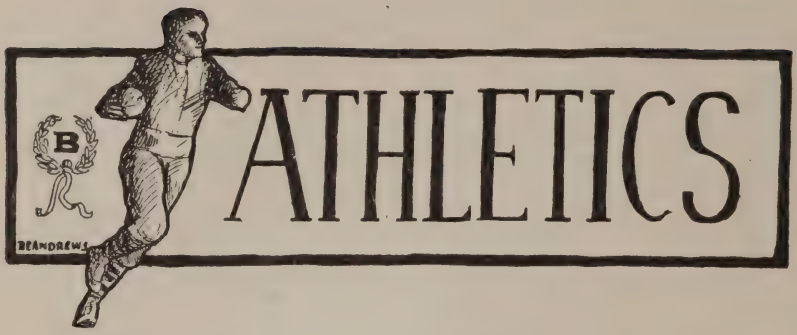
IV. English. — "Cooper hunted Indians with English setters."

Latest from the papers. 10.30 edition.

"Mutt and Jeff fight in Texas,
While Ysobel chases the men;
The Hallrooms fuss the female folks
And Desmond is foiled again." (Explosive cheers.)

Jenks. — "At the top of the mountain we got some sandwiches, then we took in the view."
Miss W. — "Which tasted best?"

V-n N-ss. — "Do you want to hear something great?"
N-rd-ll. — "Yes."
V-n N-ss. — "Rub two bricks together."



The annual interscholastic indoor track meet was held at Mechanics Hall, February 25. Exeter won the contest, with Worcester a good second. Leading the high school teams came B. H. S., which secured third place.

Captain Capper covered himself with glory by winning the 600-yard dash in the fastest time ever made by a schoolboy in 600-yard heats. Hight won second place in the shot put with a heave of 40 feet 6 inches. Shedden was given third in the hurdles, although many people thought that he beat out Meanix who was given second place. Nordell qualified in the semi-finals of the 40-yard dash, but was defeated later. Wyman, Dexter, Swett and Mason were the other Brookline boys who were entered in the meet. The relay team, composed of Mason, Spitz, Swett and Case, was beaten by the Providence Technical High School relay.

The track team has shown up very well this year, and all that is necessary for a brilliant outdoor season is that more candidates turn out for practice. With meets at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst and Brown, the track men should enjoy themselves this coming spring and summer.

HERE AND THERE IN ATHLETICS

The crew has never had such a large and promising squad out at the beginning of crew practice. Twice a week about forty-five of the fellows are sweating over the rowing machine.

In baseball, also, the outlook is very bright. About ten men reported for battery practice and a large squad for the other positions. Although the schedule has not been arranged yet, Manager O'Hearn says that there will be many more home games this year than formerly, about ten in all. Here is a good chance to get out and show some interest.

The track men are enjoying, at present, the little break in training between the close of the indoor and the beginning of the outdoor games. Manager Stewart has arranged meets with Rindge, Boston College High and Tech '14. Presently our tennis teams will be in activity. Many fellows showed an interest in the team last fall.

The Rifle Club, which is now one of our best and most successful organizations, has added new laurels to its ever increasing fame.

A five-man team, representing B. H. S., defeated the Harvard

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University rifle team by eight points. Fessenden was high man for us, while Carver, B. H. S. '09, was the best man for the losers.

Lothrop Priest still thinks he has a chance for the coveted position of living skeleton at Barnum's. At the close of the football season, he took to track and developed into a speedy(?) miler. Now he is working on the rowing machines.

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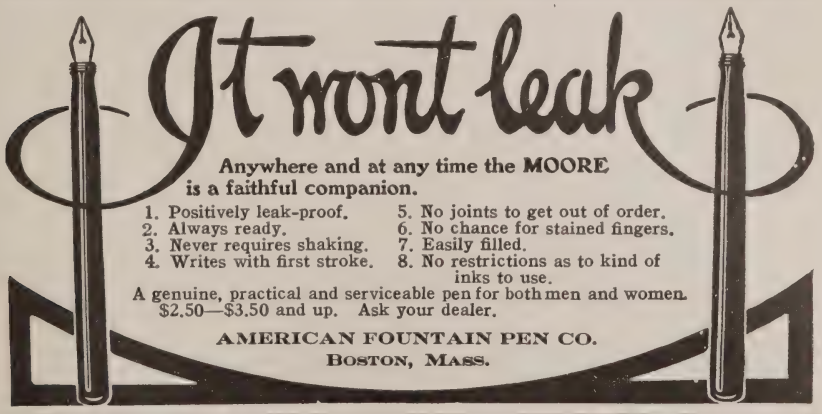
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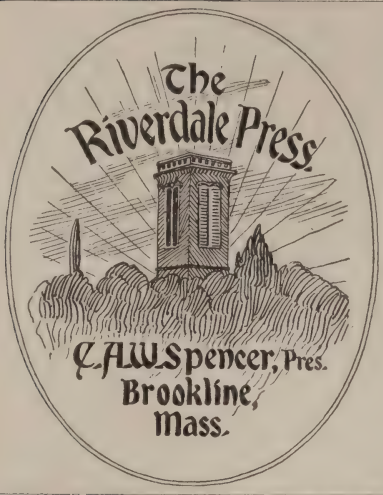

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Volume 17 MAY, 1911 Number 7

The Sagamore

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVII MAY 1911 NUMBER 7

Editorials

WHAT does "B" on any one of our student's sweaters mean? Did you ever stop to think of its significance and of your attitude towards it? Are you always proud, when walking along the street, to point out to your visiting friend the young man wearing it, to say that he is a fellow-student of yours? Or do you sometimes pass with averted face and try not to feel ashamed because you belong to the same institution he does?

The "B's" at Brookline signify a few things. Primarily, they mean that the wearer is an athlete; that he has specialized at some particular branch of sport till he is one of the best in school in it; then that he has succeeded, perhaps by luck or else by good management, in maintaining a moderately high percentage in his studies in order that he may represent the school on that team. That is all. The chap may or may not be one of your friends, but whether you favor him or not the fact remains that by virtue of the latent strength in him and the exertion of that strength he has hammered his way to a "B." It is no fault of his if he is endowed with a good physique; he has no special virtue if he manages to keep it. On the other hand, there are men who cannot excel in muscular development, however hard they try; they may have the brightest intellects possible, but who "by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature"? They go through their courses attending strictly to business, and generally get through with credit to themselves and the school. The rank and file of unthinking students brand them as grinds, and are dazzled by the insignia of the huskier one. Now we want to make a plea for the man that is not a crack athlete, that does not sport a letter. Cir-

cumstances may be against his getting his "B"; he may have to work hard; he may have other interests; or he perchance has a weak heart. If he passes well, conducts himself properly and appears to be an ordinarily decent chap, let him by without a scoff; don't underestimate his abilities, but think as well of him as of the others.

The criticisms of recent Sagamores written by some English classes within the past month furnish some very interesting and suggestive reading. The many different opinions expressed regarding any single department go to show that it is impossible to please everybody; on the other hand, there were features which seemed to win unanimous approval. It must be that some of the themes were written without due consideration of all sides of the question, for several demands showed a lack of appreciation for the situation. For instance, one author wanted the cover design changed every second month. We agree that such changes would be agreeable, but can we afford, at our present subscription price, to do it, when each different plate would cost us six dollars? Besides, it is much to be doubted if we could get a satisfactory new design each time. We suggest to this author and others that it might be well to start the ball rolling by designing a cover for the next issue, the graduation number.

Likewise someone said, "Such and such a story was not fit for a grammar school paper." No one is more keenly aware of the frequent inadequacy of our literary material than the editorial board, but unless the paper is to be a trust, the critic should pass us something better, either by his own hand or that of his friend's. (We must either print the best of what is given us, or nothing at all.)

The proportions of the departments was a bone much picked over. In arranging the copy for an issue we are of course governed by what material we have. There was much criticism of the lack of athletic news last month, but where could we get news when there was none? Not a single sport was being pursued at that time; hence the space that ordinarily would have been accorded to "Athletics" was shifted to some other department.

The Value of Our Art Course

INTERVIEW with Mr. Arthur Fairbanks, Director of the Museum of Fine Arts.

"The value of the High School Art Course lies first in its training of the eye to see color and form in general, and not only to see but to appreciate the beauty of things. Appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art is of commercial value to the student. In his future business life his ability to see the most beautiful possibilities in his particular line may be the making of him and his business. For instance, a graduate of a High School Art Course is much better qualified to design gas fixtures and ginghams than one who has not had the benefit of such a course. These are great advantages, but the real value is far above them; namely, that such a course makes available the highest and purest form of enjoyment.

"Your course at Brookline High School is carefully and logically outlined and I am much interested in the work being done at Brookline; the advantages of the course are excellent and the pupils much interested."

The Cockney's Bear

SEATED in the salon of the big turbine *Harvard* was a cosmopolitan crowd, smoking and exchanging experiences. It was a stormy night in December and they had sought the refuge of the luxurious warm interior rather than brave the cutting blast of the wintry gale.

One man, especially, was to be noticed on account of his meek and inoffensive manner. He had been listening with courteous attention to the many personal adventures which had been unfolded. From his appearance he was an Englishman of the middle class, yet one could see from his polished manner his contact with that class above him, the nobility. As a matter of fact, he had been a valet to Lord Somerset.

The many harrowing and impossible tales seemed to have aroused in him an enthusiasm, which he could scarcely repress until the present speaker had finished. The man speaking was talking about a dog; and the general comment after he was through was that the dog was the most knowing animal in the world.

All were very much surprised to hear the little Englishman say, "'e h'ain't h'in h'it with h'a bear h'I'll tell ye h'about.

"H'I've 'ad little h'experience h'in spinnin' yarns, 'owever, h'I'll tell ye a h'anecdote of an' h'adventure h'I 'ad with a rascal h'of a bear h'in the Klondike. Me and Milord went h'out in the great rush. H'our cabin was near h'a beaver dam, an' h'our cow would wander there to drink. One day h'I was h'after the cow, when h'I 'eard a kind of shufflin' noise be'ind me. When h'I looked h'around, by gad, but there was h'a big black bear 'ot foot h'after me. H'I've run many h'a race, tho' h'I never run h'in earnest before. But, my word, the faster h'I ran, the nearer the shufflin' came.

"Just h'ahead h'I saw h'a log, h'about fifteen feet long, with h'an 'ole in h'it that h'a fox could scarcely crawl through. So, by Jove! h'in h'I went. H'I 'adn't lost any time, for the next minute h'I felt the claws of the h'animal tickling the soles of my feet. But the brute was too big to get h'in. By George, ye know, 'e was mad! H'I could 'ear 'im h'a tearin' h'an' h'a bitin' h'at the h'end of the log. Presently, the h'other h'end of the log became dark h'an' the bear poked h'in 'is 'ead, champin' and foamin' like a mad wild bull. Pon me word, h'it makes me shiver yet when h'I think 'ow h'I could feel the 'ot breath h'of 'im h'in h'amongst me 'air! Round h'an' round the log 'e went from one h'end to the h'other. Says 'e to 'imself, this will never do, h'I must get the boy h'out h'of that.

"H'all h'of h'a sudden h'I felt me feet arisin' h'up in the h'air, till h'I was standin' on me 'ead. H'I held h'on for dear life by the knots h'and rough places h'inside the log. The beast commenced shakin' h'an' pommelin' the log h'on the ground for h'all 'e was worth, for h'all the world like a paver beatin' pavin' stones. When

'e thought 'e 'ad loosened my 'old, 'e let the log go down with h'a bang that fairly shook the breath h'out h'of me, an' quick h'as thought 'e makes h'a dive h'at the h'end h'of the log. But h'I was h'as far from 'im h'as h'ever.

"Presently, the 'ead of the log rose h'up h'in the h'air, h'an' by this h'an' by that, the black devil took me h'up h'in 'is h'arms, log h'an h'all, h'and began walkin' h'away with me, till h'I felt 'im splashin' h'in the water.

"George, says h'I to myself, you're dead h'already; 'e means to drown you. H'an sure enough, 'e rolled the log h'in till h'I was h'under water. Well, me friends, h'its good that h'I can swim like h'a duck, h'an' can beat h'any stone h'at divin'. For before h'I was quite smothered, h'I took h'a deep breath, floated quietly h'out h'of me 'idin' place h'an' dived! Clear h'across the pond h'I went, till h'I came h'up h'among the rushes h'on the h'other side. Then h'I took courage to raise me 'ead h'an' take h'a look. There sat me fine friend h'on top h'of the log, keepin' h'it down, lookin' h'as knowin' h'as ye please. H'an when 'e 'ad kept me there long h'enough to drown me, 'e rolled the log h'out h'an looks h'in h'at the h'end h'of h'it. Ye'd 'ave killed yerself laughin' to see the look 'e put h'on, when 'e found h'it was h'empty. He was fairly puzzled. But bears, gentlemen, h'are cute things; h'an' this one beat the devil h'an h'all for cuteness.

"'E began now to walk h'around the pond h'and when 'e came nigh me, h'I put me 'ead h'under water h'an' kept still 'till 'e went by. Well, when 'e 'ad done lookin' h'an' sniffin' h'after me dead body, thinks 'e 'is body must be h'at the bottom h'of the pond. Would ye believe h'it, 'e began tearin' h'away h'at the dam with 'is big claws to draw the water h'off, h'an' soon 'ad h'it runnin' like mad through the sluice. H'I made h'a dash for the h'opening, h'an' was soon h'around h'a bend h'in the creek. H'I landed h'an' ran h'on for dear life h'in the direction h'of h'our neighbor's 'ut.

"Just then, h'I 'eard the same shufflin' be'ind me, h'an' by h'all that's great, there was the bear 'ot foot h'after me h'again. But 'e was late this time, for but h'a piece h'away were some men

pannin'. They raised their guns h'an' the bear fell dead, but two paces from me."

Before the intent listeners could applaud, the scraping of the boat was heard as it ran against the dock, and the black porter, sticking his head through the open door shouted, "Gem'men, do'an' forget ter leave ya state room keys!" F. G. B., '11.

A Story Without a Title

SUIT case in hand he hastily mounted the steps of the rear car as the train pulled out of the noisy station. He was tired, and having missed his lunch in order to catch the train, he was not in a particularly good humor.

At first he thought the car filled, but then he observed that the very front seat contained only one person.

He was sorry that he could not sit alone, even then he would have preferred to share his seat with a man, but as for sitting for four hours beside a woman — he was not in the mood for such things.

Imagine his astonishment when reaching the front of the car the most attractive of girls glanced up from her magazine, then nervously at the vacant space beside her and then finally with the slightest of frowns up at him.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, you know," he said, "but this seemed to be the only seat available."

He stood there in the aisle patiently while she removed her rain coat, umbrella, parasol and numerous other articles from the seat. He could not for the life of him understand why girls needed so much trash when they traveled.

All obstacles being removed, she resumed her reading; and he seated himself and was soon buried in a paper with a most unconcerned air.

All went well for an hour or more. She did not annoy him in the least. In fact, she seemed quite a sensible sort of person who was completely absorbed in her book.

Then apparently the story ended and with a faint sigh she closed the magazine and gazed dreamily at the passing landscape.

Somehow his paper did not seem particularly interesting, and glancing from the corner of his eye he studied his companion. She was the lovliest little being imaginable, with the darkest of hair and black, sparkling eyes. Her suit was of dark blue serge — very suitable for traveling, he thought.

How Fate ever favored him so he could never realize, but suddenly he felt a slight jerk at his cuff. Glancing down to discover the reason he found the silver chain attached to his companion's coin purse tightly wound about the button on the cuff of his coat.

He started to fold his paper, and as he moved his arm, the chain snapped and the silver coin purse slipped to the floor.

With flaming cheeks he rescued the purse and turned towards her.

"I seem fated to disturb you. Your purse accidentally caught on my cuff and now I've broken the chain."

He expected a scornful glance and perhaps some cutting remark. Instead, she answered with a smile. "It is not of the slightest importance, really, and it can be readily fastened together again."

They spoke of many things — very impersonal remarks about the various towns they passed through and the country farm houses.

"You know, I'm going to Newcastle and I'm not a bit keen about it," she said. "Mother and father have gone abroad and I'm to spend the summer with Aunt Helen. I've never been to Newcastle, and I don't believe I'll like it. You see, my cousin visited me last winter and she told me all about her home. I'm just wild to see my aunt and uncle; I know them for they often visit us. I did so want to go to camp this summer and it was such a disappointment to give up all my plans. Still, I know I'll have some wonderful times with Cousin May. She's a perfect little dear and so is my aunt. There's a boy in the family, too.

Although I know I shall not care for him at all. From several things that Cousin May told me I imagine he's dreadfully conceited. And I'm sure I don't see what he can be conceited about, for I have a picture of him when he was seven and he's the very homliest little boy I ever saw. Somehow I feel that he and I will not agree at all. I'm afraid I'm monopolizing all the conversation. Do tell me, are you going far?

"You're going to Newcastle, too! Isn't that dandy! Perhaps," she added, "you know my cousin, too — May Bartley. She said the town was very small, so of course you must know her. You do know her? Isn't that dandy! Perhaps Newcastle isn't such a stupid place. In a way, I don't believe I would have enjoyed camp life particularly, after all."

The rest of the ride was spent in gay conversation. He told her much of the life in Newcastle. To be sure, it was only a small town, but he told of many jolly parties and humorous incidents that showed plainly that one might have the very best of times within its limited boundaries.

They were laughing and gaily chatting when the conductor called out Newcastle. And taking her suit case while she collected her umbrella, parasol and other belongings that he had been so disgusted at when first seeing them, they stepped to the door waiting for the train to stop.

"Do you know, I'm just wild about the place after hearing all your stories," she said. She did not see the faint smile that played about his lips.

"Oh, look. There's Cousin May. She sees us, too," and with a leap down the steps she threw her arms about the young girl standing on the platform, evidently entirely forgetting her companion.

"Wasn't it perfectly lovely you two people met!" exclaimed Cousin May. "I thought, though, you did not know each other. You said in your last letter, don't you remember, that you knew you wouldn't like Cousin Jack, and now you seem to be the best of friends."

With blushing cheeks the young girl looked up at Cousin Jack. "To think I never guessed — and you let me say all those hateful things."

E. E. B., '11.

Jawn

ALONG the park-front little lights twinkled here and there through the drizzling rain. The night was far from beautiful—in fact it was so disagreeable that the usually thronged street was deserted. From a distant corner the muffled sound of heavy boots was heard. The man huddled up on one of the park settees, crouched under the shadowy boughs of a mulberry tree which overhung the bench. Nearer and nearer came the tread of the heavy-soled individual. Finally a dim arc light revealed the unmistakable hat and rubber poncho of a policeman. The man hidden under the tree held his breath as the guardian of the peace was passing him. Suddenly a howl broke out in the damp stillness. The policeman turned about and went towards the tree. In a moment he collared the man and whirled him towards the arc light where the sickly rays disclosed a poor, shrinking specimen of a man with a dog hugged closely to his breast.

"Um," grunted the policeman. "I thought so; I guess the captain will be glad to see you."

He rang in, and in answer to his call the patrol wagon came along. The prisoner was unceremoniously dumped into it and taken to the station house. Arrived there, the bewhiskered gentleman behind the desk ordered him to be locked up until the next day in cell 12.

The next morning No. 12 was brought up before the desk. The captain looked harshly down upon the shrinking figure in front of him. "No. 12, charged with stealing a dog from R. M. Narnes. Caught red-handed with the dog. Anything to say?"

"I'm guilty, yer honor, but — "

"But what?"

"I'd like to tell you why I stole the dog, and maybe you'll let me off easier."

"Go on, let's see what new excuse has been invented."

The prisoner began. "I ain't much good — never have been. Perhaps it's 'cause of my general worthlessness, perhaps 'cause I ain't never had no friends; that is, except Jawn — Jawn's the dog. Jawn was my first and I guess my last friend. One day when I was sittin' on a park bench, a little dog came up to me. I was hungry, hadn't eaten for two days. I did the one thing I wish I could forget — I kicked the dog. The pup looked at me kinder sorrowfully; then his eyes brightened; he made a bee line for an old tree opposite me; he dug away some earth and brought out an old bone which he carried and placed in my lap. Ever since, Jawn and I have been friends.

"A month later I was harder up for food than on that day. You see, it's harder to feed two mouths. A man came up to me. He looked at Jawn and then asked how much I wanted for him. At first I didn't want to sell; then I thought that Jawn would have a good home and I would get some money — so I sold him to the man.

"I got kinder lonesome after Jawn was gone. I didn't know I'd miss him so. I took to wanderin' 'round in hopes I could see him once more. I saw him. The brute to whom I'd sold the dog was beatin' him with a heavy stick. I don't know what got into me, but I —. The first thing I knew I was far away, just runnin' with the dog, away from the man. Since then, I've stuck pretty close to Jawn, but now I guess I'll have to give him up 'cause I'm a thief. I'm guilty, yer honor, and I thank you for listenin' to me. Perhaps when I'm shut up you'll see that Jawn gets a fair deal. He ain't had much joy so far, though I've done my best."

The captain coughed behind a huge red fist. "Bring in the dog," he ordered.

The patrolman made haste to obey. In a moment, returning with the animal, the captain took Jawn in his arms.

"Now, doggie, tell the truth, do you like that man?"

Jawn's answer was a violent wagging of the tail and an excited bark.

"I guess you do, so go to him. No thanks, my man, I think you'll treat him better than the other brute treated him. Any time you want to sell Jawn, come to me; I'll buy him at your price."

The man started to leave with the dog.

"Wait a minute," roared the captain. "In order that you remember that I have first option on Jawn, here's five dollars."

The man took the money with tears in his eyes. He said nothing, but his face satisfied the captain more than a million words of thanks. He turned to go, hesitated, and then went out of the door. The captain turned shamefacedly to the other policemen. "I'm an awful fool," he said. The captain changed his mind, however, when he told the story to his wife that evening, for he received a look that paid him full well for his kindness.

J. H. S., '13.

NEWS NOTES

The eleventh annual dramatics occurred on the evening of March 24, in Shailer Hall. The play given was "Christopher Junior," a farce comedy by Madeline L. Ryley. The cast was splendid and the performance was a huge success. Shedden in the title role was perfect, and each individual member of the cast deserves the highest praise. The cast reads as follows: —

Dora	Monica O'Shea, '13
Christopher Jedbury, Jr.	Martindale Shedden, '11
Jedbury, Sr.	Emerson Wood, Jr., '14
Mrs. Jedbury	Mary Morris, '12

Nellie, Chris's sister	Marion Corlew, '13
Tom Bellaby, Chris's friend	Eric Stone, '11
Mrs. Glibb, philanthropist	Hilda Vallandigham, '12
Mr. Glibb, "her husband"	Cyril Jones, '11
Major Hedway, Dora's uncle	Haven Mason, '14
Simpson, the villain	Chester Jenks, '11
Job, Christopher's man servant	Charles Wyman, '12
Whimper, the Jedbury's man servant	Greville Haslam, '11

Great credit reflects on the stage management, under the charge of Edwart Stewart, Jr., '11, and the general management, under Squier Kraft, '11. Mention should be made of the Faculty Committee, Miss Lewis, Miss Adams and Mr. Brooks, whose untiring efforts added greatly to the success of the evening. Miss Edith Faxon, '12, was prompter and Manlius Sargent furnished the incidental music. The credit for the lighting effects belongs to Willard Hicks, '12.

The ushers were: Richard Peirce, chief usher, Francis Capper, John Kingman, Donald Perin, Thomas Fessenden, Donald Macnaughton and Richard Sprague.

Between the acts the Senior Quartet, composed of Messrs. Francis Capper, Wallace Taylor, Albert Pollard and Richard Gibson, disguised as minstrels, entertained the audience with plantation melodies. After the close of the performance there was dancing until midnight.

On the evening of the thirty-first of March, the Gamma Delta Psi Fraternity gave a most enjoyable dance for their friends at the Riverdale Casino. The hall was hung in garnet and gray, and the decorations were most effective. The matrons were Mrs. Edward J. Stewart, Mrs. William Slocum and Mrs. George Peirce. The committee in charge of the dance was composed of E. J. Stewart, Jr., R. B. Peirce and F. C. Dexter. The ushers were Edward J. Stewart, Jr., John Kimball, Stanton Slocum, Cyril Jones and Richard Peirce.

The Brookline Education Society and Mr. Samuel W. Cole

deserve the highest praise for the sacred concert given for the citizens and participated in by the Brookline High School Chorus. The concert was held in the Town Hall on March 26. Miss Alice Nielsen of the Boston Opera Company favored the audience with several short selections. All present realized the sweetness and perfection of her voice. Miss Nielsen was greatly pleased with the appreciation of the High School pupils. The programme was a most ambitious one, the chorus singing selections from Gounod and Handel, assisted by Miss Marion Feeley, Mr. W. Howard, Dr. Wodell and Mrs. Goodbar.

Fossil stones found by Lincoln Crocker, B. H. S., '93, near La Paz, Bolivia, a city situated on a plateau 13,000 feet above the sea level, have been presented to the school. As their formation is that of those below the sea level, the finding of these stones at so lofty a height is evidence of the remarkable rise of the ground for centuries.

Miss Weir spoke at the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence on March 25, her subject being, "Drawing in Relation to Life." Her address was delivered in connection with the mid-year meeting of the Rhode Island Association of Teachers of Drawing and Manual Arts.

In the competition for the words of the class song which closed March 27, Frederic Barnet was the successful contestant. The competition for the music of the song is still in progress.

DEBATING CLUBS

The second of the alternate week debates which are managed by the boys alone was held in the Lecture Room at two o'clock on March 16. The question for debate was, "*Resolved*, That a department store is more detrimental than beneficial to a city." The affirmative, MacLaughlin and Driscoll, in well delivered speeches, proved that department stores are detrimental because they encourage child labor, pay low wages and prevent competition. Craig and Sherman, who upheld the negative, showed that department stores are of great convenience to both patrons and employes,

and that they can sell goods cheaper than single stores. Among those who spoke from the floor were Lehrberger, Conroy and Tyler. The negative rebuttal was taken by Sherman, who refuted some of his opponent's points. MacLaughlin treated the house to one of the best rebuttals of the year. He handled his points well and aimed at the principal negative arguments. The Rhetorical Committee, acting as judges, gave its decision to the affirmative, the house concurring. Barnet, '11, who combined the offices of judge and critic, praised the work of all, especially of the affirmative, and said the debate was a pleasure to hear.

At the meeting Thursday afternoon, the 20th of April, the team which debated against Newton went over the parts, while Barnet represented Newton in upholding the opposite side of the question; he had to represent three men and acquitted himself excellently. The judge, Miss Fisher, gave the decision to the negative, the house voted for the affirmative unanimously.

The Girls' Debating Club held the last of its interclass debates on Tuesday, April 18. The question was, "*Resolved*, That public schools are more dignified than private." Miss Allan and Miss Snell represented the Junior class, upholding the affirmative side of the question; Miss Rhodes and Miss O'Shea supported the negative for the Sophomores. All four speakers did excellently, the Juniors having the better arguments. There was animated discussion from the floor by nearly everyone present. There will be only one more regular meeting of the club because of the encroachment of other activities. The interscholastic debate will finish the most successful season the club has ever experienced, and it is hoped the attendance will show that the school is back of the club in this contest. The attendance at the above debate was very small.

The rebuttal was taken by Miss Allan for the Juniors and Miss Rhodes for the Sophomores, both speakers doing splendidly. Miss Churchill gave the decision to the Juniors; in this she was supported by the vote of the house. This gives the Juniors the Interclass (girls) Championship for 1910–11. A contest between this team and the Champion Boys' team would surely prove interesting.

Alumni Notes

'00. Charles L. Chandler, U. S. Vice Consul-General at Buenos Ayres, has returned to Argentina, having visited Washington in his travels.

'02. William Quigley is on the road for a large New York clothing concern.

'02. The marriage of Max Talbot and Kate Meredith of Richmond, Va., took place on April 19, 1911.

'04. John Mitchell is engaged in mining engineering in Florida.

'04. The engagement has been announced of Florence Anita Morse to Mr. Russell Hastings of Walpole, N. H. Mr. Hastings is a graduate of Tech, class of '10.

'04. Clifford Bartlett is an electrical engineer in Pasadena, Cal.

'04. Francis A. Robinson has accepted a responsible position as landscape architect in Detroit, Mich. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College '08, and Harvard University.

'06. Sullivan Sargent took part in an amateur performance recently given at the Boston Opera House.

'06. The engagement is announced of Anabel Mackenzie to Mr. Pratt, Yale '07.

'07. Frances Perry, Radcliffe 1911, who is vice-president of her class, recently won the highest number of points in a gymnastic competition.

'07. The engagement is announced of Ruth Nowell Faxon and Arthur Bradford Brooks of Dedham, Harvard '07.

'07. Lloyd C. Cooley, M. I. T. '11, has been elected a member of the class day committee.

'07. Elisabeth Warren, Mass. Normal Art 1911, won the competition for the graduation essay. She also obtained highest rank in the Junior and Senior design classes.

'07. Don Stevens, M. I. T. '11, was one of the guests at the head table at a banquet given during the recent Tech semi-centennial celebration. He is a member of the ΦBE fraternity.

'07. "Dick" Floyd, Harvard '11, is a member of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard.

Ex-'07. Dorothy Appleyard, Vassar '11, has won the honor of being in the daisy chain.

PHYSICAL TRAINING AS A PROFESSION

Nearly every girl when she enters the High School begins to make some plans for the future, so that when she completes her four years' course she has a pretty good idea of what her life work is to be.

A great many follow up teaching, but I think I can safely say that there have never been more than two out of any one class who have taken up physical training as a profession. And yet every Brookline High School girl who has ever taught physical education has been successful. Here in Brookline where so much attention is given to gymnastics and athletics in both grammar and High School there ought to be twice as many girls interested enough to take the normal training.

Perhaps there are some who are not aware of their ability in this special line of work and others who don't realize the many joys connected with the teaching of it.

Of course, in physical training, as in any other profession, one must be in love with the work in order to obtain the best results, but when you can see improvement in the work from day to day interest grows and you look forward to each lesson with a great deal of pleasure.

It is fine to feel that you have helped to make men and women by teaching them how to live in a hygienic manner and by teaching them the value of regular exercise in connection with the day's work.

Girls, physical training is *the* profession, it is part of the curriculum in every school and college no matter how small, and there are more positions than there are girls to fill them.

Even if you aren't an expert now, do the best all round work possible during your physical training period and you'll be surprised at the results.

We never know what we can do until we try.

M. V. M., '04.

Miss Fisher. — "How did Parliament make Charles sign the petition?"

S-rg-nt. — "They held him down till he did it."

Mr. S. — "A pun is a play on words. For instance, 'O-pun (open) the door.' " Howls from the bleachers.

Quotation from a debate. — "My opponent and I have proved to you, etc."

Mr. Case (III Geometry). — "Take out your 'I,' you do not need it."

Mr. Carrell. — "Anyone who doesn't do as I say will come after school and do it again."

This is borrowed, but it's good. Tommy had to learn a verse for Sunday-school, so mother picked out, "It is I; be not afraid" thinking it would be easy to remember. Sunday Tommy marched up to the superintendent's desk and piped, "It's only me, don't git scairt."

Suggestions have been made that we publish a serial story. How's this one: —

"I climbed into the tree and with great 'Force' shook down the 'Grape nuts' upon the man who was passing through the 'Quaker Oats' to the 'Shredded Wheat' field beyond."

II. Latin Translation (Ovid). — "The arrow stuck in his neck up to the feathers."

B. H. S. vs. R. L. S.

April 12. Smash! Crack! Boom! That's what the people in the vicinity of Cypress street heard. The inhabitants of our fair town who were not on the playground wondered who was blasting with large quantities of dynamite. There was no blasting. Only "Bill" Walizer, "Hoops" Kelly, "Kid" Anderson and Captain Maguire were knocking out home runs.

To speak in Chicago terms, the game was a slaughter. Never did a season open so agreeably. Paine and Kennealy held the Roxbury lads safely, while their teammates did a Marathon around the bases. Walizer started the season by landing on the ball to the extent of four bags. Not to be outdone, Captain Maguire contributed another four sacker. All the fellows bingled the ball over the lot and out of the lot. Since the Roxbury players treated us so nicely, the team let them have two runs in the last part of the game. Score, B. H. S., 16; R. L. S., 2.

The lineup for Brookline: Walizer, c. f.; Maguire (Morse), r. f.; Kelly, l. f.; Anderson, c.; Thielscher, 2 b.; Kerr, s. s.; Kelleher (Emery), 3 b.; Taggart, 1 b.; Paine (Rowe) (Kennealy), p.

B. H. S. vs. Tech. 1914

April 15. Brookline won her second game of the season, this time against the Freshmen from Technology. The game was quite exciting since the boys showed up well for so early in the season. Walizer got four hits out of four trips to the plate. Not bad

The fellows were quick on their feet, the Freshmen errors proving costly. The wildness of the Tech pitcher forced two runs across the pan in the first and third innings. The sensation of the game was the stealing home of the Freshman third baseman. Score, B. H. S., 9; Tech., 1914, 2.

B. H. S. vs. Commercial High School

April 17. At 3.30 the first Commercial player faced Paine, who twirled the whole game for Brookline. A brace of errors shoved the man across the pan. Brookline had three men on in her half of the inning, but lack of timely hitting left them to die a lingering death on the bases. Both teams secured goose eggs in the second, third and fourth, Thielscher's neat double play, unassisted, stopping the speedy boys from Boston. In the fifth inning, two more errors combined with a bingle gave our opponents another run. Morse led off with a screeching hit, stole second and third, only to waste away because of the inability of our players to hit the ball where the fielders weren't. A base on balls, two errors and one more run was chalked up for the C. H. S. The seventh inning looked pretty bad for Brookline, two errors, a base on balls and one hit giving Commerce three runs. Two hits, an error and a base on balls gave Brookline two runs in her half of the seventh. The eighth inning resulted in zeros for both sides. Commerce helped itself to two runs in the ninth, Kerr's sensational catch putting a stop to further damage. With the rooters cheering lustily under the personal conducting of Prof. K. I. D. Mason, the home boys struggled valiantly to win the game. They smashed three runs across the plate, but — they weren't enough.

Score, Commercial H. S., 8; B. H. S., 5.

The inability to hit the ball right at the right time and the many errors caused Brookline to lose the game. Paine pitched a rattling good game except that he passed the first man up much too frequently. If some of the fellows had hit the ball as hard as they hit the Meccas, the result might have been different. Never mind, better luck next time.

HERE AND THERE IN ATHLETICS

The track team will be greatly weakened by the leaving of Leroy Hight. Hight won first place for us in the Tech '14 meet. He was in prime form and was putting the twelve-pound shot fifty-four feet. We also figured him to place in the sprints at our spring meets.

With all our men in shape we ought to make a very creditable showing in the interscholastic track meets, as well as our spring dual meets. The track squad is working hard every day under Coach Carrell.

Taylor is out of the running on account of an injured leg.

Baseball is well under way and we have started out as if we meant business. Our team is essentially a hard hitting one and generally this is what counts in schoolboy baseball. Captain Maguire is working conscientiously for a successful season.

Every one should get out and support the team.

Lorthrop Priest has developed into a valuable man in the high hurdles.

The crew is still hard at work. There have been two cuts in the squad. Those remaining are Kraft, Crafts, Kingman, Rowan, Bentley, Perin, Holland, Kimball, Jones, Shedden, T. Newton, A. Pollard. They are out on the river and shape up mighty well in comparison with the other schoolboy crews on the river.

Walizer has a batting average of .571 + so far Looks pretty soft for William.

The month marks have struck the baseball players hard. Maguire, Kelleher, Denning and Arthur are the victims.

First track meet the sixth of May.

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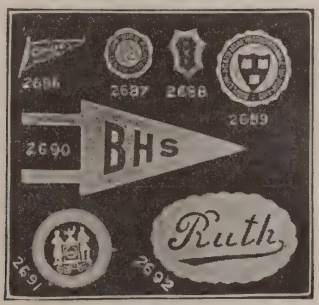

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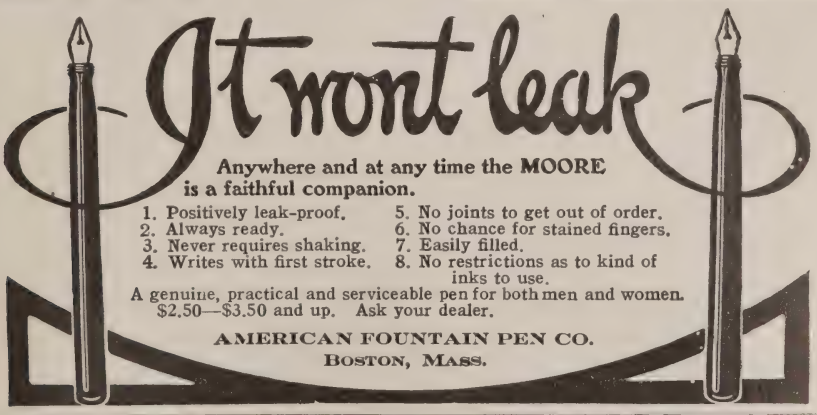
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"Let grinders come and grinders go —
But the grind goes on forever."

—*The School.*

AS an old man approaches the end of life he is likely to become retrospective, to go back in his mind's eye through the long succession of years, and to mark a bright spot here, a dark one there; finally to sum up the whole to see if the result of his being has been positive or negative, success or failure. So, perhaps, it is with the high school student after he has spent the alloted number of years with his Alma Mater. He may look back on his intellectual and athletic career and weigh his success, and, like the ancient, long for the time gone by forever, and for another opportunity to essay again those things he failed in. These reflections and longings are vain; time and the opportunity cannot and will nor repeat themselves. Under these circumstances there is one consolation for the failure and a goal of ever broadening dimensions for the success — the Future.

The Future is what lies before every member of the class of 1911, whether he has been a success so far or a failure. The Past, after all, is but a short span of our season; it has been a space of development, preparing only for the greater things to come. Now that we are rendered to a certain degree able to cope with them, the whole world lies accessible to us. Let us attack it and the future in a manner characteristic and worthy of our class. Let our careers be limited only by our ambitions, and have the latter boundless.

Finally, let us remember that even the future is fleeing, that for ordinary man a minute lasts but sixty seconds, and that Youth and the Present are assets to be invested advantageously. Then, when we in turn occupy the position of the ancient, we may look backward not with remorse, but with pleasure, with the feeling of surveying a work well performed, with the knowledge of having made good!

Let our watchword be "ONWARD."

Newfoundland

The following article was written especially for *The Sagamore* by William H. Harwood, Esq., of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

TO the rising generation of America Newfoundland ought not to be without interest. The decision of the *Hague Tribunal* last year draws attention to the fact that the United States possesses under treaty certain fishing privileges along a portion of the coast of Newfoundland and also of Labrador. The colony of Newfoundland includes not only the island itself but also a large part of Labrador as well. The latter is a veritable *terra incognita* if we except its seaboard, where an extensive codfishery is conducted by Newfoundland fishermen who sojourn there during the summer months.

Newfoundland is the oldest colony of the British Crown, with territorial limits more extensive than the whole of the maritime Provinces; it possesses self-government and a political status identical with the four great overseas dominions, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. What perhaps will be of most interest to those thinking of summer camps is the fact that almost everywhere within its borders are rivers and streams frequented by salmon and sea-trout, and that caribou, of noble dimensions, are to be found in the fall when it is time for the fisherman to reel in his line.

From Sydney, Cape Breton, an eight-hour trip across the Strait brings the summer visitor to Port-aux-Basque on the west coast, and within easy reach of the salmon rivers.

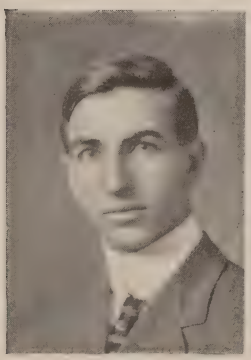
An attractive route is by the Red Cross Line steamers from New York to St. Johns, affording a pleasant sea trip in summer. From St. Johns coastal steamers run north and west respectively, returning to the capital within ten days, while another steamer makes regular trips from St. Johns to Labrador; but perhaps the shortest trip to be had on the several steamers plying upon the principal bays of the island in connection with the railway system, will equally well serve the requirements of the average tourist. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more beautiful route

than that followed by the steamer in Notre Dame Bay. It is among innumerable islands, for the most part prettily wooded, and through channels "runs" and "tickles" which make it partake of the character of a river trip; the ports of call include hamlets which are growing up around the sawmill of some pioneer lumberman, as well as fishing settlements which have existed for two hundred years. At one end of the route is Tilt Cove Copper mines (opened in the early sixties and still worked profitably by the Cape Copper Co.) and at the other end of the trip is the Exploits river, whence is shipped, from the newly built mills of the Messrs. Harmsworth, the paper needed for the *London Times* and *Daily Mail*.

It is not, however, necessary to indulge in either coastal or bay steamer trips to enjoy the country. The railway affords excellent facilities for reaching the principal holiday points. The Salmonier Valley, one of the loveliest portions of the island, is within easy reach of St. Johns. If the visitor is not in quest of sport he will find within the district of St. Johns itself a point of interest in the Bell Island Mines. The two or three-mile trip from the mainland to the island is in itself a pleasant feature of a day's outing; and the scenery at Bell Island, and of Conception Bay in which it stands, is decidedly attractive. From these mines upwards of a million tons of iron are marketed in Rotterdam, Pittsburgh and Sydney every year, and classes of mining students and others interested in mining have come here to study the submarine workings and facilities provided for the transportation of the ore and rapid loading of steamers. The mining industry on the island is in the hands of two Nova Scotian Companies. Newfoundland's mineral wealth — iron, copper, petroleum — is being developed by outside capital and it is not a little remarkable that American capital, though it has proven a principal factor in the early development of British Columbia and other fields, is not at present represented in Newfoundland. With the exception of the capital employed in industries protected by tariff, local enterprise is practically confined to trade and what in Elizabethan days was described by the great Bacon as the "gold mine of the Newfoundland fishery, of which there is none better."

GREVILLE G. HASLAM

MR. PRESIDENT and Friends: In the short account I shall give you today of the unparalleled achievements of our glorious class it is not my purpose to deceive you into believing that we are *one* of the most illustrious classes that ever graced the High School; I attempt no futile deception whatever, but state frankly and candidly that we are *the* most magnificent and illustrious class. To prove this modest though self-evident statement I have collected evidence from all literature contemporary with our reign; and lest there be skeptics among you who question my veracity I will recount briefly and chronologically our most spectacular performances.



We deigned to enter this building some three years eight months ago in a body numbering over two hundred sovereign members; we were guaranteed under the pure

food law to have health and muscle; and we possessed, among many other shining attributes, unbounded assurance, rugged constitutions, lots of nerve and *very* embryo brain systems. We came from countries as heterogeneous as our personal appearance and withal may be classed as being about the most radical Freshmen who have yet roughly trampled the dust of this hemisphere.

To teach the upper classes executive ability and political science we immediately organized according to time-honored custom, and elected the following officers: President, John Taggart; vice-president, Elinor Driscoll; treasurer, Francis Hann; secretary, Thomas Furness. No sooner had we made ourselves at home and arranged things to suit us, than an immortal instinct pronounced it football season. We sent a deputation of our number to inquire into the 'varsity squad; they were Hann and Kraft. The first named man failed to connect with a "B," and the second man was so despitefully used that his arm was broken. Nothing daunted, we decided to help out the sport by forming a class team, which covered itself with scratches and glory by winning the interclass championship. This prodigious performance, the greatest single event since the Emancipation Proclamation, so aroused the jealousy of the Sophomores that they gave us a reception and attempted to kill us off by providing numerous delicacies, on which we gorged. This dastardly attempt failed miserably.

We again lingered in the limelight when a number of us joined the Debating Club. Of these members Pollard and Haven Mason (the latter since deceased) were the first Freshmen who ever debated in the society. We likewise placed a man on the basket ball team, another on the track squad, and four on the Mandolin Club. To top off these honors, Brennen, of our class, won Prize Speaking, proving conclusively that we could wag our tongues just a little better than any other class in school. Elinor Driscoll and Stanton Slocum represented us on the Sagamore board.

Thus ended our first year, a year rich in progress and destined to mark an epoch in the history of the school. Our fame spread in

the land, and it was with real regret and impatience that the world realized that two months' vacation must interrupt our triumphal march. Little did it anticipate that the feats accomplished in 1907 and 1908 were to be a thousandfold improved upon by us in the three years to come!

SOPHOMORE YEAR

In the fall of 1908, when we reinvaded these halls as Sophomores, it was seen that a weeding out process had commenced; many of the glorious Freshmen had decided to remain in that capacity, while others had found the pace too brisk and had dropped from the race altogether. The rest of us, while grieved at this untimely desertion, did not halt for a moment on our onward march. We held an election for officers and chose Francis Hann president, Elinor Driscoll vice-president, Evelyn Coon secretary, and Burnell Hawkins treasurer. We again essayed football; two of our men made the 'varsity squad, while there was no comparison between the rest of our men and the other classes. We formed a class team, but by some foul mischance did not win the championship.

In the Debating Club we were again prominent; one of our number was on the Rhetorical Committee and many others debated at different times. In the interclass series we of course defeated the Freshmen, while the Seniors won from the Juniors. There is no record to show who won the final debate, hence there is no doubt in my mind whatever but that we were the champions.

On the hockey team we were unusually strong, being represented by three men; on the track squad Hann, Johnstone, Capper, Taylor, Shedden and Stone had things all their own way. Prize Speaking found us again represented, but we thought it good taste this year to allow others to win it. On the baseball team we had three men, while Kraft took a permanent seat in the crew. Marion Mills, Stewart and Sawtelle advertised us in the Sagamore. We finished the year in a sunburst of glory by winning the interclass track meet with a large margin, and by pulling the other classes all over the playground in the tug-of-war on class day.

These feats eclipsed previous achievements to such an extent

that they may be said to rank with Napoleon's crossing the Delaware and Columbus' discovery of the lost chord, as far as their effect on the world's history is concerned.

JUNIOR YEAR

The next autumn we returned as Juniors and immediately began the fulfilment of the promise we had earlier shown. Our class elections, conducted with a solemnity befitting the occasion, resulted in making Eric Stone president, Elinor Driscoll vice-president, Marion Mills secretary, and Cyril Jones treasurer. Then, fearful lest our coming performances should not be accorded the notice due them, we placed eight deputies on the Sagamore board, These complained of having nothing to write about, so five of our husky members joined the football team, while another five, more gently inclined, twittered in the Mandolin Club. Phillip Van Bibber annexed all prizes in the xylophone category, being the only contestant; Stewart followed suit by butting into the hockey team. On the track squad there were more Juniors than all other classmen combined. In the triangular meet held at Newtonville, Juniors scored 17 of the 24 points amassed by Brookline, and later we won the indoor interclass championship with a total of 32 points or just double our nearest competitor, the Sophomores. Not only did we monopolize track, but also the Rifle Club; here four men of the first five were Juniors and won the schoolboy championship of New England for the second consecutive year, while the second team was composed entirely of 1911 men.

Lest this prolonged list of athletic achievements bore you, we will glance at the intellectual side. Pollard reflected glory on us by making Prize Speaking for the second time; Evelyn Coon, Elsie Page, Shedden and Kraft held our end up in the dramatics. Toward the close of the year the hot weather began to have its customary effect on everybody so that things began to drag. 1911 then showed its inherent power of leadership and responsibility by coming to the fore. In rapid succession we put a man on the baseball team, who later became captain; we put Kraft and Rowan on the crew

that won the championship, and we won the outdoor track meet and interclass tug-of-war. These victories coming one on top of the other with such emphasis proved to the universe that we were dependent upon none, that we were not only qualified to lead, but that we actually *did* lead. The subordination to which the upper class was now subjected was the straw that broke the camel's back; 1910 left these regions in becoming humility, and 1911 was supreme!

SENIOR YEAR

Nine short months ago adoring lower classmen and the fawning rabble deposited us on the pinnacles of all human ambition, on the utmost pedestal of fame. We were Seniors! The world sang a wild song of joy at our triumph; flags were dipped at our approach, and bands all over the country pealed forth praise at our conquest. Truly, not since the year one had anything happened of such benefit and consequence to the world at large as *our* taking it in charge. We immediately signified our pleasure in the trust imposed on us by holding such an election as was never before equalled. Our president we chose by acclamation, little thinking what glorious history was in the making. He was Eric Stone. Elinor Driscoll again became vice-president, Marion Mills secretary, and Francis Capper treasurer.

Almost simultaneously football season came along and we decreed that a championship should be won. Upon their bended knees various dignitaries besought us to have a few of our members take charge of it, and so we put O'Hearn, captain, Crafts, Capper, Kimball and Proctor on the team, with Kraft as manager. Many others of us substituted at times when mercifully inclined. Needless to say, under such distinguished auspices we won the called-for championship, the first in fourteen years.

In the intellectual line we of course shone with dazzling brilliancy. In the Sagamore board competition, open to the whole school, four of the five vacant editorships went to Seniors. In the French Club Seniors held all offices. The president and secretary of the Debating Society were 1911 men, while a Senior also served on the

Rhetorical Committee. In the Girls' Debating Club were more Seniors in charge. Under our progressive and democratic influence a competition was held for places on the dramatics cast, and of the twelve successful competitors five were from the class of 1911, while Stewart and Kraft handled the stage and business end of the production. Also in the same connection I might say our Senior social has been said to rank with the best of Charles Frohman's productions, while the acting was unlike anything the world had ever seen!

In glancing again at our athletic prowess I find that our fame had acted upon the stars of other schools and had drawn them to us. Principal among these were Leroy Hight and Gibson, while I must not forget the glittering personality of "Red" Obst. Hight was associated with our track squad, the strongest around Boston. Capper was captain and up to a short time ago we possessed all the "B" track men in school. Stewart and Taggart represented us on the baseball team, and many others who were once of us and who were forced to drop out on account of our pace, endeavored to retrieve themselves by playing their best. On the crew we were the whole thing, while the Rifle Team could not have existed without us. The usual plea of modesty prevents me from enlarging on these miraculous performances.

This brings me to the present. Today you have seen what we are capable of in the ornamental line (those of you who could get near enough have seen our glorious tug-of-war victory). You have also heard of what we have done in the past. The wildest flights of fancy, the brightest colored dreams, the most vivid imagination cannot begin to picture what we shall accomplish in the future. To what heights of glory we shall ascend is a matter beyond conjecture. But of one thing rest assured, that you who sit below here should thank your lucky stars that you have been spared to see this momentous day; rejoice that destiny has granted you the privilege to gaze at us, if even from a distance; and, finally, go your ways convinced that nothing calamitous can even think of happening so long as one of us remains above ground to steer this world upon its axis!

CLASS OF 1911

By Edward J. Stewart, Jr.

Fellow members of 1911, we have now come to our class day, and according to custom are about to commemorate the occasion by planting this bit of ivy, a token of our lasting affection for this, our Alma Mater.

As she has guided and protected us during the time spent within her walls, and sent us forth prepared to withstand the storms of life, so may Mother Earth strengthen and nourish this delicate plant, that it may, in its future growth, be symbolic of the class it represents.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

By Frederic G. Barnet

Beauty, where shall we search for thee?
In storming Fortune's towers?
In deeds replete with falsity?
In world corrupted powers?
No Beauty lasting e'er can be,
Without foundation strong;
But ever as a part of thee,
Is Truth, that battles Wrong.

'Tis true, we know the search is hard,
And many voices call
To shoals, where fitful glamour waits,
While seeking to enthrall.
But, when the years have sped us by,
And, gray, the past we view,
Let's not our errors then decry,
But now exalt the True.

And so, dear friends, with watchful eye,
As forward, now, you start,
First, seek to find where proud Truth guides,
Or in the home or mart.
Search not for happiness alone,
For dross is all you'll find.
Be not by winds of distrust blown,
Nor hold a coward's mind.

Beauty, where shall we search for thee?
In storming Fortune's towers?
We'll find thee not in falsity,
But in Life's earnest hours.
We'll find thee where all things are true,
Where duty governs all,
Entwined in wreaths of Glory's hue,
Hung high in Honor's hall.

Edyth E. Blewett, Eric P. Stone

THE door of my office opened abruptly. Harriet Newton, turned Brown as a result of hard work, entered the room. She handed me a letter and disappeared the way she came. Opening the letter I began to read and continued to read for half an hour, such was the length of the communication. The point of it all was this: Rachel Albee, the leader of the "Militant Suffragettes" wished me to investigate conditions in the realm of Pluto for publication in the next issue of "Votes for Women."

As I had no important business at hand I decided to comply with Rachel's wish. I immediately called up Eric Stone but found he was unable to accompany me. Eric had been confined to the house for over a week as he was suffering from a severe attack of modesty. So I left my office on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, to walk to the

station of the Pneumatic-Tube Transportation Company to procure a ticket for that afternoon.

As I left the office building I noticed two very demure little girls in the regulation costume of the Salvation Army, who proved to be Emily Miskell and Elizabeth Dwyer. I spoke to them, and Elizabeth told me that she had formerly earned a great deal of money posing, but could not endure the separation from Emily, who had joined the Salvation Army.

They moved up Boylston street and as my eye followed them it was attracted by a great crowd of women about the entrance to the Colonial Theatre. Upon inquiry I learned that photographs of Martindale Shedden, the matinee idol, were being distributed to his many admirers. One thousand five hundred pictures bearing his autograph had already been disposed of. Unable to press far enough into the throng to obtain one, I returned to my original course up Tremont street.

I had gone but a short distance when another crowd confronted me. An accident! How exciting! It seems a daring man, one Carl Morris, the "white man's hope," had recently rescued a fair damsel, Mildred Massé by name, from under the very wheels of an ice cart, which was proceeding at the terrific speed habitual to such conveyances. Who should happen along at just the right time but Hilda Hedlund! Hilda, who was now a full-fledged nurse, administered to Mildred's immediate needs, and then waited for the doctor. In the morbid crowd I perceived Dorothy Rogers properly chaperoned as usual. A great wave of sadness went over me, for I felt this was no place for Dorothy.

As I turned from the crowd my eye was caught by a sign flaunting in the breeze. It read, "Miss Rick, Law Offices." Thinking the owner might be Frances Rick of our class at High School, I peered in the window, and sure enough, there Frances was, seated at a large desk dictating to her stenographer, our illustrious Lillian Beck.

Next door, on a billboard before the Tremont Theatre, was an interesting poster. It advertised "The Heavenly Héléne, in French

Repertoire." Heavenly Hélène, I thought. Who can that be? There was an extremely large picture surrounded by lesser ones. I looked. I saw. I recognized. It was Hélène McClure. Among the other pictures there I found that of Lothrop Priest, who was taking the part of the sentimental hero; and also one of Gertrude Fenn, who was Hélène's understudy.

As I was about to start along I collided with a man who was hastening into the lobby. He recognized me, but as he had grown a beard I did not know him — until he introduced himself as Starr Ballou. We fell into conversation and, among other things, he told me that he was the head of the Watch and Ward Society and was on the point of witnessing Hélène's play, in order to pass judgment on it.

Starr had just passed in, when a magnificent equipage drove up and stopped before the entrance of the theatre. A footman leaped from the box and opened the door. Out stepped Thérèse Jacobs, as stunningly dressed as ever. I had read but a few days before a résumé of Thérèse's triumphant march to her present position as the leader of the Smart Set.

A few doors beyond the theatre there was a neat sign proclaiming Room 40 to be the stronghold of Miss Florence Belyea, dentist. I mounted to her room in an elevator. As I approached, my ear was assailed by a terrific bellowing. With much trepidation I pushed open door No. 40. A strange sight confronted me. Gibson, as husky as ever, howling at the top of his lungs, sat in the dentist's chair causing its steel legs to wabble by his elephantine contortions. Over him stood Florence, holding his wabbling face in check by one efficient hand while exploring the depths of his orifice with a probe held in the other hand. Having withdrawn my head without being noticed, I quietly slipped away.

Across the front of the building next to the one in which Florence held forth, the following was printed in large letters: "Home of the Rest Cure; Elizabeth Gibbs, proprietress; Mary Kenny, manicure; Margaret Walker, hairdresser." I glanced in at the window but

only saw one customer. It was Henry Briggs, surrounded and helpless, in the midst of the "rest" trio.

About Keith's was a seething mob all making for the entrance. The attraction this morning was "Jack O'Hearn, the clever speech maker, who does it for the love of talking and not for money." Beside Jack's name was that of Chester Jenks on display. He was presenting the entertaining little farce, "St. Elmo."

This was too good to resist. Buying a ticket I entered the theatre. Unfortunately I was too late to hear Jack, but I was in time to see Chester introduced by Thomas Fessenden, who spoke at length, as usual, on nothing. I learned later that this was a side issue with "Tom," and that he was editor of the "How to be Pretty Though Plain" column of the Brookline *Chronicle.*

The performance, as was intimated, was a farce; how much of a one the board had neglected to state. "Nuff sed." I left very soon.

Near Keith's I met Helen Kilmer accompanied by three fellows, chatting most enthusiastically. They were probably the "Frat" boys we used to hear so much about at High.

Suddenly I was brought up quickly in surprise by an enormous heart-shaped sign bearing the legend, "Stewart's Matrimonial Agency." Poor Junior; has he come to this! He always was fond of "marryin'," but I never thought he would carry it thus far. Wallace Taylor was about to enter the "Agency," and Marjorie Warren was also there. I said to myself, "Wallace never did have a bit of luck in his 'affaires d'amour:' here's hoping Junior can help him. But what can have directed Marjorie's mind into such channels?"

Above Junior's sign was another one, which also proved interesting. It was that of "Miss Moran's Gymnasium." She had as her assistant Katherine McLeod. Her class, it was discovered, consisted of Elizabeth McPhail in the morning and Lillian Edgar in the afternoon, both being in mortal fear of wasting away.

Before Huyler's were Emiline and Ruth Cox, in girlish attire, accompanied by two of "brother's Harvard friends."

Opposite the subway there was an enormous sign which Francis

Capper was reading with great relish. It was "Capper's World Famed Training Quarters for Athletes." Beside him stood Luther Ballou in a rough purple and white striped jersey and old golfing trousers. Luther was "Cap's" right hand man and rubber down. As I was talking over old times with Capper, Luther mildly reminded "Cap" that he was to compete that afternoon for the All-round Athletic Championship of America. This little event had completely slipped Francis' mind, so, much to my regret, he had to hasten off to prepare himself.

A little further along I met Elinor Driscoll, who was the president of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the Police Commission and an authority on Woman's Suffrage. Being, as she expressed it, rather "flush," she invited me to lunch with her. I suggested the Touraine, but she ushered me into the nearest café, "Des Enfants." Here we found several old schoolmates, Marion Keefe and Mildred Nelson, who, to use their own terms, were "slinging the hash," while Helen Twiss was cashing checks at the door. Near the counter Evelyn Comer was waiting for her "Bill."

We made for the nearest empty table, removed our bonnets, sat down and Elinor called for a menu. She ordered griddle cakes, cocoa and a newspaper. When the drink arrived it was cold, so Elinor called the waiter and said, "Here, my man, my cocoa's cold." To which he replied, "Then put your bonnet on." Recognizing this type of a joke, I looked at the fellow. Sure enough, I beheld "Daffy" Slocum, beaming as brightly as ever.

After recovering from our surprise, we proceeded with the sumptuous repast, Elinor reading bits from the paper now and then.

"Say, just listen to this," she began. "Rose Tierman, the charming bookkeeper of Mr. John Doe, married her wealthy employer last night. He had been charmed by Miss Tierman's blushes and the happy couple are now on their honeymoon." A moment more and she had another morsel of news between her teeth. "It is announced," she read, "that Margaret Keegan has been appointed president of a large orphan's home, owing to her very tender heart and philanthropic nature." On another page, Elinor pointed out

the advertisement of Ada Spencer's fashionable millinery establishment. In the sailing list we learned that Frances Bouvé had sailed for China as a missionary. Elinor showed surprise that fondness for Cooleys should lead one to such lengths. "Dick" Pierce, the "Beau Brummel" of Brookline High life, sailed on the same ship with Frances. The article explained that he had never lost his fondness for "Rice" and was on the search for it in the land of the Dragon.

Having consumed the news and the griddle cakes, we parted with mutual felicitations. By walking rapidly I reached the station just in time to catch the pneumatic tube which left at two o'clock. This surely was to be a strange trip, and I was slightly nervous over the thought of entering the mysterious realm alone. However, fifteen minutes later I had alighted at the River Styx.

In answer to my hurried telegram, the Sibyl, once known as Marion Fox, met me at the station to conduct me on my tour. On the way to the river we were surrounded by groups of shades, who were Griefs and Discord, the first personified by "Guinæ" Proctor, the second by Stanley Barker.

At the ferry I experienced some little difficulty. A tall soul, presumably "Pigeon" Flood, approached me and without any preliminary speech, dexterously forced open my mouth and searched for something under my tongue. Struggles were in vain, until Sibyl came to my rescue, said something to the "haze" of "Pigeon" and gently blew him away. Then she said to me, "He was looking for the coin which the shades carry under their tongues to pay for their passage over the Styx." "Pigeon" evidently thought I was as shady as of yore.

The ferry, sunk low by the weight of a mortal, started on its journey to the realm of night. The man at the oars reminded me very much of someone I had seen on earth. Finally I recognized him. It was "Dub." It seems that since he was a rowin' (Rowan) all his life, he was unable to give up his profession at death. In speaking to me he said that he was Charon's assistant and that Charon only rowed on Thursdays. You see "Dub"

had contracted a bad habit of resting on Thursdays, while he was yet in the High School, and had never been able to break himself of it.

On landing we heard the wails of those who had fallen by the wayside. Near at hand was a group who had died by false charges. Above them sat Minos, the grave judge, whose ruddy head showed a close relationship to the Obst that was. Before him stood the remains of Alfred Coleman, shuffling his noiseless feet. "Your honor," he was saying, "I was killed by the premature explosion of an electric cartridge which I had invented. Your Honor, was not that a false charge?" According to his habit of brevity, gained at the High School, Minos answered but one word, "Acquitted," at which Coleman flitted away.

As we approached a large building of white marble, a familiar voice floated on the breeze. "My dear, I wish you'd let me see the glass for a moment. My hair looks perfectly dreadful and I can't do anything with it." I knew right away who the speaker was, for after hearing those very words every day in my last two years of school, how could I be mistaken? We hastily entered the structure, and, as I expected, found Marion Mills. She was wrangling with a group of other shady beings over the possession of a tiny mirror.

Suddenly, very near us, we heard a terrific noise. It was as if a number of people were all shouting at once, each trying to outdo the others.

"What on earth is all that excitement?" I asked. As an answer Sibyl opened an iron door which led to the next hall, and glancing in I saw the mists of Haslam, Barnet and Pollard all seated at a huge table which was covered with papers of all descriptions. The three were talking as loudly and rapidly as they could.

"Silence," shouted Sibyl, and a deadly calm arose in the room. The trio glared at us if maddened by the interruption. Then Pollard, reporter for the *Plutonic Review*, rushed up to me to get the latest news from earth. He said that he was feeling well and was one of the leading lights of the realm. Greville Haslam, as

editor of the *Review*, was working on an editorial welcoming Barnet, who had just arrived.

Barnet did not let us interrupt him. After one disgusted glance he continued writing and talking. I learned from Sibyl that Barnet was writing an essay in twelve volumes on the "Simple Life," and would neither eat, drink nor sleep until it was done.

As we turned a corner we noticed a great gathering on one of the cliffs, so I suggested we go up and see what the excitement was. Reaching the top we found a crowd of young men all gathered around a central figure.

"What on earth are they crowding so for?"

"It's a sad story," Sibyl answered. "Those are all the fellows who have come here after 'Punchy.' "

"Do you mean to say 'Punchy' Coon is here? Why, I've simply got to see her. Just the other day I heard of a new invention for preserving a marcel wave and I know 'Punchy' would be wild to hear it."

But Sibyl answered, "It would be no use to attempt to reach her, the circle is a hundred deep."

On the opposite cliff what should I see but the filmy shadow of Gertrude Hussey wildly gesticulating. Sibyl explained that, owing to her great ability to express her thoughts with her hands, Gertrude had been the president of a deaf and dumb institute. Tiring of her position she had followed her old friend "Punchy," but had not yet succeeded in reaching her.

We descended the hill and walked along the valley. We had not gone far when I saw a form toiling at the cliff with pick and shovel. As a shovel full of dirt was deposited behind the figure, it all flew back to its original place. In answer to my query Sibyl said: "Yes, that is Brendon Lyons. It is verily a sad case. He is doomed to tear down the bluff he put up at the High School."

Not being able to bear such a sad sight I passed on, only to be confronted by a still sadder one. Immersed in a pool was an enormously large shade; its hair rose from its head and fell about its neck, as the water from a fountain. Indeed the figure was unmis-

takably that of "Johnny" Kimball. Slowly the richly colored, sparkling liquid rose to his very mouth and then, as he eagerly tried to drink it, the beverage sank and disappeared, leaving only a damp hole. Sibyl informed me that he never could get a drop to drink and would be tantalized in this barbarous fashion for ages.

On the other side of the valley we saw the second of Pluto's judges, Rhadamanthus, even more sombre and grave than when he frolicked around the High School and was known as Donald Perin. Before him stood "Joe" Hickey, who in life had tried to be a "hard guy," but had been unable to hide his good qualities and jolly spirit. Even now, at his judgment, he wore a happy smile.

We started on our way again and leaving the valley behind soon found ourselves on an extensive plain, dotted by clumps of beautiful trees and cut by sparkling rivers. This was Elysium, the land of the blessed.

Nearby lay a figure, covering some six or seven feet of grass. It was chewing a straw and counting its fingers. In fact, it was John Taggart taking a much needed rest of a century or so after having worked some two hours in the course of his career on earth.

Further on, another tall figure, clothed by a buffalo robe, strode along, singing a blithesome ditty as its fingers tripped over the strings of a lyre. I wondered who the gay flower-crowned person could be, until I heard his song. As all the verses contained a maiden's name and each verse a different name, I divined, and divined correctly, that it was "Squi" Kraft.

Near a clump of fruit trees was a merry group, on the outskirts of which the shade of Miss Graves was placidly weaving butterflies' wings from threads of cobwebs. In the centre of the group, Orpheus, the one-time Cyril Jones, was making the air sweet with his song, while close at hand Proserpine the beautiful, known before her elopement as Miss Isabelle Houghton, was reclining under the slow moving fan of the angelic Julia Reynolds. Munching an apple picked from the tree which shaded her was Esther Bacon. She was breathing rather quickly, having just executed

(in both meanings of the word) the "Dance of the Dawn," before her queen, Proserpine. John Kingman was also of the group, fluttering around its feminine components, offering to them all sorts of dainties which didn't belong to him, just as he did when on earth.

A short way off a shade was playfully opening a hive full of bees. Sibyl explained that it was Ronald Crafts who liked this amusement because he found it so different from on earth, for here he never got stung.

Beyond, two forms lay at full length on the grass, each asleep. The one with the broad grin was Perry, the other McGuire. They were having a sleeping match; the one who woke up first had to remain awake, the other could sleep on for a day after he woke up. Kenrick disported over their bodies. His method of locomotion was peculiar — instead of gliding along as all the other respectable shades, he progressed by handsprings, somersaults and their like.

From here Sibyl led me to the earthly shores of the Styx, where I bade her good bye. I parted from her fully convinced that she knew everything in the Realms of Pluto, even as she had known everything on earth. Entering the pneumatic car I left the classic shades of Elysium and in less time than it takes to tell I was back in the still more classic shades of Boston.

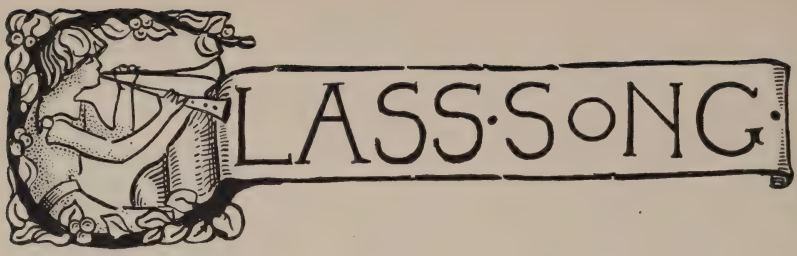
ERIC STONE
President

ELINOR DRISCOLL
Vice-President

DONALD PERIN
Class Song

MARION MILLS
Secretary

FRANCIS CAPPER
Treasurer



Class Song. 1911.

words by Frederic Barnet. music by D. W. Perin.

Solo:

I Thy Sun, O, best and noblest class of all, still slow-ly

II The past is gone, the present forms the link to greater

lingers on the west-ern sky; And proud-ly yields to its last trumpet

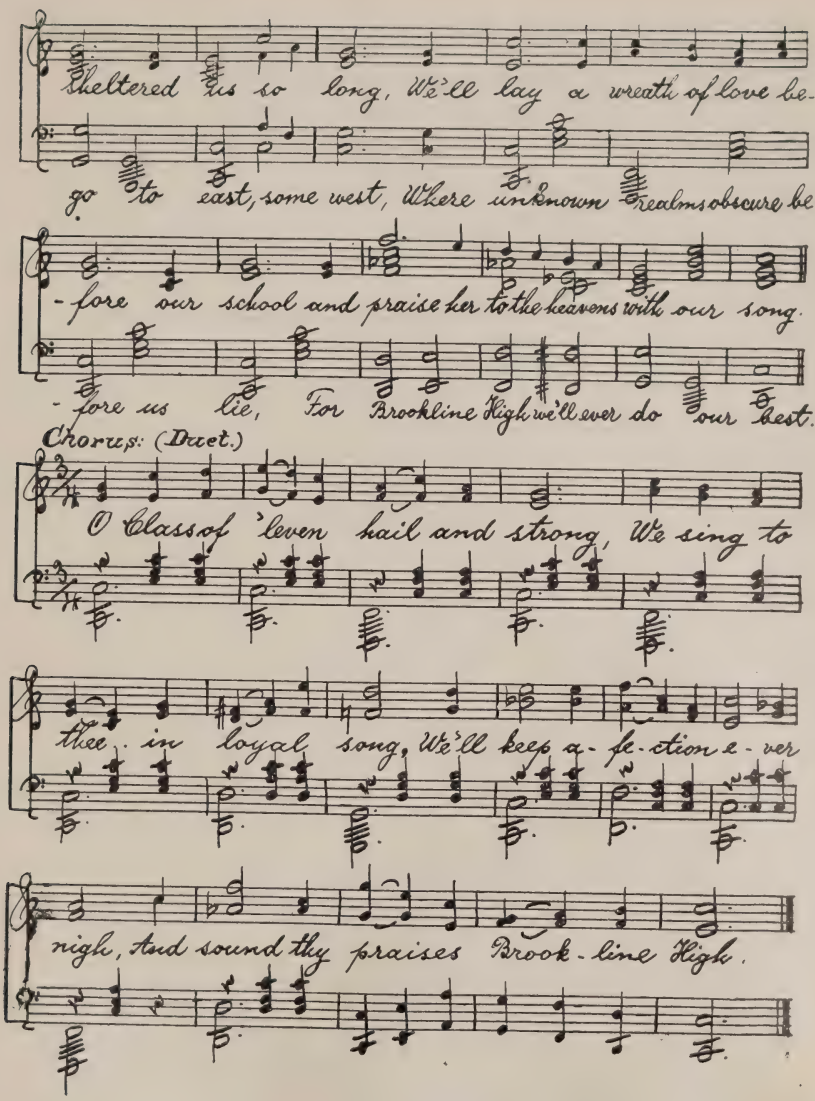
deeds, which lead us to our goal. Ex-pectant-ly we stand on Future's

call, whose plain-tive note doth summon it to die, But

brink, But pausing, list to hear the solemn toll, Which

since we must o-bey time's rigid rule, And leave the heart-thats

marks the end of joyous days gone bye. Though some of us shall


Sheltered us so long, We'll lay a wreath of love be-
go to east, some west, Where unknown realms obscure be-
-fore our school and praise her to the heavens with our song.
-fore us lie, For Brookline High we'll ever do our best.
Chorus: (Duet.)
O Class of 'leven hail and strong, We sing to
thee in loyal song, We'll keep a-fec-tion e-ver
nigh, And sound thy praises Brook-line High.

RIFLE TEAM

Francis Capper, Captain — Greville Haslam, Sec., Treas., Mgr.

TEAM

Francis Capper — William Chandler
Greville Haslam — Frederic Crory
Thomas Fessenden — Brendon Lyons, sub.

SECOND TEAM

George Hussey — Eric Stone
Stanley Barker — George Morse
Albert Pollard

JUNIOR MARKSMEN

Raymond Collard — Alfred Coleman
Henry Briggs — Adolph Becker
Ronald Crafts — Radcliffe Stevens
Raymond Williams — Horace Bickford
Eralsey Furguson — Felix Dowsley
Lawrence Pond — Philip Nordell
Edward Walker

OTHER MEMBERS

Julian Spitz — Frederic Barnet
John Kingman — William O'Brien

"Clubs"

WE HATE OURSELVES CLUB

Grand Chief Hater, Dick Peirce, N. G.; Chief Marshal of the Look at Me Chapter, Squier Kraft; Head Barber of the Club, Edward Stewart; Magnificent Knight of the Sponge, Thomas Fessenden, Esq.

General haters on a big scale: Hon. Cyril Jones, First Waterboy Umpaul Priest. *Little haters:* John Kingman, Greville Haslam, Stanton Slocum, Frederic Barnet.

By-Laws: —

I. Absolute conceit necessary.

II. Applicants must have something to be conceited about.

III. Must swear to the secret ritual of the Only Pebbles.

WISE MAN'S CLUB

High Lord of the Subtle Deep Chapter, Donald Perin; Mighty Druid of the Dumb Division, A. Coleman (Seer); one of the three wise men, Chester Jenks; the other twain, the Ballou Brothers; America's foremost gloom, Stanley Barker; proprietor of the Heavy Cranium, Carlyle Morris.

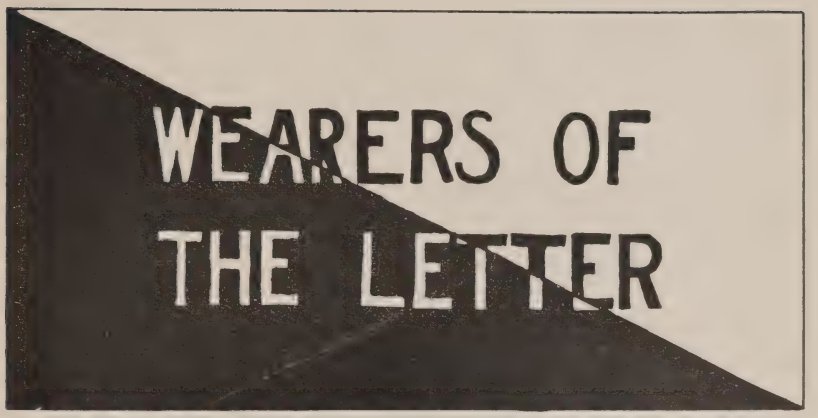
By-Laws: —

I. Any person caught in the act of seeing a joke, immediately expelled.

II. Must measure more round the forehead than the wrist. (In case of no arms ankles will do.)

III. Must forego all frivolous propensities and proclivities of youth.

Club Motto: "No pleasure without pain."



Football

John O'Hearn
Francis Capper
John Kimball
Ronald Crafts
Lothrop Priest
Squier Kraft
Edward Proctor
William Rowan

Rifle

Francis Capper
Greville Haslam
Thomas Fessenden
Brendon Lyons

Hockey

Edward Stewart

Baseball

Edward Stewart
William McGuire
John Taggart

Crew

Squier Kraft
William Rowan
John Kimball

Track

Francis Capper
Martindale Shedden
Eric Stone
Wallace Taylor
Edward Stewart

THE CALL OF THE WORLD

By Albert Pollard

OUR modern novelist tells us of the "Call of the Wild," that dominating instinct that draws us to primitive conditions; of the "Call of the Blood," the hereditary trait that controls us in crucial situations; of the "Call of the Sea," the appeal that beckons us to a life of adventure; yet there is still another call, louder and more insistent than any of these, and that is the "Call of the World."

Now what is the "Call of the World"? Perhaps the simplest definition is, the demand of the present age to carry out the work it has to do.

Thus the loudest cry today is for men with knowledge — knowledge acquired from education, which will give better standards of success, higher tests of greatness. That education is necessary the minds of the age agree. Henry Van Dyke in his "Essays on Application" says, "Education is the

human analogue of creation. Its beginning is the unfolding of something which already exists; but its aim, its motive, its triumphant result, is the production of something which did not exist before." This is shown by the advancement of education in the American commonwealth. It has been proved that the problems, the very life of the American people, require men with education, men who can intelligently talk and think. One eminent preacher goes on and declares that no other expansion of the republic can be compared to it.

A direct result of education is, of course, the trained man, the man who knows how. He is the man who is always sought for. Andrew Carnegie once said that the foundation of his fortune lay in the employment of trained chemists, while other men made steel by the rule of the thumb. Trained chemists made better steel just a little; they devised ways to make it cheaper, just a little; and they found means to utilize the slag. All this means hundreds of millions of dollars, if done on a large scale.

At the present day the world is greater than ever before. We have only to look around us and we have sufficient evidence of this. Great manufacturing plants, their chimneys belching forth smoke and flame, are working day and night. The science of building has progressed in leaps and bounds until at present we have things possible which were wild and fantastical dreams of a century ago. The study of medicine has advanced to the health and comfort of the communities; through the vast research work of our college laboratories, many phenomena, heretofore inexplicable, have been solved.

This progress demands the capable, and in co-operation with education it seeks to create new men and new kinds of men, who shall be of ever-increasing worth to mankind.

But besides education and training there is a third requirement in the world's curriculum; that is, character. Through misfortune of some kind we may not be able to supply the first two, education and training, but no person lives who cannot, if he chooses, give the last. Emerson sums it up exactly when he says, "Character is

the moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature." That reputation is what a man is thought to be, and character is what a man is, is as true today as it ever was. Also the qualities that have constituted character in previous ages are the same in this one. Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong, their influence is the bulwark of good government. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. This is only one of the instances of the tribute paid to character; we are content that others do abound.

With these things in mind, let us see what qualities the world will consider in its demands of character. It seems hardly necessary to say that the foundation of all character is veracity; this is more than simple truthfulness. A man speaks truth when his words correspond with facts; he is veracious when all his utterance is expressive of the truth which he himself is. Such a man, Emerson said, is "appointed by God to stand for a fact."

Next, I mention what is implied in this — honesty. In business today the profits are the legitimate reward of economy, organization and boldness of conception. To this end, absolute honesty is essential to success. Honesty is the backbone of the responsible man, of the man who attends to his duty.

Another quality of utmost importance is purity, that freedom from coarseness which has been called "whiteness of soul." It is inherent shrinking from whatever is vile; it is moral self-respect that spurns an unclean thought as an evil deed.

The next element in the best character is ambition, for without it, even though we possess all the other qualities, we are nothing. Ambition is an eager desire for power or honor; it is the ideal which we cherish.

Webster defines ideal as a conception proposed to the mind for imitation. Every one of us has an ideal. The street Arab has as his, the gaining of an existence, nor does it trouble him in what way this is accomplished. The man of business has for his, the making of money. The true reformer has the welfare of his cause at

heart, and is not satisfied until he reaches the goal of his aim. The philanthropist seeks to aid the unfortunate. What we shall be in power and in thought in the future we are now determining by our choices and deeds, by the habits we are forming; in brief, by the selection of our ideal.

We see what the world demands of us: knowledge, training, character. The first two the world is, in a measure, willing to help us to gain; the third we must supply for ourselves. We are in the world to develop character. We are often surrounded by hostile influences; more than that, at times, even the world is arrayed against us. It is then we must show our worth; for what the world would trust, it must first prove.

We, as the young people of the twentieth century, have opportunity facing us in every direction. We have but to grasp it; yes, but then we must hold it; and with knowledge, training and character, success is certain.

In place of the usual address, the Assumption Musical Club, an organization connected with St. Mary's Church of the Assumption of Brookline, entertained the school on Friday morning, April 28. The interest in the club was increased by the fact that of the twenty members present, four are now pupils in school and several will be later. For half an hour the school was regaled by several pieces spiritedly rendered, among them the "Assumption March," which was written especially for the club by its director, Mr. Meredith. The loud applause which followed each number showed that the school fully appreciated the work of the young musicians.

Miss Marshall is at present in Athens where she is studying at the Classical School of Research. During her sojourn in Greece she has visited many of the ancient cities including Mycenæ, Tiryns, Olympia and Epidaurus. She expects to remain in Athens, continuing her research work, until July and will return to America in time to be with us at the opening of school in September.

Le Cercle Gaulois held its last meeting of the term at the home of the president, Cyril Jones, on Friday evening, May 5. Several charades which had been carefully prepared were well acted by

members of the club. Then followed a vocal solo by Esther Bacon and a piano selection by Marjory Ward. Mrs. Connor, a most accomplished violinist, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Jones, played "Meditations from Thais" by Massenet and "Humoresque" by Dvorak. French games and songs followed by refreshments concluded the meeting which all agreed was the most enjoyable the club has ever had.

The entertainment to which the school was treated on Friday morning, May 12, consisted of a piano recital by Signor Arturo Da Eva who showed himself to be an artist of remarkable technique. The selections played were from Schumann, Chopin, Walstein and Beethoven. It is to be hoped that Signor Da Eva will again in the future favor the school with a recital, for it is apparent from the applause which he received that the school has an appreciative ear for the high class music in his répertoire.

The members of the cast of "Christopher, Jr.," the play which was presented in Shailer Hall last March, spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Hilda Vallandigham on Wednesday, May 17.

Miss Gambrill has resigned from the school staff to accept a position to teach French at Wellesley College. Although we are sorry to lose Miss Gambrill, we are glad that it is to fill so responsible a position that she leaves us. It shows that the faculty of Brookline High has a reputation of which the school may justly feel proud.

A tea was given to the faculty at the close of school on Wednesday, May 17, by the members of III. Domestic Science. The affair took place in the art rooms which were somewhat decorated for the occasion and proved an ideal place to enjoy the delicacies which were served. Miss Wiswell and Miss Smith, who had arranged for the occasion, were assisted in serving by Doris Bray, Vera Bray, Irene Murray, Gertrude Daniels and Ruth Damon.

The Memorial Day address was delivered by Dr. Philip A. Nordell of the G. A. R. on Thursday morning, May 25. Dr. Nordell's remarks differed from the usual speeches which are given on this day in that he did not give personal reminiscences but

rather the lessons which are to be drawn from the war. He said that the war is generally thought to have had two principles behind it: in the North, the desire to preserve the union and suppress slavery; in the South, the desire to disintegrate the union and defend secession. There was, he showed, a deeper reason for the war than the suppression of slavery. Slavery was the national crime which no nation could destroy and therefore war alone could do away with it. He cited Rome and the wars of history to show that beneath all wars has lain some degeneracy which had to be overcome by war to make for righteousness and in the Civil War this degeneracy was slavery. The speaker expressed himself as sympathizing with universal peace but considering it impossible because it would mean the transformation of man. He declared that every war is a stepping stone to a higher civilization and that the Rebellion was no exception but an onward stride. Dr. Nordell's address was eloquent and forceful, and will long be remembered by those who heard it.

During a short absence from school the latter part of May, Miss Spaulding's position was filled by Louis Keegan, '09.

Donald Perin was the successful competitor for the music of the class song and Frederic Barnet won the competition for the words. Barnet also wrote the class poem.

The Class of 1911 of the Devotion School gave a dance on Friday evening, May 26, at which many of the graduates who are now in high school were present. The affair was a great success.

The alumni of the John D. Runkle School were the guests of the graduating class at a very pleasant dance which was given in the hall of the school on Friday evening, June 2. The ninth grade performed two folk dances, the "Rose Dance" and the "Dublin Jig," which elicited much applause from the graduates. This was followed by dancing until eleven. The occasion was so thoroughly enjoyed by all present that there is talk of organizing an Alumni Association so that similar reunions may be held every year.

The Sigma Delta Psi Fraternity held its annual dance at the

Riverdale Casino on Friday evening, April 21. The hall presented an unusual but pleasing aspect with Japanese decorations and a large altar with a Buddha placed upon it which is said to be nineteen hundred years old. The ushers were Frederick Estes, Eric Huneker, Philip Nordell and Webster Sawyer. Mrs. William B. Bracken, Mrs. George P. Hitchcock, Mrs. T. Stewart Rowlett and Mrs. John C. Sawyer served as matrons. The dance was one of the most successful the fraternity has ever given, due to the efforts of the dance committee which consisted of Estes, Fairbanks, Hobart, Macnaughton, Rowlett, Nordell and Newell Thompson.

Our usual luck with Class Day weather held good this year, for June 2 was one of the finest days of the year. At two o'clock the head of the column of one hundred and sixty boys appeared on the steps and marched down the field to await the girls' arrival. The girls were led by marshals from the class of 1912, who wore red and gray gypsies' caps, red sash cords over their white dresses and carried red parasols. They were Hilda Vallandigham, Frances Hall, Edith Faxon, Elizabeth Bouvé, Frances Bouvé, Elise Kraft, Cornelia Mossman, Florence Eisenhardt, Sarah Snell, Helen Woodward, Eleanor Allen, Ann Gibbons, Sabina Gibbons and Christine Ayres. The girls formed a horseshoe into which the Senior girls marched and seated themselves. The Seniors then unrolled strips of orange and black bunting forming 1911.

The boys, commanded by Mr. Carrell and the marshals, went through a series of marching evolutions like a regiment of veterans. Then a novelty was introduced. Each class of boys had prepared some special performance and they displayed them to the crowd of two thousand. The Freshmen showed some very interesting games, the Juniors did a very difficult athletic dance, the Sophomores showed excellent tumbling and pyramid building and the Seniors exhibited a Greek dance. The prize in these novelties was awarded to the Seniors by the judges, Miss Barnes, Mr. Cameron and Mr. Rich.

The Senior girls decorated the B. H. S. '11 and carried them to the front steps where they were hoisted to the tower, while the

numerals XI were formed on the steps and the massed school responded to Stewart's cheer leading. The horseshoe was then formed on the lower end of the track and the girls won the basketball passing contest. The Seniors again won the tug-of-war, defeating both '12 and '13, and the girls of '11 won the hoop race.

While the classes formed along the track, the Seniors entered the building and reappeared, the boys attired in blue coats, straw hats, orange and black ties, and carrying canes decorated with the same colors. The girls all bore orange balloons. Led by the band and ushers, the Seniors received the cheers of the other classes, which then proceeded to the other side of the track and formed a lane, through which the Seniors passed. The marching and cheering behind the school was followed by the Ivy Oration by Edward J. Stewart, Jr.

The indoor exercises then began. After the entrance of the class President Eric Stone welcomed the guests and introduced Greville Haslam, who read a very clever Class History. Edyth Blewett followed with the Prophecy, in which Eric Stone was her co-editor. The Class Poem was read by Frederic G. Barnet, and a splendid Oration was delivered by Albert A. Pollard. Then the Class Song, with words by Barnet and music by Donald Perin, was sung.

The Class Day Committee was T. Squier Kraft, Evelyn Coon, Elinor B. Driscoll, John Kingman and William M. Shedden.

The banner-bearers were 1911, Elinor Driscoll, Marion Mills and Evelyn Comer; 1912, Lillian Williamson, Nellie Woodward and Mary Morris; 1913, Madeline Hunt, Dorothy Rhodes and Ruth Lyman; 1914, Marie Williams, Margaret Tuttle and Carmen Harris.

The marshals were Capper, Gibson, Jones, Kenrick, Kraft, Obst, Perry, Proctor, Rowan, Shedden, Stewart, Fillebrown, Macnaughton, Thielscher and Kelly.

The ushers, all of 1912, were Bentley, Clarke, Ferguson, Guimaraes, Macnaughton, Manning, Newton, Nordell, Palmer and Thielscher.

The nineteenth annual J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest

was held in Shailer Hall on May 19. The hall was packed with a very appreciative audience. The first speaker was Luther Ballou, '11, who rendered "A Message to Garcia" in a very forceful manner. Florence Eisenhardt, '12, then delivered Hugo's "Poor Folk" in a way that brought out every note of pathos. Albert Pollard, '11, next gave "Gunga Din," followed by Madeline Hunt, 13, with a very funny piece entitled "Who's Afraid?" A selection from Senator Lodge's speech in Symphony Hall was well given by Freeman Swett, '13, and Mildred Southwick, '13, put wonderful expression into "Captain January's Star." The way in which Victor Kramer, '14, told how "Tom Sawyer Whitewashes a Fence," was screamingly funny and his gestures surpassed anything of the kind seen on our platform. Evelyn P. Fisher, '13, closed the speaking with a selection in negro dialect called "When Malindy Sings."

The judges' task was herculean and it seemed like a toss up, but after a long conference they awarded the girl's prize to Mildred Southwick and the boy's to Victor Kramer. The glee clubs made time pass quickly by many well sung selections.

The Senior dance held on May 20 surely was a huge success. The committee worked for weeks in order to have everything perfect. The hall was most artistically decorated and the large 1911 banner which hung high over the platform was most effective. The committee which deserves much praise consisted of Elinor Driscoll, chairman, Marion Mills, Dorothy Rogers, Florence Belyea, Eric Stone, Edward Stewart, Jr., and H. Starr Ballou. The matrons were Mrs. George P. Hitchcock, Mrs. Ernest Mills, Mrs. H. Starr Ballou and Mrs. Dennis Driscoll.

DEBATING CLUBS

The Debating Club held the final interclass debate for the championship of the school on Friday morning, April 21, this taking the place of the usual talk. The question was, "*Resolved*, That the United States should fortify the Panama Canal." The

affirmative, upheld by the Sophomores, was represented by Derr and Payne, while the Juniors had Hussey and Furguson on hand to defend the negative of the question. In supporting their side, Derr and Paine showed that an international treaty would not sufficiently protect the canal, for nations have never been too scrupulous about observing agreements of this sort when under pressure; that it was impracticable to suppose that after spending millions of dollars on the canal, the United States would leave it unfortified; and that it is the right and duty of the government to fortify it. The negative cited many treaties to show that the United States has no right to fortify the canal beyond policing it to prevent disorders, and demonstrated that such action, if lawful, would be unnecessary and unwise, for a determined enemy could easily wreck the canal, by use of a bomb, to such an extent as to put it out of use for many months, no matter how carefully it were fortified. Treaties between all important nations, it declared, would defend the canal far more than any material fortification and would lead eventually to neutrality. The rebuttal for the affirmative was taken by Derr and for the negative by Hussey. Gordon Gallert, B. H. S. '09, acted as judge and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The speaking on both sides was excellent, and the decision very close. By winning this debate, the class of 1913 gained the school championship a second time.

The second annual debate with the Newton High School took place in Shailer Hall on Friday evening, April 28, and again we won. Of course, we were sure that the debate would result as it did, but Newton was also confident that it had the winning team and turned out two hundred strong to support its debaters. Newton had the choice of the side of the subject which it should uphold and took the affirmative of the question, "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts should adopt the initiative and referendum as part of its legislative system."

The entertainment opened with "Monstrat Viam," which was well rendered by the Newton High School Orchestra, an organization of about twenty members. The "May Song," by the Newton

High Girls' Glee Club, which followed was well received by the audience and the debate began.

Mr. Philip S. Parker, who served as chairman, introduced the first speaker for the affirmative, Robert R. West, who defined the question and showed why the present system is not representative. He made an excellent impression on his listeners by the force and clearness with which he presented his arguments.

Thurston Clarke then took up the question from the negative standpoint. He showed that the initiative and referendum is contrary to our present methods of government and that to establish this system would be to set a precedent which is not only extremely radical but unnecessary. His arguments were many and were delivered with energy.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Charles D. Kepner, Jr., in a well delivered speech explained how the initiative and referendum would act as a purifier of legislation and would serve to check graft and lobbying. Brookline's second speaker, Freeman Swett, pointed out the necessity of a legislature to carefully weigh bills and harmonize conflicting interests, and by illustrating the failures of this system in Oregon and Switzerland, showed the results to be detrimental. His arguments were well taken and presented.

Newton's last speaker, Donald Belcher, demonstrated the adaptability of the initiative and referendum to Massachusetts. Although the points made by this speaker were very good, a lack of force in delivery greatly detracted from their effect. Eric Stone, the final speaker of the negative, enlarged upon the arguments of Swett and summarized his side of the question. Except for an occasional hesitancy, his speech was excellent.

The Newton Glee Club and Orchestra both rendered a selection while the speakers were preparing their rebuttal. Then Thurston Clarke with force and considerable humor broke down many of his opponent's arguments. Donald Belcher, who took the rebuttal for Newton, showed remarkably clear thinking in his speech, which if forcibly delivered would have had a telling effect.

While the decision of the judges was awaited the Newto Orchestra again played several selections. When the decisio was given in favor of Brookline, Newton showed a most commen able spirit by its cheers for B. H. S., which were given with a will The ability of Newton High to take a defeat without complain , as evinced by this demonstration, has given us an opinion of that school which it will be hard to alter.

The Girls' Debating Club held its first interscholastic debate at the Newton High School on Friday afternoon, May 26. The attendance of the Brookline supporters was diminished by the Cambridge Latin game which came the same afternoon, but a large number of our girls were present as well as several boys who seized this opportunity to hear what the girls could do.

After the B. H. S. Girls' Glee Club had rendered a selection, Brookline took the stand to support the affirmative of the question, "*Resolved*, That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote."

Mary Morris, in an excellently prepared and delivered speech, showed that the present system was designed to give the people the least possible power, that it led to bossism and deadlocks, and that after a trial of a hundred and twenty-five years it had outgrown its usefulness.

The first speaker for the negative, Katherine Bacon, reviewed the history of the senate showing the good work which it has done in the past. Popular election, she stated, would prevent the re-election of useful senators because of the fickleness of the public mind and the present method should therefore not be changed until found to be absolutely wrong. The speaker's arguments were good, but were not delivered with a force which carried conviction.

The second speaker for Brookline, Rachel Albee, pointed out the corrupt practises now pervading the senate which would be impossible if that body was directly responsible to the people. In a humorous speech Elizabeth Wardle, Newton's next speaker, clearly demonstrated that the people need to be guided and that

this can only be done by a body such as we have at present that can check their impulses.

The last speaker for the affirmative was Edith Faxon who showed that much valuable time is now spent in bartering for the position of senator which could be spent on legislation if the popular method of election were employed. Beatrice Allen concluded the speaking for Newton by pointing out that the essential character of the senate is right and that a few changes in it would be far more satisfactory than the adoption of a plan totally experimental.

In their rebuttals, both Miss Bacon and Miss Morris succeeded in overthrowing several of their opponents' arguments. Following a song by our Girls' Glee Club, the decision was announced in favor of Brookline. The Girls' Debating Club has begun its interscholastic debates as did the boys' club. May it also follow the example of the boys in its second debate!

At a special meeting, the Boy's Debating Club elected as officers for next year, Thurston Clarke, president; Freeman Swett, vice-president; and Frederick Hussey, secretary. As usual, the election of the Rhetorical Committee will not take place until fall.

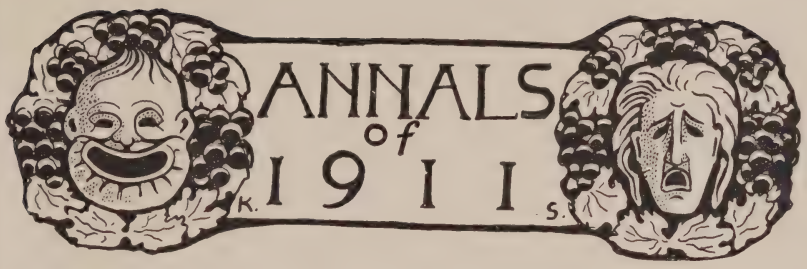
Wyman · Nordell · Crosy · Dexter · Mr. Carell · Barnet

Case

TRACK TEAM

Spitz

Sweet



Ballou, Hosea Starr, Jr., 22 Brentford Hall, Cambridge.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Hullaballou." F. O., theatre.

"Above all I swear 'tis better to be much abused than to know but a little." Friend Ballou had a bad moment some months ago when brother took home one more "A" than he had, but — never again!

Cercle Gaulois, '10, '11. Senior Dance Committee. French Club entertainment, '11. Honorable mention in mathematics in William H. Lincoln Prize Contest, '10. Glee Club. News Editor Sagamore, '10, '11. (And a good one.)

Ballou, Luther Farwell, the other one of the famous duet.

College, Yale. Nickname, "Boozer." F. O., acting really rough.

"The mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Friend Boozer goes on record as being the greatest cutup ever seen in First Physical Training. Some nerve to his hair-raising stunts.

Prize Speaking, '11. Debating Club. *Chronicle* Reporter. Captain Domino Team, '11. (Resigned on account of injuries.)

Barker, Stanley T.

College, Harvard. Nicknames, "Kid," "Stanislaus." F. O., shooting.

"An infant, mewling and puking in his nurse's arms"; "so wise, so young, they say, never live long." A promising cherub.

Debating Club, '07, '08. Second Rifle Team, '10, '11.

Barnet, Frederic Gordon.

College, Freiburg, Saxony. Nickname, "Fred." F. O., "percolating wisdom in large draughts."

"The most patient man in loss; the most coldest that ever turned up ace."

Debating Club, '08, '09, '10, '11. Rhetorical Committee, '11. Class Debating Team, '09, '10. Class Track, '09, '10, '11. B. H. S. Track Team,

'11. Rifle Club, '11. Cross Country Team, '10. Cercle Gaulois, '10, '11. Class Football, '10. Athletic Editor Sagamore, '11. Tug-of-War, '08, '09, '10, '11. Class Poet. Words of Class Song.

Briggs, Henry Payson, Σ Φ Υ.

College, Harvard. Nicknames, "Heine," "Heinrich," "Henri." F. O., getting into trouble.

"But in the way of bargains mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Costume Manager Dramatics, '10, '11. Assistant Business Manager Sagamore, '10. Business Manager, '11. Class Football, '09, '10. Usher Senior Social. Usher Newton Debate. German Play, '11. French Club. French Entertainment, '11. Debating, '09, '10, '11. Rifle Club. 'Varsity Team, '09, '10. Prize Speaking Finals, '11 [resigned]. Class Baseball, '11.

Capper, Francis Whittier.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Cap." F. O., studying (ha-ha!).

"The elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Came from Malden H. S. Sophomore year. President Prep. League A. A. President B. H. S. A. A. Undergraduate Councilor of New England Interscholastic A. A. B. H. S. Track Team, '10. Captain, '11. Class Football, '09, '10. Captain of Class Football, '10. Rifle Team, '09. Captain, '10, '11. B. H. S. Football, '09, '10. Class Baseball, '09. Captain, '10, '11. Gym Team, '09, '10, '11. Member Senior Quartette. Class Track, '09, '10, '11. Usher Dramatics, '10, '11. Senior Social. Class Day, '09, '10. Senior Dance, '11. Prize Speaking, '11. Senior Social Committee, '11. Tug-of-War, '09, '10, '11. Marshal Class Day, '09, '10, '11.

Coleman, Alfred Victor.

College, M. I. T. Nickname, "Al." F. O., motor boating, looking wise.

"His heart and hand both open and both free, for what he has he gives; what he thinks he shows."

Baseball Squad, '10. Rifle Club, '10, '11. Debating Club, '08. Le Cercle Gaulois.

Crafts, Ronald Dexter.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Ron." F. O., "dreaming of the happy land where waves of milk do flow."

Tug-of-War, '08, '09, '10, '11. Class Football, '08, '09, '10. B. H. S. Football, '10. Rifle Club, '09, '10.

Fessenden, Thomas A. D., Γ Δ Ψ.

College, M. I. T. Nicknames, "Tom," "Fessy."

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." "An electric fan will buzz and blow all day and not say anything."

B. H. S. Rifle Team, '09, '10, '11. Treasurer, '10. Debating Club, Class Team, '11. Class Track, '09, '10. Tennis Squad. Usher Senior Social. Dramatics, '11.

Flood, James.

Destination, business. Nickname, "Pigeon." F. O., "vaccinatin' Gazaboes in the lamp."

"There is some salt of goodness in evil things, would men observingly distil it out." Flood is our would-be Romeo, but nobody knows his wherefore.

Mecca A. C.

Gibson, Richard Goodwin.

College, Harvard. Nicknames, "Gib," "Boob." F. O., sailing.

"Strong as an ox, and yet he fears a female as ordinary mortals do the plague."

Came from Mechanic Arts H. S. in Senior year. B. H. S. Football Squad, '10. Senior Quartette. Class Track, '11. Tug-of-War, '11. Marshal Class Day, '11.

Haslam, Greville George.

College, M. I T. Nicknames, "Grev," "The American Indian," "Mut." F. O., "lathering on the salve" and lead slinging.

"'Lo the poor Indian.' A haunter of the silent places; member of the Skeptic Chapter, Cynical Pessimists of America."

Class Track, '09, '10. Class Football, '09, '10, '11. B. H. S. Squad, '11. Rifle Club, '08. B. H. S. Rifle Team, '09, '10, '11. Manager, '10, '11. Debating Club, '10, '11. Class Team, '11. German play. B. H. S. Dramatics, '11. Usher Sophomore-Freshman Reception, Prize Speaking. Senior Social, etc. Tug-of-War, '09, '10, '11. Class Historian. News Editor Sagamore, '10. Editor-in-Chief, '11.

Hickey, Joseph Dervan.

College, Harvard. Nicknames, "Joe," "Tim Hart." F. O., "taking bird-walks."

Hickey is another dark sport. Withal an embryo wit and well-meaning fellow.

Class Baseball, '08, '09. Assistant Manager. B. H. S. Football, '10. Senior Photograph Committee. Debating Club, '07. B. H. S. Swimming Relay, '07.

Jenks, Chester Walton, 22 Brentford Hall, Cambridge.
College, Harvard. Nickname, "Chetter." F. O., "near fussing."

A deep-dyed villain. "My name is that at which the mountains tremble." Jenks tries hard and succeeds indifferently; he's a dangerous lady-killer and connoisseur in engagement rings.

Debating Club, '09, '10, '11. French Club, '10, '11. Mandolin Club, '10, '11. B. H. S. Dramatics, '11. Usher at Newton Debate, '11. Class Baseball, '09. Class Football, '10 '11.

Jones, Cyril Hamlen, Γ Δ Ψ.
College, Harvard (Ridgeley, Room 171). Nicknames, "Jonesy," "Kiko." F. O., studying.

"I am the courageous captain of compliments, the very pink of courtesy." (*Shedden's understudy.*)

Class Track, '08, '09, '10. Class Baseball, '09. Class Football, '11. B. H. S. Track Squad. Second Crew, '11. French Play, '10. Senior Play, '11. B. H. S. Dramatics, '11. Cercle Gaulois, '10. President, '11. Class Treasurer, '10. Debating Club, '10, '11. Mandolin Club, '08, '09, '10, '11. Manager, '11. Violin Quartet. Sagamore Board, '10. Class Day Marshal. Usher Senior Dance. Prize Speaking, '10. Debate. Dramatics.

Kenrick, Clarence Vinal.
Business. Nickname, "Buster." F. O., athletics.

A worthy chap who minds his own business closely and achieves what he attempts; also an optimist and trifler with affections.

Class Football, '09. Tumbling Team, '10, '11. Sailor's Hornpipe Class Day. Football Squad, '10.

Kimball, John Clifton, Γ Λ Υ.
College, Dartmouth. F. O., looking on.

"I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and a diploma."

Class Football, '06, '07. B. H. S. Football, '09, '10, '11. B. H. S. Crew, '11. Tug-of-War, '08, '09, '10, '11. Senior Social Play, '11. Assistant Manager Dramatics, '11. Usher Graduation, '09. Senior Social, '09.

Kingman, John Maconn.
College, Harvard (Perkins 30). F. O., theatre.

"I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy." John is a paradox; twin brother to the Sphinx. A good moral influence on all he comes in contact with, and thereby hangs a tale.

Class Football, '10, '11. Fencing Team, '11. Second Crew, '11. Class Day Committee, '11. French Club, '10, '11. Usher at Class Day, '10, Dramatics, '11, Newton Debate, '11, Senior Dance, '10, Debating Club.

Kraft, Thomas Squier, Σ Φ Υ.

College, University of Minnesota, (or Vassar). Nickname, "Squee." F. O., looking important.

"A simple man. For him there is no difference between a tadpole and a periwinkle, yet he would be a forester." A unique personality and seeker for the ball of fame.

Class Football, '06, '07. Manager B. H. S. Football, '10. Class Baseball, '07, '08. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10. Manager, '11. Champion Second Crew, '08. B. H. S Crew, '09. Champion Crew, '10. Boston Interscholastic Crew. Captain Crew, '11. Tug-of-War, '08, '09, '10, '11. Senior Social Committee, '10. Chairman Class Day Committee. Undergraduate Councilor B. H. S. A. A., '10. Usher Class Day, '10. Graduation, '10. Senior Dance, '11.

Lyons, Brendon Paul.

College, M. I. T. or Hall's Barber School. Nickname, "Brennie." F. O., working hard (?).

"I'm a near sport and giddy fusser; will die a bachelor and rich; methinks I am quite some cheese."

Mandolin Club, '08, '09, '10. B. H. S. Rifle Team, '10, '11. Class Relay, '10. Class Football, '08, '09, '10. Class Baseball, '08, '09. Le Cercle Gaulois, '10, '11. Debating Club.

McGuire, William F.

Destination, business. F. O., looking for work.

B. H. S. Baseball, '10, '11. Captain, '11 (resigned). Senior Football. Golf Team. Member Mecca A. C.

Morris, Carlyle.

College, Harvard. Nicknames, "Trotter," "White Man's Hope." F. O., tennis.

"I hold the world but as a stage, where every man must play a part and mine a sad one." Carl is some swell pallbearer and chief mourner. He's likewise happiest when he's saddest. The more you lick him the better he likes it.

Debating Club, '09, '10, '11. French Club Entertainment, '11. Le Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10, '11. Tennis Squad, '10, '11. Class Track.

Obst, Alfred J.

Business, Ringling's School for Clowns. Nickname, "Red." F. O., "borrowing" dimes.

"Wisdom and wit are little seen, but follies at full length." "Al" is his own Donnelly; on the whole, he means well, makes great attempts and accomplishes less than nothing.

Came from Boston English High Senior Year. Class Football. Debating Club. Class Day Marshal, '11.

"Scowl and frown every now and then, for nothing has less value than the smile of a man who always grins."

O'Hearn, John E.

Destination, business. Nickname, "Jack." F. O. none (or laying for Marshall).

Another husky one of the world famous line. A football star of the first magnitude; a coming Dagodriver and cousin to Hercules, several times removed.

Class Football, '08. B. H. S. Football, '09, '10. Captain, '10. Tug-of-War, '10, '11. Class Hockey, '08, '09 '10. Manager B. H. S. Baseball Team, '11. Usher Class Day, '10. Assistant Dramatics, '10, '11. Senior Social, '11. Mecca A. C.

Peirce, Richard Bartlett, Γ Λ Υ.

College, Harvard. (Rumored he's studying for the ministry.)

"Pluck the gay feathers from a pheasant and it's no better than the barnyard fowl."

Tug-of-War, '08. B. H. S. Football Squad, '10. Hockey Squad, '10, '11. Mandolin Club, '08, '09, '10, '11. Leader, '11. French Club. Debating Club, '09. Usher Senior Social, '07, '11. Dramatics, '11. Prize Speaking, '11, etc.

Perin, Donald Wise.

College, M. I. T. Nickname, "Don, old stick." F. O., motoring.

"A wit's a feather and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Usher at Senior Social, '11, Dramatics, '11, Alumni Vaudeville, '11. B. H. S. Second Crew, '11. Music Class Song. Tug-of-War, '11.

Perry, Irving.

College, Harvard. Nickname, "Doc." F. O., loafing, slumbering salubriously.

"My face is my fortune." Perry's genial grin of the half lunar variety speeds straight to the right spot.

B. H. S. Football Squad, '10. Tug-of-War. Class Day Marshal, '11.

Pollard, Albert E.

College, M. I. T. Nicknames, "Redtoppo," "Red," "Polley." F. O., paying dues to the Rifle Club (?).

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in this naughty world." An honest fellow who tries a trifle, a wit in an indefinite way, also sly bunker.

Class Football, '09, '10. Class Track, '09, '10. Debating Club, '07, '08, '09, '10. Secretary, '10, '11. Prize Speaking, '09, '10, '11. Class Orator. Rifle Club. French Club. Lincoln Anniversary Exercises, '09. Senior Quartette Sagamore Reporter, '09.

Priest, Lothrop, Σ Φ Υ.

College, Harvard (Ridgeley 171). Nicknames, "Fat," "Dimple." F. O., leaning on the lunch counter.

"From 210 lbs. down to 169!" And they say miracles are past! We had looked to Priest to be President of the N. E. Fat Men's Association one of these days. Ever was he disappointing.

B. H. S. Football Squad, '10. B. H. S. Team, '09. Debating Club. Track Squad, '11. Class Day Marshal, '11.

Proctor, Edward Edson, Randolph, Mass.

College, M. I. T. Nickname, "Guinea." F. O., studying French for Miss Ross.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." It takes nerve to come all the way from Randolph every day, especially winters, but Proctor has a knack of getting there. A sticker.

B. H. S. Football, '10. Class Day Marshal, '11. Tug-of-War, '10, '11. Class Football.

Rowan, William Edward, Σ Φ Ψ.

Destination, "I dinna ken." Probably Sing Sing! F. O., *Je ne sais pas.*

"He's real cute." He's lucky getting by in regulation time. Dub was ever a lingerer. He has a weakness for certain forbidden spots that satisfy Thursday mornings.

Class Football, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '08, '09. B. H. S. Football, '09. B. H. S. Crew, '10, '11. Senior Photograph Committee. Assistant Foot-

ball Manager, '10. Usher Senior Dance. Alumni Vaudeville, etc. Member Pastime A. C.

Shedden, Martindale William, Γ Λ Ψ.

College, Yale, 262 York street. Nicknames, "Bill," "Mart." F. O., track, or singing that rollicking ditty, "I Wish I Had a Girl."

"Yea, even his shoestrings ooze drama." An actor both on the stage and off; quite an automobilist, in fact a motor "mart!" (Mercy!)

Class Track, '08. B. H. S. Track, '09, '10, '11. Class Football, '07, '08, '09. B. H. S. Squad, '10. B. H. S. Relay, '10, '11. Mandolin Club, '08, '09, '10. Violin Quartette, '11. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10, '11. German Play. Usher at Senior Dance. Senior Social. Alumni Editor Sagamore, '10. Class Day Committee, '11. Cercle Gaulois, '10, '11.

Slocum, Stanton Farrier, Γ Λ Ψ.

College, Dartmouth. Nicknames, "Daphne," "Cupid." F. O., spotting the baby dolls.

"He wears his heart upon his sleeve
For daws to peck at."

Reporter Sagamore, '08. Tug-of-War, '08, '09. Cross Country Team, '08, '10. B. H. S. Hockey, '09, '10. Debating Club. Class Team, '08. Usher at Sophomore Reception, Senior Social, '10, Dramatics, etc. Class Football, '10.

Smith, Edwin Seymour.

College, Harvard. F. O., writing for autographs.

"Behold a genius, very much disguised." Sometime author of the "ten best sellers" (would-be). Aside from that literary mania not a three-quarters bad fellow.

Debating Club. Rhetorical Committee, '10. Treasurer French Club, '10. Secretary French Club, '11. French Play. Usher Interscholastic Debate, Dramatics, '10. Class Historian, '10. News Editor Sagamore, '09.

Stewart, Edward Jessup, Jr., Γ Λ Ψ.

College, Dartmouth. Nicknames, "Junior," "Stewie." F. O., managing affairs; leading, not following.

"An old man, broken with the storms of state, is come to lay his weary bones among ye; give him a little earth for charity's sake." (Bury him deep, officer!)

Class Track, '07, '08. Class Basket Ball, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '07, '08. B. H. S. Baseball, '09, '10, '11. Asst. Manager B. H. S. Baseball, '09. B. H. S.

Hockey, '08, '09, '10. Asst. Business Manager Sagamore, '08. Cheer leader '08, '09, '10. Debating Club. French Club. Marshal Class Day, '07, 09, '10. Undergraduate Councilor B. H. S. A. A. Executive Committee. Senior Social Committee, '10. Manager Senior Social, '10. Ivy Odist, '11. Stage Manager B. H. S. Dramatics, '11. Senior Dance Committee. Sophomore Reception Committee. Tumbling Team. Member Executive Committee Preparatory League A. A. Manager B. H. S. Track, '11. Usher Dramatics, Graduation, Prize Speaking, Senior Social, etc. Marshal Class Day, '11.

Stone, Eric Percy. Σ Φ T.

College, Harvard. F. O., cracking chestnuts.

"Hail to the Chief." Eric Percival is our prince of ward bosses. Interested in animals, his particular hobby is baby farming.

Class Football, '07, '08, '09, '10. Class Track, '07, '08, '09, '10. B. H. S. Track, '10, '11. President of Class, '10, '11. President Debating Club, '11. Vice-President New England Interscholastic A. A. Asst. Business Manager Sagamore, '10. B. H. S. Football Squad, '10. Captain Fencing Team, '11. Vice-President B. H. S. A. A., '11. B. H. S. Debating Team. Senior Dance Committee. Class Prophet. Rifle Club, '11. Gym. Team.

Taggart, John Joseph.

College, "Bryn Mawr." Nickname, "Song," "Heinze." F. O., looking like the ancient mariner.

John thinks the label "Il Penseroso" about suits him, and we all cry aye. His melancholy brought on by listening to Hickey's jokes.

Class Football, '07, '10. Class Baseball, '08. Baseball Squad, '10. B. H. S. Team, '11. President of Class Freshman Year. Mecca A. C.

Taylor, Wallace Goodrich, Σ Φ T.

Business. Nicknames, "Mut," "Sunny." F. O., bluffing copiously and vainly.

"His wit invites you by his looks to knock. But when you seek it never is at home."

B. H. S. Track, '09, '10. Class Track, '07, '08, '09, '10. Class Football '09, '10. Captain, '10. Class Baseball, '08, '09. Mandolin Club, '08, '09, '10. Senior Quartette. Usher Senior Social. Tug-of-War, '08, '09, '10. Class Day Marshal, '08, '09. Said to be the author of that touching little ballad, "We're Here because We're Here."

Albee, Rachel M.

College, Radcliffe. F. O., debating.

"Don't confound the language of the nation with longtailed words in 'osity' and 'ation.'"

Girls' Debating Society, '10. President, '11. Glee Club, '11. Interscholastic Debate, '11. Alumni Editor of the Sagamore, '11.

Arthur, Ethel Sutherland.

"But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind."

Bacon, Esther F.

College, Radcliffe.

"You love me little if you can't stand my song."

Girls' Glee Club. Field Hockey, '07. Girls' Debating Club, '09–'11. Le Cercle Gaulois.

Beck, M. Lillian.

Destination, Salem Normal School. Nickname, "Beckie." F. O., keeping them guessing.

"The Lillian maid of 'Askedalot,'
Airy, fairy Lillian."

Class Marshal, '10. Girls' Hockey, '07–'08. Glee Club.

Belyea, Florence Rachel.

Boston University Medical School. Nickname, "Flo." F. O., posing for Viola-Vivian pictures.

Florence likes dark and forbidden places, especially "Black Halls." A Math shark.

Glee Club, '08, '09. Debating Club. Senior Dance Committee.

Blewett, Edyth Eugenie.

F. O., did someone say joyriding?

A pitier of the orphans and fatherless, learned in certain arts and past mistress in certain others. "With all thy faults we love thee still."

News Editor Sagamore, '10, '11. Class Prophetess. Class Day Marshal, '10. Girls' Debating Club. Le Cercle Gaulois. Sophomore Reception Committee.

Bouvé, Frances.

F. O., dancing.

"Oh, infinite virtue, com'st thou from the world's great snare uncaught?"

Captain Girls' Hockey Team, '07, '08. Class Colors Committee, '07. Sophomore Reception Committee. Dramatics Prompter, '10. Senior Social Committee. Girls' Glee Club. Class Day Marshal, '11.

Comer, Evelyn, A B Σ.

F. O., attending Exeter-Andover games.

"I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall." Evelyn always was a Comber. (What a chestnut!)

Sophomore Reception Committee, '08. Class Day Marshal, '10. Banner-bearer Class Day, '10.

Coon, Evelyn Spencer.

Nickname, "Punchy." F. O., automobiling.

Next to Robin Hood, "Punchy" is the most entertaining and popular freelance who ever breathed, withal a very devout personage. "No worldly waves my mind can toss."

Secretary Sophomore Year. Sophomore Reception Committee. B. H. S. Dramatics, '10. Senior Social Committee. Class Day Committee.

Cox, Emeline Bancroft.

College, Radcliffe. F. O., cooking.

"A soft, meek, humble, tranquil spirit."

Girls' Debating Club. Le Cercle Gaulois.

Cox, Ruth Emerson.

College, Smith. F. O., having vacations.

"Blustering among us like a sudden wind among the leaves." A speedy tongue wagger.

Glee Club. Girls' Debating Club. Le Cercle Gaulois.

Driscoll, Elinor.

College, Radcliffe.

"One of those genial spirits that make this dark world seem brighter than it really is."

Vice-President, '08, '09, '10, '11. Sophomore Reception Committee. Class Day Marshal, '10. Class Day Committee, '11. Chairman Senior Dance Committee. Girls' Debating Club, '10, '11. Banner Bearer Class Day. Sagamore Reporter, '07, '08.

Dwyer, Elizabeth Katherine.

F. O., reading.

"The most cheerful girl in school."

Member Girls' Glee Club.

Edgar, Marie Lillian.

F. O., none.

"A demure person, little disturbing this whirling sphere, and in turn little disturbed by it."

Field Hockey, '07. Basket Ball Team, '06.

Fenn, Gertrude L.

F. O., watching windows for the latest.

" Neat as a new made pin; a paragon of far future fashions; somewhat petite and no less dangerous."

Hockey Team, '09. Glee Club, '09. Le Cercle Gaulois, '10, '11. Hélène McClure's understudy.

Fox, Marion Clara.

"A quiet efficient soul of the 'get there' kind, and in her raiment's hem is traced in flame 'Wisdom.' "

Class Day Marshal, '10.

Gibbs, Elizabeth.

F. O., chattering.

" No trouble at all, sir. Put on a record, wind it up, and it talks on forever. '

Girls' Glee Club.

Graves, Ethel Clare.

"One who, inscrutable as the sphinx, like it, sees all, and shows no sign of judgment."

Hedlund, Hilda Christina.

Destination, the Prophetess said "a nurse." Nickname, "Tefty." F. O., walking.

"A flower of sweetness." Your patients will be lucky, Hilda.

Class Photograph Committee. Class Day Marshal, '10. Glee Club. Girls' Debating Club.

Houghton, Isabel.

Another such blossom. She can wink adorably. "In small proportions we just beauty see." She sure is a belle. (Pardon.)

Class Photograph Committee. Treasurer Le Cercle Gaulois.

Hussey, Gertrude, Λ Β Σ.
Nickname, "Gert." F. O., semiphoning.
"What's the use? Gertrude hasn't left us a word to say on anything, so what can we put down here?"

Jacob, Marie Thérèse.
Nickname, "Ted." F. O., studying and sailing.
"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."
Girls' Debating Club. Le Cercle Gaulois. Girls' Debating Club Entertainment. Came from Girls' Latin School Junior Year.

Keefe, Marion Frances.
"Another ship that passed in the night."

Keegan, Margaret Mary.
Destination, business. Nickname, "Peggy," "Tootsie." F. O., reading.
"One who minds her own business, and that right excellently." Also a shark at many things.
Marshal Class Day, '10. Girls' Debating Club.

Kenney, Mary Catherine.
Nickname, "Sis." F. O., acting Job's comforter to friends.
Even Job's comforters have their use, and they furnish variety in this sordid mob.

Kilmer, Helen Baker.
Destination, the wild west. Nickname, "Pete," "Peggy." F. O., sailing, reading and writing notes.
"My hasty days fly on with full career." But a person is only as old as she feels, so Helen is just eight.
Le Cercle Gaulois.

Lyman, Pauline.
"Wherefore that faint smile of thine, shadowy, dreamy Pauline?"

McClure, Hélène E.
College, Kindergarten School.
Leader of the Smart Set and Senior partner in firm of Fenn, Jacob and Co.
Le Cercle Gaulois. French Play. Debating Club and Entertainment, '11.

MacLeod, Katherine M.
F. O., being absent.
Not as much heard as seen. Verily, some people are exclusive.

McPhail, Elizabeth.

Nickname, "Bettyfail."

"I see no outlet for my activity, and why try anyway?" What's the use of an "A" when "C" passes?

Massé, Mildred.

College, Boston University.

"She illuminates this hemisphere with facial radiosinations like lightning on a summer evening."

Girls' Debating Club. Debating Club Entertainment Committee.

Mills, Marion Gordon.

College, Wellesley. F. O., acting silly.

"The only rights a woman has are the rights to be loved, well fed and handsomely gowned. If she is good looking she need not worry."

Class Secretary, '10, '11. Banner Bearer, '10. Class Day Marshal, '10. Vice-President, French Club, '11. Senior Social Committee. Senior Dance Committee. Sophomore Reception Committee. Prompter Senior Social Play, '11. Girls' Debating Club. Sagamore Reporter Sophomore Year.

Miskell, Emily Frances.

College, Radcliffe. F. O., keeping quiet.

"Half inwardly, half audibly she speaks." The quietest thing that happened.

Moran, Helen L.

College, Sargent's Normal School. F. O., "bossing."

Can run like a skittish colt. Sometime instructor in the Brookline Gym.

Girls' Hockey Team, '08, '09. Glee Club, '07, '11. Senior Social, '11. Le Cercle Gaulois, '09, '10, '11.

Nelson, Mildred Estelle.

F. O., sleeping.

"Let others do the hustling in this world, I am content to watch them from afar."

Glee Club, '08, '09.

Newton, Harriet Meade.

"Only the young die good." Remember that, Harriet.

Sophomore Reception Committee. Le Cercle Gaulois. Class Day Marshal, '10.

Phillips, Ethel Susan.

"What activity I possess is mental." Mind was ever superior over matter — to a certain extent.

Reynolds, Julia Antoinette.

Destination, Burdett's Business College. F. O., worrying over conditions. *Better to worry than not to care at all, and better still to have no need to worry.* Girls' Basket Ball, '06. Girls' Hockey, '06, '07.

Rick, Mary Frances.

Destination, indefinite. F. O., ruminating on the vagaries of life." *"So quiet, so unostentatious, her passing makes a zephyr sound like thunder."* Girls' Debating Club, '11. Club Entertainment, '11.

Rogers, Dorothy.

F. O., watching Tom bluff. *"Oh that ye had a brother, pretty one, to guard ye on the rough ways of the world."* Class Day Marshal, '10. Le Cercle Gaulois. Sophomore Reception Committee. Senior Dance Committee, '11.

Spencer, Ada Lois.

Destination, Wheaton Seminary (maybe). F. O., cutting up in Physics. *"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,*
Weep, and you weep alone."
Ada's philosophy is summed in the first line.

Tiernan, Rose Mary.

Destination, hard labor. Nickname, "Rosie." F. O., exuberating mirthful chortleations.
" Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold
But blushes to hear her praises sung so loud."

Twiss, Helen Margaret.

Destination, also hard labor. F. O., monopolizing hammocks.
"She's 'All-of-a Twiss'."

Von Ott, Catherine J. C.

Destination, indefinite. F. O., hustling.
I am always very busy doing nothings, and the less I'm doing the busier I look."
A hard worker.

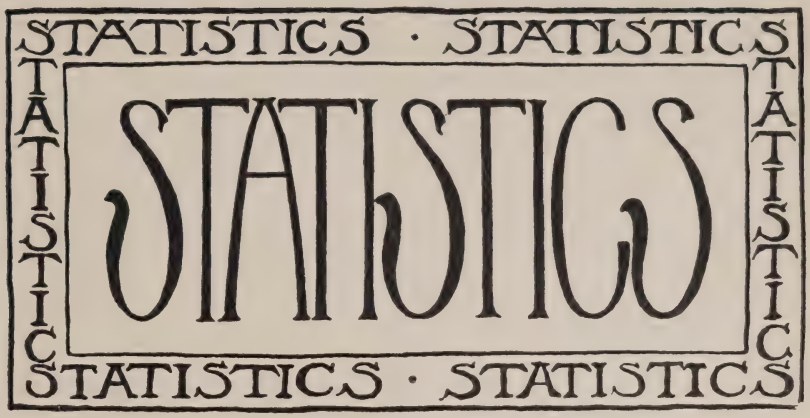
Walker, Margaret Cecilia.

F. O., propagating specimens of oral agony. Nickname, "Pearl."
Every cloud has a silver lining.

Warren, Marjorie Lane.

Destination, Massachusetts Normal Arts.
"This world is all too wicked, methinks I shall retire to some secluded convent and feed on knowledge there." Stay with us and help out the world.

TENNIS TEAM



Popular Boy

There were but five entries in this event; Eric Stone stole the pole at the start and led the field all the way closely followed by Capper. Stewart finished a fair third.

Popular Girl

According to precedent this job was copped in short order by our class vice-president, Elinor Driscoll. "Punchy" Coon cornered second place with Edyth Blewett next.

Boy Who Has Done Most for B. H. S.

Stone gets it again; but only just. "Jack" O'Hearn made a grab for the tape the last lap that showed some speed. Capper gathered up what points were left.

Girl Who Has Done Most for B. H. S.

Who says the Debating Club isn't appreciated? Rachel Albee receives the palm handily, while Edyth Blewett and Elinor Driscoll finish in a tie for second. Some discrimination in the way we vote!

Class Grind

Whew! what a sprint! Those wild Ballou boys made one hair-raising charge, swept all before them, tying for first place and shutting out that Barker boy by the skin of his teeth. Well, Barker, being young, must grind to keep in such fast company.

Class Clown

Most sides split for Taylor; anyone who can do the contortionist stunt like Wallace in I. English B. sure ought to strike the ring. Obst showed up brightly and deserves credit for his eight months' effort in that direction.

Handsomest Boy

Watch Fessenden blush! Little Tommy couldn't escape being labeled something, and so we see him the Adonis of the class. Cyril Jones made a pretty good bid and wins second over Perry and Priest, who tie at third. In the vote for

Prettiest Girl

Marion Mills reaped the honors, Isabel Houghton getting second. Those boys surely were tied on tightly. In the next event, the vote for

Biggest Flirt

All the inferior masculines showed their lack of appreciation for universally distributed favor by passing the title back to Marion. "Punchy" Coon made a very brave showing and was close at second, Evelyn Comer getting third. Kraft got one vote, origin under dire suspicion.

Biggest Fusser.

Jones gets the cabbage; anyone who works as hard as he does deserves it. He was aided and abetted by Peirce and Taylor, who finished in the order named.

Busiest Boy

Kraft gets it. A little bird told us he also got another job you can guess about; but we decided not to hit a man when he's down, so won't name it. Stewart won second, Stone jogged along for third place.

Biggest Talker

Well, Barnet won out handily over Rachel Albee, even though she got the last word. Dorothy Rogers and Stanton Slocum seemed to match pretty evenly for third money.

Class Sport.

No mistake about this vote; sixty-four out of the class's total were for Mr. Richard Peirce (politely intoned, please), while other entrants had but a vote or so each. Never mind, Dick, you're a victim of circumstances.

Class Loafer

Hail to our chief champion of sloth, James Flood. The very word "work" makes his nose feel as if his feet are asleep. There were ten competitors for this honor, some self-nominated. Hickey and Lyons were favorites with the boys.

Favorite Study

Some thought the above was meant for a joke (T-yl-r) and voted recess, gym and the like. English secured the most votes of the serious minded, though there were eleven other nominees. Mathematics came second, French third.

Heaviest Man

This was the race won by a dark horse; his name is Coleman. With a full breath in "Al" touched 171; Kimball and Priest just balanced at 170, while Perin, Gibson, Kraft, O'Hearn and Rowan were within a lunch or so of that weight. In the stretch for

Tallest Boy

Kimball went 6 feet 3½ inches (in stocking feet); Lyons, 6 feet 1 inch; Flood, 6 feet 2 inches; Taggart, 6 feet. Many others claimed the last named height (notably Capper) but few reached it.

Oldest Boy

"Junior" Stewart comes first at the grand old age of 20 years 11 months. Kraft makes second at 20 years 8 months, while Peirce, Stone and Haslam lose their best teen shortly. The

Oldest Girl

is Helen Kilmer, who sets a fast pace at 22 years 4 months. Marion Keefe is a close second at 21 years 10 months, while Pauline Lyman, Emily Miskell, Lillian Edgar, Margaret Walker are all just twenty (and over). The average age of the ten oldest members of the class is 20 years 7 months; the total of all ages is 1,648 years, or 332 years more than last year's record. The average age is a fraction over 18 years 3 months. The total age of the girls is 934 years 7 months, of the boys 713 years 5 months.

Youngest Boy

Tie the bib on Barker. This nervy youngster pulled down the august age of our venerable assemblage by more than his share of years. Today he is just sixteen years and three months.

Youngest Girl

Well, who'd have thunk it? Marion Mills comes in by a narrow margin at the tender age of seventeen years one month. Tolerably capable for one so shortly from the cradle.

Shortest Boy

"Kid" Barker registered 5 feet 6 inches, but need be considered no pigmy on account of his youth. Henry Briggs and Eric Stone were tied second at three-quarters inches higher.

Tallest Girl

Esther Bacon wins over Marion Mills by the width of a hair with a stretch of her swanlike neck; height 5 feet 10½ inches. Greatest ambition to be six feet.

Shortest Girl

Won by Ada Spencer at 5 feet flat, without French slippers. Isabel Houghton and Clare Graves made the going close.

Heaviest Girl

No record taken this year, but Ada Spencer under suspicion.

Lightest Boy

Won by Henry Briggs at 115 pounds stripped, just after lunch. Net weight equals 115 pounds minus combined weights of many salad rolls and hot dogs, exact amount unknown.

FOOTBALL TEAM

B. H. S. *vs.* ALUMNI

On April 19 our past and present teams lined up against each other. We loaned Bemis to the Alumni and then smashed his gentle curves for four runs. "Mose" Carr arrived before the beginning of the second inning, just in time to stop the slaughter. He gave an exhibition of pitching that showed that he had lost none of his old-time delivery when he "got Newton's goat." He struck out fourteen men, allowing but one hit. The Alumni scored twelve runs meanwhile, making the final score, B. H. S. Alumni, 12; B. H. S., 4.

B. H. S. *vs.* WALTHAM

Waltham avenged her football defeat on April 22. The team went to Central Park, played a poor game — on account of the cold — and was beaten 3-2. Brookline out-batted Waltham, but the ever apparent lack of hitting the ball at the right time resulted in Brookline's getting the short end of the tally.

B. H. S. *vs.* HARVARD, 1914

The Freshmen "hopes" fell on Rowe, giving him pretty hard bumps. Eighteen hits were their total, while the Brookline boys secured nine hits from Boyle. The game was a distinct failure, for our players went all to pieces, and then some more. Kelly was the

shining light for Brookline, his three hits placing him far above the others. Final score: Harvard 1914, 17; B. H. S., 3.

B. H. S. *vs.* BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH

With Paine traveling smoothly and with the rest of the team batting strongly, the Boston College High team was defeated on April 28. The fellows did not have much difficulty in solving Miley's curves, Walizer alone securing three hits, while all his teammates fattened their batting averages. The attendance was quite large, there being almost four people with tickets present. Final score: B. H. S., 10; Boston College High, 4.

B. H. S. *vs.* DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

Brookline evened up matters with Dorchester on May 3. Last year Dorchester won, 2-0; this year Dorchester lost, 6-7. Putting the errors out of the question, the game was the most exciting and interesting of all games played at Brookline. Not until the last Dorchester player struck out in the ninth inning, was the outcome of the struggle made certain. The innings were usually goose eggs but in the fourth, fifth and seventh, Brookline made rallies. Dorchester plodded along, picking up one run here and another there until, in the last inning, the left fielder started a rally that made the loyal Brookline rooters shiver with apprehension. Three runs were pounded across the plate, just not enough to beat us. Walizer excelled for Brookline; Benson for Dorchester.

B. H. S. *vs.* ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

Denning made his re-debut in baseball circles on May 5. To show that he was still in trim, he struck out twelve of the prides of Boston and allowed them but one hit. Also, he banged out three of the ten Brookline hits. English High was never dangerous, the game ending B. H. S., 6; English High School, 1.

B. H. S. *vs.* STONE SCHOOL

We don't know how Stone got away with the game, but it did, by a 6-3 score. Denning had a bad day, while his opponent Hernandez had all sorts of luck. Time and again the big Stone pitcher grooved the ball over the plate — and escaped the massacre that generally falls to groovers. Little Norman Kenny, the Stone third baseman, made the fans sit up when he cracked out a home run, the longest hit of the day.

B. H. S. *vs.* BROWN AND NICHOLS

When the two teams faced each other, it was hard to discover which team was Brookline, for in the Brown lineup were Stone, Ainsworth, Hawkins and Brown, all old Brookline men. It was rather mean to treat old classmates in such a way, but, hardening their hearts, our boys went out and won by a 9-4 score. The feature of the game was Mason's steal to almost second base. Kid thought he was playing football; Kid tackled Bunnie Hawkins; Kid was out by about five yards.

B. H. S. *vs.* POMFRET SCHOOL

The fellows traveled down to Pomfret May 13. They came home with another victory added to their list. They had to win. Denning struck out twenty men. Some record! Thielscher signalized his return by getting three bingles. The team was treated in royal style by the Pomfret people, who gave a luncheon and dinner to the visiting players. Score, 5-4.

B. H. S. *vs.* WENDELL ACADEMY

Brookline overwhelmingly defeated Wendell Academy by a tune of 9-1. The Wendells couldn't find Denning, though we hit for thirteen bases. Walizer increased his batting average with three hits. Denning struck out his usual ten men, and Morse stole four bases.

B. H. S. *vs.* WELLESLEY

Before the smoke of the first inning had faded away, Wellesley shot seven men across the plate. Rowe made his exit, Paine succeeding him. Brookline struggled hard, but the seven run handicap was too much. While our players scored six runs, Wellesley made three, beating us 10-6.

B. H. S. *vs.* GLOUCESTER HIGH SCHOOL

The team went to the town of codfish on June 3. Owing to the illness of Kelly, the right garden was kept by Denning, Walizer doing the pitching. The Gloucester players found him to their liking, so Denning went into the box in the sixth inning. There were three men on bases and one out, but Harry struck the next two batters out. In the seventh, the Brookline pitcher was batted for four runs. Brookline made four runs altogether, the final score being Gloucester High, 7; B. H. S., 4.

League Games

B. H. S. *vs.* CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Brookline played her first league game with Cambridge Latin at Cypress street. Newton had beaten the Cantabs 5–4, and we wished to beat them by a greater score. The team started off like a worldbeater, scoring five runs in the first inning. This was enough for the Cambridge pitcher, who promptly made the disappearance act. A sub-pitcher was sent into the box, not only a sub, but a four-eyed youth. Strange to relate we scored no more runs in the remaining eight innings. The fellows were used to speed, and when the pitcher wafted over slow balls, they could do nothing. Fortunately, however, the Brookline players made good in the field and held their opponents down to four runs. The summary:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
C. L. S.	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	4

Battery, for Brookline, Denning and Anderson; for Cambridge, Mason and Dee.

B. H. S. *vs.* NEWTON HIGH

Give the following records to a baseball dopester and ask him who would win. B. H. S. ten hits, one error, three men struck out. N. H. S. three hits, four errors, twelve men struck out. You yourself would unhesitatingly say that there was nothing to it, Brookline would win in a walk. Well, crape is the predominant color in Brookline, for Newton carried off the bacon, 4–3. Spaulding was no puzzle to our players, but when hits meant runs we could not "hit them where they ain't." There is no use complaining, because the fellows fought hard and showed as they have showed before, that Brookline is never defeated until the last man is out. With Newton there is a chance to come back, and when the two rivals face, Brookline will show that spirit that won the football championship, that won fame in track meets, and that is feared by all opponents.

Most of the damage came in the first inning. Fripp walked, stole second, and came home on Nash's single. Beal leaned on the ball for a home run, scoring Nash in front of him. Brookline scored two runs in the second, and one in the third, thereby tying the score. Newton worked a man across the pan in the same inning, making the final tally of the game. The summary: —

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
N. H. S.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4

Battery, for Brookline, Denning and Anderson; for Newton, Spaulding and Brooks.

AMHERST INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On May 13 Brookline's contingent of five men came in second in the Amherst Interscholastic, Springfield, or rather Captain Drew of Springfield, beating us out, and the final score reading, Springfield, 32; Brookline, 22. Stone started things for us by winning the half-mile without much difficulty in one of the prettiest

runs seen on the Pratt field track. Shedden came in second to a 16-sec. man in the 120-yard high hurdles. Capper won second in the quarter and third in the low hurdles, coming in behind Shedden. Barnet put for a third in the shot, while Nordell and Mason were pulling a second and fourth respectively in the broad jump. All the fellows had a great time on the trip, Mason breaking a record from Brookline to Amherst.

HARVARD INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On May 20 Capper, Stone and Shedden placed us in third position at the big meet, Capper getting two-thirds in the quarter and the 220-yard low hurdles. Stone came second in the half-mile to Burke in a new Harvard interscholastic record half-mile. The race looked almost like a dead heat — at any rate Eric was under record time. Shedden won the 120-yard high hurdles and came second in the 220-yard low hurdles.

BROWN INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

Brookline again finished second at Brown with 18 points, Worcester winning the meet easily. Capper won first in the 220-yard low hurdles, and third in the quarter-mile. Stone ran third in the mile. Wyman won a third in the shot and a fourth in the discus. Shedden won second in the high hurdles.

ANNUAL INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

Seniors, 41; Juniors, 30½; Sophomores, 10½; Freshmen, 8.

100-yard dash: First, Nordell, '12; second, Mason, '14; third, Havens, '12. Time, 10 3-5 sec.

220-yard dash: First, Shedden, '11; second, Capper, '11; third, Hawes, '13. Time, 23 sec.

120-yard high hurdles: First, Capper, '11; second, Shedden, '11; third, Kraft, '11. Time, 16 3-5 sec.

440-yard dash: First, Capper, '11; second, Case, '13; third, Paige, '14. Time, 52 sec.

880-yard run: First, Stone, '11; second, Clarke, '13; third, Newton, '14. Time, 2 min., 18 sec.

Mile-run: First, Stone, '11; second, Spitz, '13; third, Nixon, '12. Time, 5 min., 15 sec.

Broad jump: First, Nordell, '12; second, Mason, '14; third, Havens, '12. Distance, 20ft., 9 in.

Shotput: First, Wyman, '12; second, Gibson, '11; third, Barnet, '11. Distance, 40 ft., 2 in.

Discus: First, Crafts, '11; second, Wyman, '12; third, Ferguson, '12. Distance, 95 ft., 11 in.

High jump: First, Ferguson, '12; second, Crory, '12; third, Williams, '12 and Chandler, '13, tie. Height, 5 ft., 2 in.

HERE AND THERE IN ATHLETICS

Batting averages of B. H. S. players: —

Walizer, c. f.	.431
Morse, r. f.	.246
Kelly, l. f.	.323
Anderson, c.	.377
Thielscher, 2d b.	.286
Kennealy, 3d b.	.244
Kerr, s. s.	.160
Taggart, 1st b.	.227
Stuart, sub.	.125
Maguire, r. f., 2d b.	.286
Denning, p.	.320
Paine, p.	.222
Rowe, p.	.143

The diamond medal goes to Walizer, while Kelly, Denning and Anderson occupy niches in the hall of baseball fame.

Walizer secured twenty-five hits, Anderson and Kelly pressing him closely with twenty-three and twenty hits respectively.

Denning has struck out twelve and a half men on an average. In the Pomfret game twenty men went down before him by way of the strike out elevator.

Morse leads the pilferers with twenty-five stolen bases to his credit.

Kelly and Morse are tied for first honors in runs, each having fifteen chalked up to his credit.

BROOKLINE *vs.* NEWTON.

Sun setting soon; score seemed settled. Smash! sphere sent sailing southward; screaming singles scored some swatters.

Brookline batted boisterously.
Runners romped round recklessly.
One, only one, obtain one!
Oh! — out, one's out.
Kelly! Kelly! Kelly!
Lefty (Walizer) lammed long liner.
Imagine interest in intervening innings.
Newton noticeably nervous.
Each encounter excites enthusiasm.

Brookline and Newton met in their second struggle for the championship of the Preparatory League. It was a contest that would have roused the most bitter foe of baseball. Neck and neck and stride by stride they battled down an eleven inning home stretch. First Newton led; then Brookline assumed the front position for six innings. In the seventh the orange and black colors shot into the lead. In the eighth the red and blue, by a magnificent spurt, passed its struggling rival. In the ninth, Brookline slipped up and Newton came alongside her. Side by side, shoulder to shoulder, they thundered down the last quarter. Still side by side they rode, until in the eleventh inning, Brookline pulled away, beating Newton to the tape by two lengths.

Every player on the team did his best to bring home victory for Brookline, but if any one player is to be singled out for special

praise, Morse is the one. In the first inning it was his single that sent in the first run, and in the final inning his two bagger sent across the winning runs. Nash and Tapley excelled for Newton. Final score: B. H. S., 7; N. H. S., 5. The lineup: —

Brookline	Newton
Walizer, c. f.	Fripp, c. f.
McGuire, 3d b.	Nash, 1st b.
Anderson, c.	Brooks, c.
Kelly, l. f.	Sanderson, 3d b.
Morse, r. f.	Beal, 2d b.
Taggart, 1st b.	Terris, r. f.
Thielscher, 2d b.	Tapley, s. s.
Kerr, s.s.	Spaulding, p.
Denning, p.	Hyatt, l. f.

Runs scored by McGuire, 3; Kelly, Taggart, Thielscher, Walizer, Fripp, 2; Nash, Beal, Tapley, Hyatt. Struck out by Denning, 6; by Spaulding, 3. Hits: McGuire, Walizer, 2; Anderson, 2; Kelly, 2; Morse, 2; Thielscher, Kerr, Denning, Fripp, 2; Nash, 2; Brooks, Sanderson, Tapley, Terris. Attendance 500.

TENNIS

The Brookline High School tennis team have had a very successful season thus far, and are scheduled to meet Newton late this month.

They have defeated Haverhill High School by a score of 3–2 and also the Wellesley High School team which were believed to be champions before our boys took them into camp to the tune of 5–0. The score: —

Singles		Doubles	
P. G. Nordell R. Plympton	6–3, 6–3.	Bemis and Nordell Plympton and Nordell	6–2, 6–1.
Bemis Harvey	6–0, 4–6, 6–2.		
Manning Wiswall	6–1, 6–1.		

The finals for the silver medal have not been held. Those still in the tournament are, Manning, Bemis, Guimaraes and Capt. Nordell.

CREW

The preliminary heats of the schoolboy regatta took place the afternoon of Friday, June 9. The course extended from just below the Harvard bridge to the Cottage Farm bridge. Brookline first crew, composed of Rowan, stroke, Kraft, 3, Kimball, 2, Bentley, bow, and Stone, cox, had the wall position in the first heat for championship crews and finished second by a length to Cambridge Latin, just nosing out the third crew, Noble and Greenough. In the heats for second crews Noble second crew won easily from Brookline second, while Cambridge Latin was third. The final heats for both classes were rowed after the Sagamore went to press.

The second crew is composed of Kingman, stroke; Newton, 3; Perin, 2; Jones, bow; Clarke, coxswain.

BROOKLINE *vs.* CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Brookline, by defeating Cambridge Latin in a game filled with wonderful catches, hits and rallies, stands tied with Newton for the championship of the Preparatory League.

In the beginning, things looked bad for Brookline. The Cantabs developed a fondness for Paine right at the start, a fondness which led them to secure three runs in the first two innings. Denning relieved Paine in the third inning with the score three to one against him. From then on, Cambridge never had a chance to tally. Nevertheless, the two-run lead seemed good for the winning of the game. However, Brookline scored another run in the fourth. Goose eggs were the results for the next three innings, but in the eighth the fireworks came.

A sky rocket in the guise of Kelly's single started the affair. Anderson followed with a Roman candle of one star. With Kelly perched on third and Anderson on second, Morse set off the centre

piece, a screaming single which scored them both, and which sent Morse scampering to second on the throw in. Taggart made his contribution, a single pinwheel, which knocked in Morse. Thielscher lighted the last piece, another single on which Taggart scored. All this was done with two out. Who said they never come back? In the last two innings Denning struck out the six Cambridge batters who faced him. Just to show that they fight to the finish even if they have a seemingly uncatchable lead, the Brookline players scored another run, making the final reckoning: B. H. S., 7; C. L. H. S., 3. Walizer and Kelly were the star batsmen for Brookline. Morse knocked out a hit again when it was most necessary and he also played an excellent game in the field. Cochrane of Cambridge kept down Brookline's score by two thrilling catches, one of which robbed Kerr of a hit in the eighth inning rally. The lineup: B. H. S.: Walizer, c. f.; Maguire, 3 b.; Kelly, l. f.; Anderson, c.; Morse, r. f.; Thielscher, 2 b.; Taggart, 1 b.; Kerr, s. s.; Denning, p. C. L. H. S.: Green, 2 b.; Does, r. f.; Volk, s. s.; Cochrane, c. f.; Hovey, 1 b.; Sands, 3 b.; Mahn, c.; Powers, l. f.; Edgerton, l. f.; Bean, p.

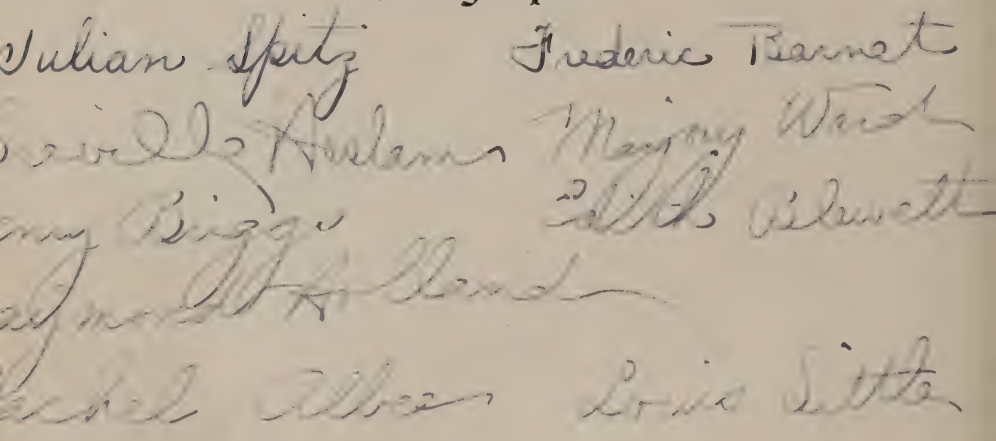
ATHLETICS

The year's work is done. Let us look back. Football came, and with it a long awaited championship. Hockey followed, and beheld us as virtual winners, though owing to several irregularities the victory was annulled. Baseball and track have followed The final results of our league baseball season are unknown to us at the time of going to press. In track our season has been very successful. In every meet we have made an excellent showing, winning the Tech, '14, dual indoor meet and securing two seconds and a third in the big interscholastics. In crew we surely look to gaining another Boston interscholastic rowing banner for our halls.

This certainly spells a very successful yeàr in big type, but the most pleasing part of it is that it gives to the school a vast amount of confidence in its own ability to do things next year.

As a final word, let us say to every undergraduate, you have seen the pace set for you. It is your duty and undoubtedly your pleasure to continue that pace and try to set up standards that are even higher. The Sagamore wishes the school a gloriously successful year in 1911 and 1912.

Autographs



Alumni Notes

Arthur Truette, M. I. T., '06, is now an assistant instructor in the department of Mechanical Engineering at Tech.

'00. Henry A. Hirshberg, Harvard, '04, LL.D.; University of Wisconsin, '07, is now a lawyer in San Antonio, Texas. He was valedictorian at University of Wisconsin.

'03. The engagement is announced of Miss Yetta E. Schoenthal to Mr. David E. Moeser.

'06. Malcolm Price graduated from Technology this month.

'06. Louise Hopkins has recently returned with her family from an eight months' motor tour of southern Europe.

'07. Donald Stevens, M. I. T., '11, was president of his class and of the institute committee, was a member of the Mechanical Engineering Society and the Φ B E, and was toastmaster at the Senior dinner.

'07. Wellesley Seligman, M. I. T., '11, sang a solo, "The Belle of the Barber's Ball," in the minstrel show, "The Chocolate Soldiers," given by the Tech Banjo Club.

'07. Lloyd C. Cooley, M. I. T., '11, who was also in "The Chocolate Soldiers," is a member of the Mechanical Engineering Society, the Chemical Society, Σ Λ E and Θ N E.

'07. George Kenny, M. I. T., '13, was another "Chocolate Soldier." He is a member of the Civil Engineering Society. He also secured one of the first ten "Techniques" in the "Rush."

'07. Charles Hann, Harvard, '11, has been on the 'varsity baseball squad and played first base in many games.

'07. Helen Mossman, Vassar, '11, has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa.

'08. Carl Funk, M. I. T., '12, was assistant art editor of "Technique," 1912.

'08. Alfred Kenrick, M. I. T., '12, was on the Governing Committee of the Mechanical Engineering Society.

'08. Dennis Mahoney, M. I. T., '12, is a member of the Civil Engineering Society.

'08. Everett St. John, M. I. T., '12, is a member of the Mechanical Engineering Society.

'08. Neuton Stern received his A.B. degree at Harvard this year after a three year course.

'08. Francis T. Boyd, Yale, '12, has been elected to the "Skull and Bones," one of the Senior fraternities. Such an election is a great honor as but forty-five of his classmates were chosen for all three frats.

'09. Samuel Breck, Tech, '13, was on his class Tug-of-War and is a member of the Φ B E.

'09. "Butsey" Bryant, Tech, '13, played the 'cello in the Mandolin Club, shot with the M. I. T. Rifle Club and is a member of the Civil Engineering Society.

'09. James Rudolph, Tech, '13, is a member of the Λ Ψ.

'09. Newell A. Thompson, Jr., Tech, '14, is in the X Φ.

'09. William R. Mattson, Tech, '13, is in the Civil Engineering Society and is on the '13 Relay team.

'09. Agnes Schlemm has been in England for some time.

'10. Irma Waterhouse, Vassar, '14, was on the Class Motto Committee.

'10. Carolyn Burdett, Vassar, '14, was in the college choir at Easter time.

'10. Ursel Harris recently was a guest at a house party in Enfield, Mass.

'10. Katherine Nordell will attend the Harvard Summer School this year.

'10. Madeline Creesy will enter Bradford Academy next fall.

'10. Elsie Pike spent the months of May and June in Washington and New York.

'10. Alex. Hammer, Yale, '14, was stroke on one of the Yale Freshman crews.

'10. Louis B. Schwarz, Tech, '14, was a substitute on the 1914 Tug-of-War, and is in the Φ B E.

'10. Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., was a member of the Harvard Freshman track team and won points for them in their various meets.

Ex-'09. Ashley Adams, Yale, '12s. rowed on the Yale 'varsity crew against the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'10. Hugh Brady, Yale, '14, was a member of the championship Freshman track team this year.

Ex-'10. John Brady has been at Andover this past year.

Ex-'11. J. Oliver Johnstone has won many victories in the high jump for Worcester Academy.

Ex-'11. Leonard Wright was a member of the Harvard '14 track squad and was among the point winners in their meet with M. I. T. '13 and '14.

Ex-'11. Anne Page has just finished her first year at Bryn Mawr.

Ex-'12. Mary Brady made the Dramatic Club of the Horace Mann School in New York.

Ex-'12. Donna M. George appeared at an entertainment given April 29 by the New England Women's Press Association. She danced "The Crow" and a beautiful Hindu dance. Another participator was Vera Bray, '14. The accompanists were Marjory Ward, '12 and Doris Bray, '14.

The B. H. S. Club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology held its last meeting of the year at Louis Schwarz's house during May and elected the following officers for next year: President, W. R. Mattson, '09; secretary-treasurer, Alfred Kenrick, '08; chairman of the Log Committee, Harry Thompson, '09; Entertainment Committee, Wellesley Seligman, '07; Louis B. Schwarz, '10; and George Kenny, '07. The club had its final "blow out" on June 8.

The B. H. S. Alumni Association gave a vaudeville entertainment in Shailer Hall on May 4. The hall was well filled and an excellent program was enjoyed by all. The most interesting number was "La Poupée Mysterieuse," a doll dance by Mrs. C. M. Crocker.

This excited great wonder and admiration. Sherwood Blodgett, '03, gave an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, and "The Lightening Van Bibber," ex-'11, appeared in his usual capacity of "The Xylophoney Artist." The tumbling team exhibited some excellent work and the "Alumni Stock Company" presented "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." The cast was made up of Mary Clark, '04; Hazel Henry, '08; Marjorie Henry, '04, and Margaret Taylor, '04. The renowned "Prickley Heat Quartet," composed of Payson Dana, '99; A. Henry Skilton, Jr. '00; R. Chauncey Seaver, '00, and Carl Marshall, '07, closed the performance.

Note. — The alumni editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks assistance rendered by Frederic Hussey.

The following is a letter to The Sagamore from Jean O. Christie, '10.

London, N. W.
May 22, 1911.

Dear old Schoolmates: —

How would you like to hear about just a little bit or a few bits of our long journey from Tarsus, Turkey? We left home on the 2d of April and drove for three days across country towards Constantinople by way of the Cilician Gates. And by the way, you know that's an awfully interesting place — the Cilician Gates. Xenophon and his Ten Thousand marched through there and Alexander has left his card, though we couldn't read it because the storms had worn out nearly all the letters. We spent that night in a half ruined mud house in which we didn't dare jump around much, for fear the walls, that had already begun to part company, would desert us entirely. But there was no discount on the scenery I tell you, it was grand! Snow-covered mountains near enough to touch and a great roaring white stream at our very feet. One day, in six hours I counted the number of camels we passed and guess how many there were? Three hundred and thirty, and every one told us it wasn't the season for camel caravans yet! They're used, you know, for purposes of transportation.

And that reminds me, have I ever told you that story on the camel driver? One day the poor old camel driver found he was dying. So he called together all his camels and arranged them in a big circle about him. Then, as the poor fellow's conscience troubled him and he was rather anxious for a quiet trip across the Styx — not like the one we had across the English Channel — he said to the animals before him, "My friends, I know I have ill-treated you. I have fed you too little, loaded you too much and driven you too far. But now, friends, I'm dying and I don't want to go away without feeling you've forgiven me." Then there was one long nod went waving along the whole circle and the shaggy old camels looked very glum. And all was silent as the grave. But the next moment the big old bearded chief of the caravan stepped forward and said, "Yes, master, you have often underfed us and overloaded and overdriven us, but we forgive you all these things. There is one thing, however, that we will never forgive you."

"What is that?" asked the poor, penitent camel driver.

"It is that you have strung along twenty or thirty of us splendid, big fellows behind one, mean, little, impudent donkey. This we will never forgive you." And then the master crossed the Styx.

That's so about the donkey. It does seem sort of mean and insulting to those dignified old camels to be always led along by some measly little donkey trotting along and tossing his impudent face when there's anything doing or walking with dejected ears when there isn't and it is only hot and dusty.

But I must hurry on or I'll never be able to tell about getting stuck in a frightful mudhole so that Pacha, our hero of a driver, had to carry us out of the carriage and through the mud on his back. Finally we had to leave the carriage right there in the mud and get on the best we could in the load wagon, that nearly tipped over several times, and, being springless, jolted our brains to our very feet. Part of the way I rode bareback on one of the wagon horses. The jolting process was even worse there. I don't know where my brains went to then. We didn't mind, however, if we could only catch the train to Constantinople which, by the way,

we did with ten minutes' margin, and reached the capital after three days.

And now if you will allow me to give your minds a flying machine trip through space and time to England, I'll tell you about a few of the delightful things we did and saw there.

One day we went to Ipswich — charming old town where Wolsey was born. There's a lovely lane there that Gainsborough loved to paint, all green and brown and bright yellow with gorse that grows in the heath and shines through the big, old elm trees arching the road. But best of all was the famous "Great White Horse Inn" that Dickens writes about. It's the very place where poor Mr. Pickwick, you know, had his adventure with the middle-aged lady in curling pins when he lost his own bedroom and bumped into somebody else's. The worst of it was that he was already nicely settled in bed with his night cap on when the lady came in and started to do up her "back hair." He didn't dare get out from behind the bed curtains because he had on that awful night cap and couldn't for the life of him get the strings untied.

And that reminds me! I slept two nights in one of those old-fashioned big beds you have to climb into. It belonged to Cromwell's eldest daughter and it is quite certain Cromwell himself had slept in it. I can't say it was comfortable, especially when you thought of his killing poor Charles I.

Well, I guess that's the end of my story or as much of it as I can spare paper to write on.

Your friend,

Jean Ogilvy Christie

Acknowledgments

The Sagamore is indebted to Avin Case, '12, for the cover design, and to Marjorie Warren, '11, for the printing. The several new cuts were designed by Janet Dexter, Vienna Edwards, Elizabeth Tuohy, Elizabeth Bouvé and Doris Hallaman.

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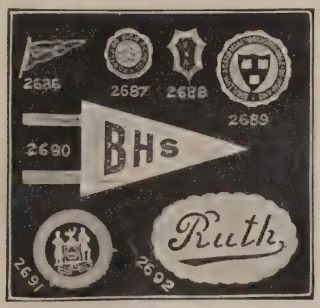

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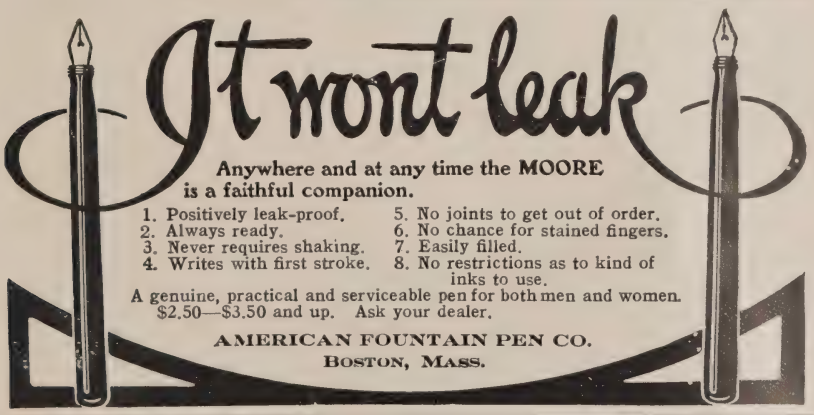
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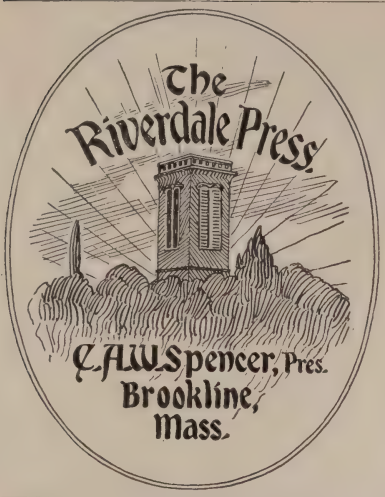

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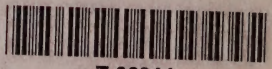

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